

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1874

October.

SHAKESPEARE'S OPHELIA.

BY PAMELA HELEN GOODWIN.

SHAKESPEARE has given no finer exhibition of his masterly genius than in the drama of "Hamlet." This is manifested, not only in the fact that the hero is drawn so true to life as to be invested with its mystery and ambiguity—so that physicians, centuries after, take a diagnosis of his case, and pronounce it to be one of veritable madness, while metaphysicians, seizing the scalpel, dissect each mental faculty, and declare his tragic life to be the warfare of intellect and passions with the moral perceptions of the soul,—it is not only, we say, in the centering of every action around the character of Hamlet that the wonderful ability of Shakespeare is revealed; but also in that remarkable power of his mind that can call into independent being, by a few faint touches of his word-wand, characters of as distinct individuality. Such a one is Ophelia—one of the fairest, saddest lives that have ever stepped into the shadowy realm of thought.

Hamlet may be the commanding monarch of the forest, shivered by the lightning-stroke of too keen susceptibility of the guiltiness of others; but Ophelia is the forest-flower, of exquisite rarity of tint and fragrance, over which we bend in admiration and love; yet which is torn from its native soil, and left to wither by the same rude shaft that made the towering oak a ruin.

Only a few brief moments does Ophelia come before us. There are scarcely more than four scenes given in which to reveal the beauty of her life, before the wanderings of a blighted intellect make us welcome, as a relief, the still form in its peaceful slumberings. Yet her few words reflect, as in a polished mirror, the purity of her

character; and her silence tells still more eloquently of a depth of nature capable of suffering too intensely for expression. Excepting through the interpretation of our own consciousness, we are left in ignorance of the storm and sunshine that varied her inner world, and of the fury of the final thunder-bolts that left it a desolate waste forever.

In all the delineations of Ophelia that have come under my notice, she is presented as a being too soft and tender to have any strength of character or individuality of nature—beautiful, but purely passive. Mrs. Jamieson thus bewails:

"Ophelia, poor Ophelia! O, far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life." "She is so young, that neither her mind nor her person has attained maturity; she is not aware of the nature of her own feelings; they are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them."

A writer in the *Speculative Philosophy*, of October, 1873, in an article on "Hamlet," makes these statements concerning Ophelia:

"We feel from the first that she is too weak to endure the contradictions of life. Her whole nature is embraced in the word *love*. She has no individuality of her own; she is wholly wrapped up in the father and lover." "Ophelia perished through her beauty; that which forms the strongest charm of her character is what makes her greatest weakness. Ophelia is all trust, all dependence upon others; there is no trace of selfishness or self-reliance even; hence the loveliness of her character, but, alas! her utter frailty."

I reject the imputation of weakness and sentimental softness, and that vine-like, hot-house

frailty that withers at the first blast of misfortune. True, I compared her to a flower; but it was the delicately perfumed and exquisitely tinted wild-flower, over which storms of wind and rain may pass, serving only to enhance its beauty; but which requires the shaft that splinters the protecting trees to uproot it from its bed. Her whole nature may be embraced in the word *love*; but not that word taken in its narrowest signification. Love is comprehensive of all that is most noble, virtuous, and unselfish in human character, and to be an embodiment of unselfishness does not exclude the highest self-reliance. It requires self-reliance, strength of will, and moral fortitude to heed the voice of duty, and withstand the pleadings of absorbing affection. It requires strength of self-control to hide conflicting emotions, and, in the most trying circumstances, present to the gaze of others ever the same unselfish simplicity and devotion. But let us turn to the text for proof of these statements.

The first scene is a parting between brother and sister. Laertes had returned to his home from France, evidently at the request of his father—Polonius, Lord Chamberlain of the king—in order to attend the wedding of that monarch with the recently widowed queen. After earnest solicitation, he obtains permission to return. The scene of parting is a room in the house of Polonius; and hither Laertes comes, just before sailing, to give his last words to the sister who is dearest of all he leaves behind. We can easily imagine the arm thrown endearingly around her form as he makes the affectionate request, that, with every favoring breeze, she shall not sleep until she has written to him; and Ophelia replies, from the fullness of her love, "Do you doubt that?" Then Laertes, looking into those truthful eyes, bethinks this the most fitting opportunity to speak upon a subject of long solicitude to him. He says:

"For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favors,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature;
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,—
No more."

In Ophelia's answer we see the shadowings of surprise, and a struggle between firm faith in her lover and confidence in the wisdom of her brother. Moreover, it is an instance of her power of self-control that, at the very moment when the strongest feelings of her heart must have arisen in defense, she should only say, questioningly, "No more but so?" Laertes, in his reply, reveals so much knowledge of the world, so much discriminating wisdom, so much

true interest in her welfare, that we approve the deference with which she listens. It begins:

"Think it no more;
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal," etc.

Laertes continues, but does not reflect for a moment on the honesty of Hamlet. He may love her now with the purest intentions; but she must remember that his sphere in life is above hers. His will can not be entirely his own, but must be subject to his birth. If he says he loves her, she must only give credence to that which can be borne out in deed, and that depends to some extent upon the voice of his country. She must fear losing her own heart, and must keep in the rear of her affection, lest she, like many others, fall a victim, or lest calumnious tongues blast her fair reputation.

"Be wary, then; but safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near."

Fair words; keen logic. But who can say to the affections, "Thus far, no farther?" The will may imprison and build a wall which no human eye can penetrate; but love itself can not be fettered.

Ophelia does not tell Laertes that already she loves Hamlet with all the strength of her pure nature. How could she, when his words had just revealed so clearly that all youthful love might be outgrown, and when every word he had said about caution appealed so forcibly to her instinctive modesty? So, like the loving sister that she was, she answers without argument, though with a dignity that veils whatever tumult is within, and which most effectually refutes all assertions that she is a merely passive creature, destitute of original thought:

"I shall the effect of thy good counsel keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny path to heaven,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read."

Here Polonius enters unexpectedly, and, surprised at finding Laertes, who, as he supposed, was already on his journey, he hastens his departure, pronounces a second blessing, and gives him an abundance more of good advice. Laertes, with a last hand-clasp, says:

"Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.
Ophelia. 'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it."

Now, Polonius had one great failing, if no more, and that was a most irresistible curiosity, which in many cases amounted to offensive meddlingness, unworthy of a courtier, and

which ultimately led directly to his death. Breaking in upon this parting scene, he had heard some words, the drift of which he could not quite understand. Of course, he must know:

"*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?"

"*Oph.* So please you, something concerning the Lord Hamlet."

This candid answer suddenly recalls some hints that Polonius had heard. He had not been very observing himself, but had been told that the Lord Hamlet was spending a great deal of time with his daughter of late, and that she had received him fair and courteously. He asks her for the truth. Ophelia is not only an affectionate sister, she is also a dutiful daughter. The tender chords of her soul had been kindly and skillfully touched by her brother, and they had vibrated sadly but accordantly. She did not know what it would be to have a hand ruthlessly sweep over them, and that a father's hand. Even if she had, I think it would have made no difference in the simple truthfulness of her answer:

"*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders Of his affection to me.

"*Pol.* Affection! Pish! you speak like a green girl, Unfitted in such perilous circumstance. Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?"

This question does not come with the wakening of a surprise. Her brother's words are too forcibly in her mind; and doubt—"the twilight of the soul"—dims the brightness of their youthful love. Her answer reveals the pain of uncertainty:

"I do not know, my lord, what I *should* think."

With that, Polonius blurts forth, in a coarse, passionate way, showing at once the obtuseness of his nature, and his utter lack of appreciation of his daughter's feelings. He calls her a baby, foolishly taking for true pay that which was only counterfeit, and endeavors to add force to his words by a low, indelicate comparison. This bold accusation and reflection on the honor of her admirer rouses her to self-defense, and speedily dissipates, for the time being, her doubts and indecision. She answers firmly, but not angrily, showing she is not so clinging but that when necessary she can stand erect:

"*Oph.* My lord, he hath importuned me with love In honorable fashion.

"*Pol.* Ay, fashion, you may call it; go to, go to.

"*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech, My lord, with all the vows of heaven."

Doubtless Polonius was unused to seeing his loving daughter thus roused. His unreasonable, passionate language changes somewhat, although he will not listen to the suit. He commands that she shall not believe a word of Hamlet's vows, that she must not see him, and

must remember that he is young, and must walk in a larger sphere than hers. His vows are only

"Implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile: 'This for all—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways."

The head is bowed in obedience, and she retires from his presence.

From all that is given to develop the character of Polonius, I do not think we need consider him tyrannical, or ambitious to carry out some plan even at the sacrifice of his daughter's happiness. Being prime minister to the king, he seems very anxious to do his duty in every particular. Neither need we think in this devotedness he was actuated by any hope of ignoble reward, nor that he knew more of the king's guilt than the rest of the subjects. Instead of being anxious to have his daughter win the position which the sincere love of Hamlet would offer, and his own high station and faithfulness might render possible, he strove to nip the outgrowth in its tender bud, lest suspicion might rest upon the purity of his motives. As he afterward told the king in conference:

"What might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had played the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking mute or dumb,
Or looked upon this love with idle sight,—
What might you think? No: I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;
This must not be.'"

He has no lack of loyalty, but, like many another father, he has no spiritual insight into the finely tuned being placed under his care, and hence no perception of his higher trusts.

There is no presentation of the state of Ophelia's feelings after she turns from that interview to the solitude of her apartment; that, like the drama of most lives, is left hidden from the eyes of men, excepting when the too plainly marked outgrowth tells the story of those silent hours. Her brother Laertes is gone. The path he pointed out looked thorny in the distance; but scarcely had his "farewell!" ceased to quiver on the air, ere the rude points entered her soul. She is too true to her father to oppose his expressed command, or even for an instant to seek to evade its requirement. A gulf of separation yawns between herself and Hamlet, yet she will never seize a plank to bridge it. No mother's gentle heart was there to share her burden, to soothe and comfort; alone she must abide her fate. If she was so weak as to sink beneath the first cruel blow of misfortune,

then would her intellect have reeled beneath this stroke. But, instead, her strong self-reliance and unselfishness come to her aid. Her thoughts we can not think are centered on self; she would scarcely be a woman if she did not seriously consider the effect this change would produce upon her suitor. Her father had placed around her external barriers in his commands; but Laertes, with his kindly, truthful reasonings, has even more effectually bound her spirit by doubt. Not that she distrusted the purity of Hamlet's intentions when he uttered those "music vows," but when the apparently insurmountable barriers are so distinctly pointed out, and, more than all, the truth that even the most passionate love of youth sometimes grows cold, I think it could scarcely be otherwise than that the cloud that overshadowed the future trailed its chill folds across her soul. Moreover, did not duty to her lover demand compliance with her father's words? This youthful attachment, for Hamlet's own good, must be broken off. Should she lead him on to take a position that might bring upon him the censure of others, and perhaps seriously endanger his future prospects? It would only make matters worse to give any explanation. In the heat of his youthful affection, the hint that she considered herself beneath him in station would only precipitate his rashness.

Such may have been the course of her reasonings; for when Hamlet comes again to see her, according to his custom, he is refused admittance. He comes again, but with no better success. Then he writes; the letter is returned unopened. He writes again, but all in vain; she will neither hear him nor see him. Is there no strength here manifested? no moral fortitude? She can resist these importunities for the considerable time that must have elapsed before the next scene, and not even request her father to permit a single interview for explanation; she can read his former words that, in their appropriateness, seemed written for such an occasion:

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

"O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu. HAMLET."

And wherefore? The answer is, Self-abnegation for the good of another—the sentiment that has led other gentle beings to perform the most painful acts of heroism, and to immolate themselves for others' sakes.

Time passed, and there are no further importunities; but absence and silence: and—strange

inconsistency of love—this silence gives her new suffering.

There is a certain strength and comfort that arises from self-denial, especially when there is an unbreathed hope that mutual suffering will in some way purify the dross of affection so that, it may be, as a reward, the heavenly powers will intervene in some way, and bring two faithful hearts together. But chilling silence freezes even this comfort, and the conviction slowly settles down upon Ophelia that her suspicions are indeed well-founded. She no longer reads over those letters, but folds them up with a shudder, "their perfume lost when givers prove unkind," and "longs to redeliver." Such is her state of mind when the two culminating scenes of interest in her life take place, in order to understand which it is necessary to gain some insight into Hamlet's thoughts on this subject.

If we find it difficult to read the pure-hearted Ophelia, the difficulties multiply many-fold when we approach the mind of Hamlet. So intricate is the maze, that scarcely two persons ever wind through it in the same path, and come out upon the same view, if indeed one is fortunate to go through it himself twice in the same way. However, there are three leading opinions concerning his character, one of which we must accept. Either Hamlet is sane during the whole drama, or he is insane during the whole, or he becomes insane at some stage of its progress, and which view we take will affect our understanding of his treatment of Ophelia.

It is my opinion that his insanity is feigned, and that during the entire play he does not pass beyond the limits of responsibility. This view is maintained by many of the best authorities, and yet with this view I have seen no satisfactory explanation of his conduct toward Ophelia. Goethe thinks his insanity feigned, and yet finds his treatment toward Ophelia inexplicable. Perhaps I should not hope to succeed where one so eminent has failed; and yet I have an explanation that satisfies me for the present. We can not dwell upon the severe and sudden afflictions that come upon Hamlet in quick succession, although they must be comprehended as fully as possible. With a gifted, susceptible, contemplative temperament, cultivated by careful study in a German university; with a warmly affectionate heart, a keen sense of propriety and honor, and a soul of the strictest conscientiousness, the mysterious death of his father must have filled him with the deepest grief; but to this is added the intense bitterness of his mother's disgrace by the "o'erhasty marriage" with an uncle in every way inferior to his father; the harrowing but persistent suspicions of

villainy perpetrated,—surely this were enough to bear down a mind to the lowest depths of suffering. But more is waiting. In the very midst of these afflictions, just when he needs the sympathy of a woman's loving heart, a most inexplicable coldness cuts him off from the only being who could give him relief from his immense burden.

The view might be taken that Hamlet, though never deliberately insincere, felt for Ophelia only a youth's attachment, and that when these severe shocks came upon him they suddenly matured him into manhood, and revealed his love for Ophelia to be as evanescent as the morning dew. This opinion might find support from the fact that, in all his soliloquizing, he never refers to Ophelia, and makes no expression of his love excepting at the grave scene, and this he afterward speaks of slightly as "a mad freak." Still I do not maintain this view, because it seems so incongruous with the whole nature of Hamlet, making him capable of the most refined cruelty toward one whose innocence and devotion, if they could not keep his special regard, must have commanded his respect and pity.

No: he loved, and for him to love was not to give a moderate affection. Ophelia's unaccountable behavior, savoring so strongly of faithlessness, coming when every other stay for his soul had broken, and especially when the mother, whom he had considered the most loving of beings, had proved so worse than faithless to the memory of her noble husband, must have chilled him with its cold unkindness, and could naturally be attributed to fickleness and inconstancy, until, with an added bitterness, he could exclaim:

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

That this distrust of Ophelia did not come until after repeated attempts to obtain some other explanation, argues well for the nature that could have impressed him so tenaciously with its truthfulness.

The last fountain of former joys has turned into a bitter pool in the wilderness, when the ghost—his vague suspicions crystallized, or whatever else it may typify—gives him a mission of revenge. Then all the powers of his soul are bent upon his plans. He must avenge his father's murder, and he will mask his operations under the guise of insanity. But he must have some apparent cause for insanity other than the death of his father, lest it rouse too much the king's apprehensions. Love, thwarted, sometimes leads to insanity, and it is generally known that of late the current of his love had

not been running very smooth. Here, then, should be the apparent cause, grasped the more eagerly because of the keen rebuke he could thrust home to the inconstant fair one. Accordingly, after a time, he breaks through the sanctity of private apartments, and rushes into the presence of Ophelia. She, startled by his wild and unseemly appearance, stands speechless, and as soon as he turns away hastens into her father's room. Polonius, seeing her agitated look, as soon as possible dismisses his visitors, and earnestly desires to know the cause.

"*Opk.* My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber, Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced, No hat upon his head, his stocking foiled, Ungartered and down-gyved to his ankle, Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other, And with a look so piteous in purport As if he had been loosed out of hell To speak of horrors, comes before me.

"*Pol.* Mad for thy love?

"*Oph.* My lord, I do not know, But truly do I fear it.

"*Pol.* What said he?

"*Opk.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard; Then goes he to the length of his whole arm, And with his other hand thus, o'er his brow, He falls to such perusal of my face As he would draw it. Long stayed he so. At last—a little shaking of mine arm, And thrice his head thus waving up and down, He raised a sigh so piteous and profound That it did seem to shatter all his bulk, And end his being. That done, he lets me go; And with his head over his shoulder turned He seemed to find his way without his eyes, For out of doors he went without their help, And to the last bended their light on me.

"*Pol.* Go with me. I will go seek the king."

Here again we are struck with that self-control that could endure, without shriek or fainting, the seizing of both hands in the firm grasp of an apparent madman, and maintain such poise of nerve as to keep the same quiet position until he had retreated.

It is evident, before this scene, that the king had mentioned to Polonius something concerning the changed demeanor of Hamlet, and that the suspicion of madness had already suggested itself. The queen had feared that it was his father's death and her untimely marriage, and the king's guilty conscience had feared even more. Polonius is sure, now, that the secret is in his keeping; but with it comes a fear that censure might rest upon him as the indirect cause. He repents his hasty judgments, and hurriedly asks his daughter if she had given him any "hard words?" No: she had but obeyed, "dispelled his letters, and denied him access." He hopes that the relief afforded the royal pair, in the knowledge that they are not chargeable with the madness of their son, will be quite sufficient to turn blame from his actions. He asks other proof from Ophelia of Hamlet's

love, and receives the letters, and then they proceed to the king's residence. The news is presented in a dexterous manner, and the minister is not disappointed in seeing the willingness manifested to receive any cause that would screen their guiltiness; but their very gladness makes the royal couple skeptical. Even the letters were not sufficient; so Polonius makes arrangement that Ophelia and Hamlet shall meet unexpectedly, and they three, screened from observation, shall mark the interview. Ophelia understands it to be a test of her lover's sanity, and consents. Hamlet does not know of the innocent plot, but plays his part; and while he flavors his speech with the incoherence of madness, there is much he intends to be cutting truth concerning 'his lady's fickleness. She marks him coming, rapt in meditation, and repeating aloud his thoughts. He sees her, stops, and speaks with so much of the old-time courteousness that, for a moment, she loses sight of the mad apparition, and the former conviction of his evanescent affection rises uppermost; but as he continues speaking, this thought, painful as it is, dies away before the terrible certainty of his madness, and that she is in some way the cause. As the interest in Ophelia's life culminates here, we must quote the passages at length:

"*Ham.* . . . The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

"*Oph.* Good my lord,

How does your honor for this many a day?

"*Ham.* I humbly thank you, well, well, well.

"*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours

That I have longed long to redeliver.

I pray you now receive them.

"*Ham.* No, no! I never gave you aught.

"*Oph.* My honored lord, I know right well you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed

As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,

Take these again: for to the noble mind

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

"*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest?

"*Oph.* My lord!

"*Ham.* Are you fair?

"*Oph.* What means your lordship?

"*Ham.* That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

"*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
with honesty?

"*Ham.* Ay, truly: for the power of beauty will sooner transform
honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty
can translate beauty into his likeness; this was sometime a
paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

"*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

"*Ham.* You should not have believed me; for virtue can not
so inoculate the old stock but we shall relish of it. I loved you
not.

"*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

"*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery. . . . What should such
fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth? We are
arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's thy father?

"*Oph.* At home, my lord.

"*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play
the fool nowhere but in his own house. Farewell.

"*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet heavens!

"*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy
dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not
escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if
thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well
enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go;
and quickly too. Farewell.

"*Oph.* O, heavenly powers, restore him!

"*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too, well enough.
God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another;
you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures,
and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no
more on't. It hath made me mad. . . . (*Exit Hamlet.*)"

The anguish of the maiden's heart breaks
forth, the first and only time, in words; but they
are burning words that tell of molten depths
repressed:

"*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state;

The glass of fashion and the mold of form;

The observed of all observers,—quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,

That sucked the honey of his music vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

That unmatched form, and feature of blown youth,

Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see."

The rest is soon told. She sees Hamlet the
same evening for the last time. He seeks her
side to throw, under his feigned ravings, every
epithet that seems admissible against the brevity
of woman's love. Ophelia unresentingly suffers
in silence, believing his words only a part of
that noble wreck. But in the silence of the
night her woes come trooping up, when no
longer the stern will stands guard to the ave-
nues of emotion, and she must confront the ter-
rible reality. Insane with ecstasy! that princely
being for whose welfare she would have given
her life and every hope of happiness—blasted
through her fidelity to duty—her own great
sacrifice! The heroically enduring nature is
breaking beneath the horror of a rayless de-
spair, when the ghastly image of her father,
slain by the hand of her mad lover, causes the
brain to reel from its support. The morning
light finds her motherless, almost brotherless,
fatherless, loverless; and the delicate mechanism
that holds the balance between the rational and
irrational is irrecoverably lost. Her ravings
are painful to us because of the shattered love-
liness they reflect. Even nature proves treach-
erous to her trust. She is drowned because of
the giving way of the branch she hoped would
bear her weight; then trusting the element
that received her, while the buoyancy of her
clothing delays the work of death, she sings her
sweetly mournful song, until it is hushed by the
gurgling waters. Nor is that all that seems

adverse. She is denied the prayers and holy rites of burial. Even the royal mandate that demands them can not still the murmurings of the priest. We feel a kindred rebuke rise to our lips to the one Laertes gives:

"I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering spirit shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling."

The queen scatters the flowers into the grave; but even then the sheltering bosom of the earth is not allowed to shield, until one more fierce scene of discord is enacted over, her cold remains. But at last we hear the dust-clods rattle on the coffin, and we know that Ophelia's history and woes are ended, though her beautiful womanly character lives on to charm the ages.

A SUMMER WITH THE FISH COMMISSION.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD T. NELSON, PH. D.

FEW persons have any just conception of the importance of the New England fisheries. With us, fishing is a pastime—only followed as a recreation. In Maine and the East it is the vocation of life with thousands of people. As corn is to the West, and cotton to the South, so are "codfish" to the East. In proportion to population and means of labor, one is as important as the others. In Nova Scotia, this fish is the staple article of food, trade, and conversation. A man there never says, "How do you do?" or "Good-day;" but "What luck;" "Fine day for cod." If one were asked, "How is your herring?" the appropriate answer would be, "My wife is well, I thank you." If asked, "How are the little shiners," the answer would be, "The children are hearty as sculpins." In Newfoundland the postage-stamps bear a figure of a codfish; and a native of that island told the writer that he voted against the Confederation because he learned that these stamps would be replaced by those bearing the vignette of Queen Victoria. It is even claimed in the East that the saltiness of the ocean is due to the numbers of codfish which swim in it!

The last census shows that not less than seventy-five thousand people in the three States, Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, have no other means of livelihood than fishing, while at least half a million others add a month's fishing in the Spring and Fall to some other employment. During the past twenty years, there has been a very marked decline in the abundance of food-fishes along our coast. This has not

been noticed so much in the markets as in the condition of the people.

A committee of the Rhode Island Legislature, reporting on the effect of the present scarcity of food-fishes, affirms that not less than one thousand families in that State are taxed one hundred dollars per year for the purchase of food, which previously was taken, at odd times, out of the water; or, in other words, that these people pay one hundred thousand dollars each year for food more than they did twenty years ago. If the same ratio be true for the three States named above—and we have no reason to doubt it—the cost of living to the inhabitants of the coast counties of New England has increased not less than fifty million dollars a year during the past twenty or thirty years, while the ability to pay this increase has greatly diminished. The people are yearly becoming poorer. Thousands, during the Winter, run into debt for the necessities of life, expecting to make payment from the proceeds of the "Spring catch." If the Spring is unfavorable, the Summer is spent in simply existing, and another Winter finds them unprepared. The more intelligent emigrate to the "States," while to many this is impossible from lack of money, and to others there is a fascination in the life they live, and they can not be induced to exchange it for any other.

Part of this decline in the fish industry is inevitable; its like has always followed the occupation of the land by the white race. A late writer says: "As civilized man advances, the buffalo, the elk, the deer, the beaver, the otter, the bear, the panther, the wildcat, and other members of the wilderness or prairie fauna, must give way to domesticated animals." In 1721, buffalo were common in New York State, feeding in the marshes near Lake Erie. At a little earlier date they were found in the Atlantic States. As late as 1820 they were common in Wisconsin—now never seen east of Colorado. One hundred years ago, the great auk was so common in New England that two were used as fuel to roast a third. The species is now extinct. Formerly fish were just as abundant along our Eastern coast.

Thomas Morton, a native of England, wrote in regard to New England in 1632, after a ten-years' residence:

"The coast aboundeth with such multitudes of codd that the inhabitants doe dunge their grounds with codd; and it is a commodity better than the golden mines of the Spanish Indies; for, without dried codd, the Spaniard, Portugal, and Italian, would not be able to vittell of a shipp for the sea; and I am sure at the

Canaries it is the principal commodity, which place lyeth neere New England very convenient for the vending of this commodity; one hundred of these being at the price of three hundred of New found land codd. Great store of traine oyle is mayd of the livers of the codd. It is a commodity that without question will enrich the inhabitants of New England quickly, and is therefore a principal commodity.

"The basse is an excellent fish. There are such multitudes that I have seen stopped into the river close adjoining to my howse, with a sand at one tide, so many as will loade a shipp of one hundred tonnes.

"Other places have greater quantities, in so much as wagers have been layed that one should not throw a stone in the water, but that hee should hit a fish. I, myselfe, at the turning of the tyde, have seen such multitudes pass out of a pounce that it seemed to me that one might goe over their backs drishod."

To-day these species are, in many places along our coast, nearly exterminated.

Several States have, from time to time, appointed commissions to inquire into the present condition of the fishermen, to ascertain, if possible, the causes of decline, and suggest a remedy. Much light has been thrown on a subject which, at first, seemed beyond reach; namely, the habits of the fish. Still these reports too frequently bear evidence of prejudice on the minds of the writers. They are often contradictory, and hence unreliable. These facts, if no other evidence were before us, prove the wisdom of Congress in authorizing a scientific commission "to prosecute investigations and inquiries on the subject, with a view of ascertaining whether any, and what diminution in the number of food-fishes of the coast and the lakes of the United States has taken place; and, if so, to what causes the same is due; and also, whether any, and what, protective, prohibitory, or precautionary measures should be adopted."

The above extract from the resolution of Congress, passed in 1871, explains the scope of what is known as the UNITED STATES COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES. It is the design of the present article to describe the methods employed in the investigation, and the results thus far accomplished.

The month of July, 1873, found the party located for the Summer on Peake's Island, three miles from Portland, Maine. This little island is one of three hundred and sixty-five, which are found in the picturesque Casco Bay. The party consisted of Professor S. F. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, and Assist-

ant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington City; Professors Verrill and Smith, and Mr. Thacher, of Yale College; Professor Rice, and Mr. Goode, of the Wesleyan University; Professor Todd, of Tabor College, Iowa; Dr. P. P. Carpenter, of Montreal; Dr. Edward Palmer, Curator of Fish, Smithsonian Institution; H. E. Rockwell, Phonographer; James H. Emerton, Draughtsman; and the writer. The Secretary of the Navy detailed the United States steamer *Blue Light*, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander L. A. Beardslee, United States Navy—an admirable officer, and a very valuable assistant to the Commission.

The work laid out for the Summer was, briefly, as follows:

1. To make as complete a list as possible of the fish in Casco Bay. In doing this to note, *a*, the time of arrival of the edible fish; *b*, the time of departure; *c*, the time and place of spawning; *d*, the abundance as compared with the past.

2. To discover the enemies of the food-fishes, their habits, and time of spawning.

3. To learn the influence of the pollution of the water from city drainage, or the refuse of manufactories.

4. To study the effect of trapping fish in weirs, pounds, and nets.

5. To study very carefully the food of the edible fish, and thus learn whether any decrease or change in the same might have led to a change in feeding-ground.

Evidently, the first thing to be done by such an expedition, after so complete a preparation, is to gather some specimens for study. Almost any morning during the past Summer, the steamer *Blue Light* might have been seen at the wharf, ready for a day's voyage, and waiting for the arrival of the party—and such a party! At home a professor's name carries with it a little honor, and the wearer is expected to dress and conduct himself accordingly. But here, arrayed in clothes that salt-water and mud could not injure—most of them were beyond that point—the professors were, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up; and that something was usually the just eaten breakfast—not that any were seasick, for who ever heard a person admit that he was seasick?—but our landlord always gave us clams for breakfast, and clams always make some people sick.

The material brought on board was as peculiar as the costume of the party. There were a dozen wooden buckets; bottles of all sizes; sieves of two or three patterns; one very

peculiar one, shaped like a half cylinder, was called the "cradle of the deep," and in it many a crab and starfish rocked their last lullaby; a self-registering thermometer, to mark the lowest temperature of the water between the surface and bottom: and the peculiar tools of the naturalist's workshop, dredges, trawls, and "the tangles," which must now be described. From a piece of flat iron two inches wide construct a rectangular frame, about seven inches wide by twenty inches long. For a bottom to this frame attach a bag of canvas and net-work, holding perhaps two bushels. To the other side attach two iron handles, and to these a rope, and you have a dredge. The dredge is so weighted that when lowered it will lie flat on the sea-bottom, and be dragged with the open mouth in front. As the dredge is moved, the lower lip cuts into the mud and sand, and shovels up the life into the bag. The trawl is similar, only much larger, as the mouth is from fifteen to twenty feet long, and the net-work perhaps fifty. It does not cut into the sand, but is expected to capture such fish as swim near the bottom.

The "tangles" were first constructed by the officers of the *Challenger*, an English vessel engaged in scientific investigation. It consists of two wheels of about one foot diameter, connected by an axle. To this axle a number of pieces of rope about six feet long are fastened and unbraided. These soon become "tangled," and hence the name. This is to catch the lighter forms of life, which might be injured in the dredge.

While we have been observing these forms of apparatus, our vessel has steamed among the islands of this beautiful bay, and arrived at some point which is worthy of examination. As the engine stops, "jack-tar" drops the sounding-lead, to the bottom of which a little tallow has been securely fastened. In a moment we hear him calling out: "Thirty-five fathom, sir!" "Sand and mud, sir!" In another moment a sailor reports the temperature of the bottom to be 42°. As the bottom is sand and mud, the naturalists expect a fine haul, and so wish the dredge lowered.

"All hands on deck. Let go the dredge," from the captain, is responded to by an "Ay, ay, sir," from the men; and six hearty sailors lower the dredge over the bow of the steamer; paying out perhaps seventy-five to one hundred fathoms of rope, so that the dredge may draw at a small angle. The steamer is then backed at the rate of perhaps two miles an hour.

Hardly does the dredge touch bottom than there issue from bunks, and every conceivable door and opening in the vessel, officers, pilots,

engineers, firemen, cooks, and sailors, each with hook and line, and a handful of those sickly clams. They form a thick phalanx around the entire deck.

"Mr. Professor," said one, as he drew in a large codfish, "it only takes two men to watch this steamer—a man at the wheel to luff her off the rocks, and one at the boilers to keep her from bustin'; the rest had better be a fishing."

Fifteen to twenty minutes are thus passed; a large number of fine cod and haddock being caught, when the dredge is ready to be taken up. We now notice a little donkey-engine on the foredeck. To this the dredge-rope is attached; steam is let on, the cylinder turns, and the dredge is soon out of water, hanging from the davits. To the uninitiated, the dredge holds just two bushels of mud, and nothing more. To the naturalist it is a mine of wealth; for in that mud are thousands of animals. The dredge is then emptied into the cradle-sieve, which hangs suspended over the side of the steamer. Water soon washes out the mud, leaving the sand and animals behind.

The larger forms of life—such as sponges, starfish, and sea-urchins—are placed by themselves in separate buckets. The smaller shells, worms, and crustaceans, are placed in bottles—some large, some small—and in pure sea-water; for all this is only a preparation for the true work of the party, which must be done on shore. Again and again this is repeated, till every bucket and bottle is full of something to take home. The trawl has added a large number of fish to the collection; the tangles have given us many specimens of starfish that we should otherwise not have had; the men have caught a fine supply of cod for their supper. Tackle is then put in place, and the *Blue Light* soon steams the ten or fifteen miles which separate us from Peake's Island. During the day, one of the party has made a complete list of species seen, which sum up as follows: Thirty species of crustacea; forty-seven species of annelids and other worms; sixty species of mollusca; five species of starfish; four species of hydroids; and four species of polyps: or a total of one hundred and fifty species, exclusive of fish.

The land head-quarters of the Commission are located in an old building standing on the wharf, known to the islanders as the "Fish-house," where, in times past, many cod and other fish had been stored and packed for market; to us it is known as the "Laboratory." Thither do we bring the spoils of the day. It is a small two-story building, the first being used for the dredges, trawls, and cans of fish; the second

being the work-room. In this are deposited the buckets, bottles, and boxes from the day's drudgery. Then ensues that division of labor by which alone great progress and discovery are possible. Professor Smith takes all the crustacea for his especial study; Professor Verrill, who enjoys his diet of worms better than Luther did, claims the annelids; thus, to each some special group is given for study.

The common, well-known forms are first separated, and placed in spirits for preservation; new species are retained for examination and study; notes are taken of form, color, and structure; and, if very rare, the specimen is handed over to the draughtsman, to have its picture taken. While this has been going on above, another party in the lower room has been taking notes on the fish brought in, interrogating some fishermen as to the abundance of the species in question, and examining the contents of the stomachs of the various species collected. The fish are thus made to pay heavy toll for what they took from us in the morning. This report of one day's dredging will give the reader a fair idea of the work done by the Commission.

It is safe to say that there has been no diminution of the food upon which our edible fish subsist. Every dredge-haul gave us evidence of the great and varied abundance of all those forms of life necessary to the fish. Nor can it be claimed that city drainage has had any great effect upon the quantity of shore-fish. The effect, whatever it may be, is simply local, and is not sufficient to account for changes along the whole coast. It may be even doubted whether, on the whole, drainage is injurious; as it is certain that much food for the fish would thus be added to the water, while the more solid parts would sink at once to the bottom. With the large manufactories, the case may be, probably is, quite different. The evidence collected by the Commission is somewhat conflicting; yet there can be no question that many manufactories discharge poisons in large quantities into the water, and that in the immediate vicinity of such works the larger fish of the coast are rare, while the shores are often lined by dead fish which have been thrown there by the waves. This is much more noticeable in the case of those rivers of New England upon whose banks are found the print and cotton works.

A writer calls the attention of Professor Baird to the Merrimack River, along which are found such manufacturing cities as Manchester and Nashua in New Hampshire, and Lowell, Lawrence, and Amesbury, in Massachusetts. He says: "Every other year, when the menhaden come into the mouth of the river, we find thou-

sands of them thrown on shore, dead. There is a great deal of speculation in regard to them, and the cause of their death. I notice that all the print-works, dye-houses, and factories discharge into the water tons of dyes, poison, cultch—in fact, every thing which ought to be buried, such as copperas, and other chemicals. I believe that this is the reason that salmon and shad do not come up the river as they used to. Not only are the fish affected in this way, but the city of Lowell is drinking the water! We may soon know that the people are dying, while the cause is not understood." In other places, it is claimed that the refuse is not deleterious; that clams grow very large and fat "right under the shadow of the print-works," and even when they are dyed as red as madder can make them; and that oysters thrive in such places. Where these shell-fish live, the larger forms are also found. In Narragansett Bay the oysters were found to have the mingled taste of coal-oil, creosote, and tar. We are told, on good authority, that that injured them for the table.

Another question constantly before the Commission was, to discover the enemies of the food-fishes, their habits, and time of spawning. On this point I think every member of the expedition was satisfied that, in the homely lines learned in childhood,—

"Large fleas have other fleas to bite them:
And these have little fleas, and so *ad infinitum*,"—

the word "flea" had been used by mistake for "fish;" for if there is any species that is safe from attack during its whole life, the United States Fish Commission would be glad to make its acquaintance. The eggs are eaten by the minnows, the minnows by the shiners, the shiners by the herring; and the blue-fish will eat any thing that comes within reach. There is no greater enemy known on land or in water than this same innocent-looking "blue-fish." It is not satisfied with eating until gorged; but after that, pursues, apparently for sport, fish of all sizes, biting off the tail of this one and then that, and leaving the water covered with the blood and fragments. Yet this fish is one of the choicest table varieties, and is taken at the rate of not less than a million a year to supply the city markets. Professor Baird estimates that the blue-fish off the coast of New England destroy not less than twelve hundred million millions of fish annually. With this frightful destruction, we might expect the blue-fish soon to eat up every thing living in the ocean, and then die for want of something else to do; but so wonderful is the fecundity of the fish that this loss is annually made good, and the equilibrium of

life would be maintained were it not for unnatural methods of capture by man.

It is well known that fish are as regular in their migrations as are the birds. Though living in the ocean, many species ascend the rivers during the spawning season, and always by the shortest possible route. Man uses this instinct, or rather abuses it, by placing nets, pounds, and weirs directly in the line of travel. Fish are thus captured by the billion before the eggs are deposited, and the traffic in fish roe is quite extensive.

It is proposed to throw around these laws similar to the game laws of the West, so that they may have a slight chance in the struggle for life.

It is early yet to announce the discoveries or results of the expeditions, of which the one I am describing is the third. Much material has not yet been identified. Certain suggestive measures, if I may use that term, have been instituted, the results of which can not be known for some years to come. Perhaps the measure which will yield the greatest practical good, is that of artificial fish-breeding, and re-stocking our rivers and lakes with young fish. Not only do fish migrate regularly, but they return each year to the place of birth. If, therefore, young salmon, shad, and bass are placed in the Hudson or Connecticut Rivers, at various points above the mouth, the young fish will return to these points each year, after wandering perhaps eleven months in mid-ocean.

Millions of fish-fry have been placed in our rivers and lakes during the past two seasons, and there is evidence already of a slight increase in the numbers of fish caught, sufficient to warrant the hope that the trade of the past may be revived.

THE BLACK TULIP.

FROM THE FRENCH: BY MRS. ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

XII.

THE EVENTS OF EIGHT DAYS.

THE night and day succeeding this interview were filled with greater happiness, to these two isolated beings, than generally falls to the lot of man. To Cornelius it was the more intense, because of the heavy, dark, and lowering atmosphere that had filled the prison, and lain with a heavy weight on the unfortunate captive for many preceding days. The black walls and iron bars seemed to exclude every ray of light. But when he awoke on the morning after the meeting with the Frisian girl, a beam of the morning sun played

around those iron bars; pigeons were hovering about, with outspread wings, while others were cooing lovingly on the roof, or near the closed window. When, therefore, Gryphus came to see his prisoner, he no longer found him morose and lying on his hard mattress, but standing at the window, humming a little ditty.

"Halloo!" exclaimed the jailer.

"How are you, this morning?" asked Cornelius; "and how is the dog, and Master Jacob, and our pretty Rosa?"

Gryphus looked at him with a scowl, seeming to grind his teeth with vexation, as he said:

"Here is your breakfast!"

"Thank you, friend Cerberus," said the prisoner; "you are just in time. I am very hungry."

"O, you are hungry, are you? The conspiracy seems to thrive."

"What conspiracy? Be on your guard, friend Gryphus, be on your guard as long as you please. My conspiracy, as well as my person, is entirely at your service."

"Very well! I know what I know, Master Scholar. Just be quiet. We shall be on our guard. We'll see at noon." And saying this, Gryphus went out.

"At noon! What does he mean?" thought Cornelius. "Well, let us wait until the clock strikes twelve; we shall see."

The prisoner was waiting anxiously for nine at night; it was therefore very easy work to rest quietly until twelve at mid-day. As the clock struck twelve, there were heard on the staircase, not only the heavy step of old Gryphus, but the clanking of three or four soldiers as well. The door opened, Gryphus led his men in, and shut the iron door after them.

"There, now search!"

They searched not only the pockets of the prisoner, but even his person. They rummaged his sheets, his mattress, and the straw bed, and found nothing.

Cornelius rejoiced that he had not taken the third sprout under his own care. Never did a prisoner look with greater complacency on a search made in his cell. Gryphus retired with the pencil and two or three leaves of white paper which Rosa had given Van Baerle. At six, Gryphus came back again, in a growling mood, showing his one tooth, like a tusk, in the corner of his mouth, and backing himself out of the cell, as if afraid of being attacked by an enemy.

Rosa came at nine, and without her lantern; the light might betray her, as Jacob was dogging her steps more than ever.

Of what did the young people speak that evening? do you ask. Of those matters of which lovers speak at the cottage doors in

France and Germany—or from a balcony in the streets of Spain—or from some terrace in the glowing East. They spoke of those subjects which give wings to the hours; in fact, they spoke of every thing except the black tulip. When the clock struck ten, they parted as usual.

After the girl was gone, Cornelius confessed to himself, sighing, that woman was not perfect. Why did Rosa object to speaking of his favorite bulb? This was indeed a great defect in her. After having fallen asleep, he dreamed of her; but the Rosa of his dream was by far more perfect than the Rosa of real life. Not only did she speak of the black tulip, but this dream Rosa brought him one in a China vase. Yet Van Baerle awoke trembling with happiness, and muttering, "Yes, Rosa! Rosa, I love you sincerely."

Then following up, when quite aroused from sleep, the train of thought in which his mind was engaged when he first awakened: "Ah!" said he to himself, "if Rosa had only conversed with him about his flower, he, Cornelius would have preferred her to Queen Semiramis, to Queen Cleopatra, to Queen Elizabeth, to Queen Anne, of Austria; that is to say, to the greatest and most beautiful women the world has ever seen." There was one consolation,—of the seventy-two hours during which the tulip was not to be mentioned, thirty-six had passed already; and the remaining thirty-six would go quickly enough, with waiting for the evening's interview.

Rosa came at the same hour each day, and the prisoner submitted heroically to the compulsory silence imposed on him concerning his bulb. On a certain evening, however, after the first exchange of salutations, the girl retired a step, and, with glowing cheeks, dry lips, and moistened eyes, she said:

"Well, my foster-child is up!"

"She? who? what?" exclaimed Van Baerle.

"She? Well, my daughter then—the tulip."

"O, Rosa! take good care of it. Is it growing up straight?"

"Straight as a rocket!" said Rosa, "and at least two inches high. Can I take more care of it, when I think of nothing else?"

"Why, now, Miss Rosa, I shall grow jealous in my turn. Yet you are right; for is it not your own dowry?"

"Well, I never lose sight of it. I see it from my bed; on awaking, it is the first object that meets my eyes, and the last on which they rest at night. During the day I sit and work by its side; and with it, you know, Mynheer, I may marry a young man of twenty-six, or twenty-eight years, whom I must love, and who must love me!"

Although the prisoner replied to this sally, "Do n't talk in that frivolous way, you naughty girl," he was, on that evening, one of the happiest of men; for Rosa had not only allowed him to press her hand affectionately, but given him permission to talk as much as he liked of his pet tulip. From that hour a new and more tender interest arose in the hearts of the young people for each other, while at the same time they marked the progress of growth in the plant. At one time, it was the leaves had expanded; at another, that the flower-bud itself had formed. When this last fact was intimated, Cornelius was so agitated with joy that he was obliged to grasp the iron bar of the grating.

"Good heavens, Rosa! Is the oval regular? the cylinder full? and are the points green?" he cried out.

"The oval is almost an inch long, and tapers like a needle; the cylinder swells at the sides, and the points are ready to open."

Two days after, Rosa announced that the flower-leaves were open.

"Is the *involutum* open?" cried Cornelius. "Then one may see and already distinguish—" Here the prisoner paused, taking breath in his excitement.

"Yes!" answered Rosa; "one may already distinguish a thread of different color, as thin as a hair."

"And its color?" asked Cornelius, trembling.

"O!" answered Rosa, "it is very dark."

"Brown?"

"Darker than that."

"Darker, my good Rosa, darker? Thank you. Dark like—"

"Dark like the ink with which I wrote to you."

Cornelius uttered a cry of mad joy.

"O, Rosa! are you not my good angel? You have worked with such ardor. You have done so much for me. And my tulip is about to bloom, and it will flower black. Rosa, Rosa, you are the most perfect being on earth!"

"Indeed!" said the girl, smiling; "after the tulip, though."

"Do not be malicious, my little creature, and do not spoil my pleasure. In two or three days, then, it will open. After this, place it carefully in the shade, and immediately send a message to Haarlem, to the President of the Horticultural Society, that the Grand Black Tulip is in flower. It will take money, for it is far to Haarlem. Have you any money, Rosa?"

Rosa smiled. "O yes!" she replied. "Enough. I have three hundred guilders."

"If you have three hundred guilders, you must not send a messenger; but you must go yourself."

"But what, in the mean time, is to become of the flower?"

"O, the flower must go with you! Do not separate yourself an instant from it. And yet I can not live without your sweet, helpful presence. What have I done to offend, that I should thus be deprived of my liberty? Well, you will send some one to Haarlem—that's settled; the matter is wonderful enough for the president to put himself to some trouble. He will come himself to Loevestein." Then suddenly checking himself, he added, with a faltering voice: "Rosa, Rosa—if, after all, it should not bloom black?"

And the girl withdrew, almost melancholy at the fear and doubt. Yet the night, in spite of its agitation, passed sweetly for them both. Day came without any further news. The day passed as the night. Night came, and with it Rosa, cheerful as a bird.

"Well, all is going on prosperously. This night our tulip will be in flower, and it will be—black as jet!"

"The messenger, Rosa—is he quite ready?" cried out the excited tulip-fancier; "and is he safe? Not Jacob, Rosa?"

"No: pray be quiet," said the Frisian, smiling; "it is one of my lovers, indeed. But never fear—he is under age. He is the ferryman of Loevestein, and a smart young man, who would throw himself into the Waal or Meuse, if I bade him."

"Well, then, this lad may be at Haarlem in ten hours. You will write to the president, and I am sure he will come. It would not do for a poor prisoner to use pen and ink, else people, like your father, might see a conspiracy in it. Above all, my dear, let no one see it before the president. Alas! it might be stolen!"

"Good night, my friend," said Rosa.

"Say, my very dear friend!"

"O, my friend!"

"Very dear friend, I entreat you. Say very dear, Rosa—very dear!"

"Very dear; yes, very dear friend," said Rosa; and then, with a light step, she returned to her chamber, leaving the prisoner at his window gazing at the stars, with a heart full of religious fervor and earthly delight.

"Yes, at this moment," he thought, "under Rosa's eyes is the mysterious flower which lives, which expands, which opens, through the blessing of that heaven which is above and around us all. Perhaps, at this moment, the two objects dearest to me warm each other under these quiet stars, the eyes of heaven."

At this moment a star blazed in the southern sky, and shot through the whole horizon, falling down apparently on the fortress of Lo-

vestein. "Ah!" said the prisoner, as he felt a thrill run through his frame; "here is heaven sending a soul to my flower."

And as if he had rightly surmised, at this instant he heard in the lobby a step light as a sylph, and the faint rustling of a gown, and a well-known voice, which said to him:

"Cornelius, my friend—my very dear friend—come, come, quickly!"

Van Baerle darted with one spring from the window to the door, where Rosa met him at the grating.

"It is open! it is black! here it is!" And with one hand she raised to the level of the grating a dark lantern, which she had lighted meanwhile, while with the other she held the miraculous tulip.

The prisoner uttered a cry, and was near fainting:—"O Father, most merciful! thou dost pity my innocence and my sore captivity, and thus dost thou reward my sad suffering with these blessed flowers, which thou hast brought forth, even behind the grated windows of a prison."

The tulip was indeed beautiful; it was splendid; it was magnificent—with a stem more than eighteen inches high, it rose from out its four green leaves, which were as smooth and straight as iron lance-heads. The whole of the flower was as black and shining as jet.

"Here is the letter already written. Now tell me whether you approve it," said Rosa.

Cornelius took the little note, which read as follows:

"MYNHEER PRESIDENT,—The Black Tulip is about to open—perhaps in ten minutes. As soon as this takes place, I shall dispatch a messenger to you, with the request that you will come in person and carry it away from the fortress of Loevestein. I am the daughter of Gryphus, the jailer, and almost as much a captive as the prisoners themselves. I can not, therefore, bring to you this wonderful flower. This is the reason why I beg you to come and fetch it yourself. It is my wish that it should be called *Rosa Barlaensis*. It has really opened—it is perfectly black. Come, Mynheer President, come. I have the honor to be your humble servant,
ROSA GRYPHUS."

"That's it, dear Rosa. Your letter is admirable. I could not have written it with such beautiful simplicity. And now, not a moment must be lost. Now for the messenger—the messenger, with all speed."

"But the name of the president? The letter is not directed."

"I will direct it. O, he is very well known, this Mynheer Van Herysen, the Burgomaster

of Haarlem. Give it to me Rosa, give it—" and with a tremulous hand Cornelius Van Baerle wrote the address: "To Mynheer Peter Van Herysen, Burgomaster and President of the Horticultural Society, at Haarlem."

"And now go, Rosa, my dear child, go," said Cornelius. "And let us implore the protection of God, who has so kindly watched over us until now."

XIII.

THE RIVAL.

IN fact, the poor young people needed the protection which they implored. Never had they been so near the destruction of all their hopes.

The reader has, without doubt, recognized in Jacob Gisel our old enemy, Isaac Boxtel, and that this worthy had followed from the Breitenhof to Loevestein, from the love of a black tulip and hatred of Cornelius Van Baerle.

He offered a bait, and lulled the suspicion of the old turnkey by holding out to him the desire to marry Rosa, and thus richly endow the girl, while at the same time he painted in blackest colors the character of the prisoner, who, Jacob had it, was in league with Satan, to the detriment of his Highness, the Prince of Orange. At first he made some way in the mind of Rosa also; not in her affections, but by a kind of cunning flattery, in speaking to her of love and marriage.

We have seen how, by his imprudence, he was unmasked to her, and how the instinctive fears of Cornelius had put the two lovers on their guard. Once aware of this, Boxtel began to dog the steps of Rosa, following her not only to the gardens, but to the lobbies also. Only he followed her in the night through these latter places, and barefooted, so that he was neither seen nor heard, except once when Rosa thought she saw something like a shadow on the staircase. Her discovery was, however, made too late, as Boxtel had heard from the mouth of the prisoner himself that a second sucker existed. Taken in by the stratagem of Rosa, he redoubled his precaution, and employed every means suggested by his crafty nature to watch others, without being himself detected. He saw the girl convey a large, white earthen-ware jar from her father's kitchen to her bed-room. He saw her washing in pails of water her pretty little hands, begrimed as they were with the mold which she had handled. And at last he hired, just opposite Rosa's window, a little attic, distant enough to enable him, with the help of his telescope, to watch every thing that was going on in the girl's room at the Loevestein, just as he had watched Van

Baerle's dry-room at Dort, but not sufficiently near to allow him to be recognized by the naked eye. Before three days were over, all his doubts were removed. Installed comfortably in his garret, he could see, from morning to sunset, the flower-pot in the window; and the charming figure of little Rosa appeared at the casement as in a frame, formed by the first budding sprays of the wild-vine and the honeysuckle encircling the window.

From the interest evinced by the Frisian maiden, it betrayed to Boxtel the real value of the object of so much care. The question, therefore, arose in his wicked mind, when his telescope disclosed the first leaves peeping out of the earth, and knowing the destruction of the first bulb by Gryphus in the prisoner's cell, was how to wrest this second sprout from the chamber of Rosa. It was no easy task; for the girl watched over her tulip as a mother over her child, or a dove over her eggs. For seven days Boxtel watched in vain. Rosa was always at her post, never leaving her room, strange to say, in the evening. If this coolness between the girl and Van Baerle had lasted much longer, the theft would have been much more difficult than Mynheer Isaac at first imagined.

Great was his joy, when he found, on the eighth day, that the usual evening meetings of the friends were renewed; for it may well be imagined that the tender secret of the two lovers had not escaped the prying curiosity of this thief. Boxtel now took advantage of Rosa's absence to make himself acquainted fully with all peculiarities in the door of her apartment. The lock was a double one, and in good order; but Rosa always took the key with her. The only expedient possible for him, therefore, was to collect as many keys as possible, and try them during one of those delightful hours when Rosa visited the prisoner at the grating of his cell. Two of the keys entered the lock, and one turned round once, but not a second time. A little change, then, would make this key perfect for his purpose. A slight coating of wax left an impression of the obstacle to the turning of the key. Thus, in two days, by the help of a file, the imperfection was removed, and the guilty man opened, without noise or difficulty, the door of Rosa's chamber, and Boxtel found himself alone with the tulip.

Being in possession now of the key, Mynheer Isaac cunningly decided, as he might enter the apartment at any time, and there was a doubt whether or no it would bloom quite of an ebony shade, to wait, and not filch the plant until either an hour before, or an hour after, its opening, and start on the instant to Haarlem, before

any one else could put in a reclamation. Should any one then reclaim it, Boxtel would, in his turn, charge him or her with theft. This was a deep-laid scheme worthy of its author. Thus, every evening, at the hour when Rosa was standing at the grated window, the enemy watched patiently by the side of the black tulip, computing the progress it had made toward flowering.

On the evening when Rosa had detected stealthy footsteps in the lobby, the man had seen her return to her apartment as usual, for the night. Ten minutes after she had left it, he guessed that the flower was about opening, and that the great blow must be struck that night. He therefore presented himself before Gryphus with a double supply of *Genièvre*; that is to say, with a bottle in each pocket. At eleven o'clock, Gryphus was dead drunk. At two in the morning, Boxtel saw Rosa leave her chamber with something in her arms that she carried with great care. He followed her in his stocking feet, on tiptoe. He saw her approach the grated window. He heard her calling Cornelius. By the light of the dark-lantern he saw the tulip open, and black as the night in which he was hidden. He heard the plan concerted between the two to send a messenger to Haarlem, and then heard Van Baerle bid the girl good-night, and send her away. He saw Rosa extinguish the light and return to her room. Ten minutes after, he saw her again leave it, and double-lock the door.

When she touched, with her light foot, the lowest step of the staircase in her descent of the fortress, Boxtel descended also from his perch, step by step, and touched with a lighter hand the lock of Rosa's apartment. The false key did its work well, and therefore was it that this poor young pair needed greatly the protection of Heaven.

After the parting with his Frisian maid, on that last eventful evening, Cornelius remained standing on the spot where she had left him. Half an hour passed away. Already did the first rays of the sun enter through the iron grating of the prison, when the incarcerated florist was suddenly startled by the noise of steps which came up the staircase, and of cries that came nearer and nearer. Almost at the same instant he saw the pale and distracted face of Rosa.

"Mynheer! Mynheer!" she screamed, gasping for breath.

"Good heavens! What is it?" asked the prisoner.

"O, Cornelius—the tulip! Some one has taken—stolen it from us!"

"Stolen? Taken?" said Cornelius.

"Yes," answered the girl, leaning against the door to support herself; "yes—taken, stolen!"

"Explain it to me, Rosa. Can you tell me how, when it was taken?"

"O, it is not my fault, dear friend! One minute only did I leave it alone to instruct our messenger, who lives scarcely fifty yards off on the banks of the Waal."

"Poor, unfortunate child! And during that time, notwithstanding all my injunctions, you left the key in the door."

"No, no, no! This is what I can not understand. The key was never out of my hands. I clinched it as if I were afraid it would take wings."

"But how could it have happened, then?"

"That's what I can not make out. I had given the letter to my messenger; he started before I left the house. I came home, my door was locked, every thing in my room was as I had left it, except the tulip: that was gone. Some one has had a false key made on purpose to enter my room."

She was nearly choking with sobs, and was unable to continue. The prisoner, immovable and full of consternation, heard almost without understanding, and only muttered, "Stolen, stolen; and I am lost!"

"O, Cornelius, forgive me, forgive me! It will kill me!"

Pitying Rosa's distress, at length he seized the iron bar vehemently, and cried out:

"We have been robbed, my child; but shall we allow ourselves to sink in despair for all that? No, no; the misfortune is great, but it may perhaps be remedied. Rosa, we know the thief!"

"Alas! what can I say about it?"

"But I say that it is no one else save that infamous Jacob. Shall we allow him to carry to Haarlem the fruit of our labor, the fruit of our sleepless nights, the foster-child of your love? Rosa, my dear, we must pursue, we must overtake him!"

"But how can I do this, my friend, and still keep our acquaintance a secret from my father? How should I, a poor girl, with so little knowledge of the world, be able to attain this end, which, perhaps you could not attain yourself?"

"Ah! if you could but open this iron door for me!"

"Alas!" cried Rosa, "if I had possessed the keys for a single hour, would you not have been free long ago, unless you refused the boon as you once did?"

"And it was your father, Rosa, who crushed under his merciless heel the first precious

sprout of my tulip! O, that I could force these cruel bars! O, that I could demolish this prison, stone for stone!" And as the prisoner, in his futile wrath, shook the door with a clanging noise, neither himself nor his companion heeded the thunder of a voice that re-echoed through the spiral staircase. Old Gryphus had thus ascended the stairs, just in time to hear Cornelius Van Baerle roar: "O, that infamous Gryphus! He is your father, Rosa; but sometimes I feel as if I should shed his blood for his hard-hearted cruelty to us."

The jailer made his appearance in the cell before the speech of Van Baerle was finished. Seizing his daughter rudely by the arm, he said, in a voice choked with venom: "So you will take my keys? Ah! this gallows-bird of a conspirator is your own dear Cornelius, is he? Ah! Missy has communication with prisoners of State. Ah! won't I teach you—won't I?" Rosa clasped her hands in despair. "O!" Gryphus continued, "you innocent tulip-fancier, you gentle scholar—you will kill me and drink my blood! Very well, very well! And you have my daughter for an accomplice! Am I, forsooth, in a den of thieves—in a cave of brigands? Yes: but the governor shall know tomorrow; and his highness, the stadtholder, the day after. Away with you, unnatural daughter! And as for you, Master Scholar, we shall see each other again—we shall."

The girl, almost beside herself with terror and despair, kissed her hand as a farewell to her friend. Then, suddenly a bright thought struck her, and she rushed eagerly toward the staircase, saying within herself: "All is not yet lost, Cornelius. Rely on me, dear friend."

Her father followed her, growling. As for poor Van Baerle, his fingers gradually loosened their hold of the iron bars, his head felt heavy, his eyes were burning, and he fell heavily on the floor of his cell, muttering, "Stolen—it has been stolen from me!"

During this time, Boxel had left the fortress, and, with the black tulip wrapped up in his cloak, he was driving in a coach toward Haarlem. Yet he proceeded but slowly, lest the flower might be injured, at first; then, fearing his arrival might be too late, he procured, at Delft, a box lined throughout with soft, fresh moss, in which he packed the flower, it being pressed so lightly on all sides, with a supply of air from above, that the coach could now travel post-haste, without danger to his treasure. He arrived the next morning at Haarlem, fatigued, but triumphant; and to do away with every trace of the theft, he transplanted the tulip, and breaking the original flower-pot, threw the

pieces into the canal; after which he wrote to the president of the Horticultural Society a letter, in which he announced that he had just arrived at Haarlem with a perfectly black tulip; and then took up his quarters at a good hotel in the town, and there he waited.

CONFESSION.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

WE do not mean auricular confession—that belongs to Ritualists and Romanists. The confession of which we would speak is the avowal that God has wrought a special work of grace in the soul. Paul writes of it, "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." We say of one, "He has made a profession of religion." We mean, he has publicly avowed saving faith in Christ. The object of this writing is to look a little way into the problem over which many excellent and conscientious people are stumbling. Is this profession, or confession, necessary?

Satan's sharpshooters have kept up a merciless fire upon this point of Christian usage. The broad Church, in its quarrel with the requirements of the narrow way, has a special pique at the practice of speaking of one's spiritual exercises. It is said: "Let us avoid professions, and work out our love for God and humanity in true and noble lives. If the life speaks, we can dispense with the poor, verbal expression. And then it is risky. Who knows but, after all, he may fail, and bring a reproach upon the best of causes?"

When opposers wax belligerent, they ring the changes upon "devotional braggadocio," "religious vanity," "pious theatricals," etc. Even some of the orthodox have spoken against the relation of Christian experience, as cultivating spiritual pride. "An unfair representation," they say. "A few scraps of emotion held up, instead of the whole life, which may be sadly wanting in fullness and finish."

At first glance, this looks reasonable enough; merely the caution of good sense; quite necessary in a world where we have to learn so early that "all that glitters is not gold." Let us examine the matter. If we find that these wise and cautious people are right, let us turn the class, and covenant, and conference meeting into a *conversazione*, where we may discuss piety in the abstract, or, as we shall soon learn to say, the good, the true, and the beautiful. "There are so many that talk in gold and live in brass—hypocrites, whose profession of religion is all a sham." Granted; but is not this

true of all phases of life? Satan would be a shabby tactician if he did not set some of his minions counterfeiting genuine piety, since there is no surer way of bringing it under reproach. Upon occasion, he is himself transformed into an angel of light.

Not all who overstate their religious life are hypocrites. There are many "weak brothers," who mistake a low phase of Christian experience for a higher one. When they loose rein on their emotions, they are neither choice nor elegant in their methods of expression. It takes a full measure of charity to keep down the disgust excited by their exhibitions of sentiment. Acknowledging this liability to abuse in the matter of Christian testimony, shall we therefore push it aside? All processes necessary to our physical and mental life have their coarse, and even vulgar, side; yet we can not dispense with them. For instance, what a disgusting operation we go through three or more times a day, in cutting up, putting into our mouths, and masticating our food! What mixtures! It sickens one to think of them! We keep on eating, nevertheless; not allowing ourselves to give attention to the undignified side of the performance. Indeed, most of us manage to enjoy the operation quite as much as is at all proper. Our mental efforts are blundering and stupid enough—half-guesses at truth, at the very best. What shall we do? Leave off studying and thinking, till we can do a sure, grand thing? The fallacy is too glaring to need a refutation. Our motives, too, are often as low and mean as the processes they crowd us through. We eat, not to keep the body in repair for the service of the mind and spirit—to help them in high endeavor. No; we eat because the food pleases a childish or depraved appetite. We study, not from some crystalline motive, but because we want the sense of success, or the money for the article, the book, the case. If we permit no attempts at good work till we are sure of unsullied motives, we shall have to close our schools and colleges, and, possibly, our churches will not escape the interdict. They who seek truth, as Socrates is supposed to have done, and who practice holiness, as Jesus did, from unalloyed love of it, are ages apart, and strange to all around them.

You say, so many have failed to live up to their profession, you will not risk the attempt. People fail in every thing; yet they do not leave off trying for what they think worth their effort. Statistics report the failure of ninety-five in every hundred business men; yet you make your business venture, all the same. Multitudes have been untrue to their

marriage vows; good people take the risk of getting married, nevertheless.

But let us look more closely for the right and wrong of this question. If it be right, we will accept it; if it be wrong, we will set it aside. I believe we must confess Christ's work within us, for our own soul's good. Thought and sentiment grow by expression. How many "mute inglorious Miltons" might have come to sing grandly, if they had been skilled in the use of words! Words are the cars in which we send our mental products to market. What broad forests, rich mines, and opulent grain-fields are worthless, for lack of transportation! The more we speak of any thing, the stronger its hold upon us. None understand the culturing power of expression better than do teachers. You may pour your thought upon a student until doomsday; but if you do not draw out his opinion of the subject, you fail to educate him. He is taught, not so much by what you say, as by what you crowd him to say. This holds, also, in spiritual life. A thousand pities it is not better understood by religious teachers! They would depend less upon haranguing the people, and more upon drawing them out to express their spiritual conviction and purpose.

Words are the ambulance in which we carry our resolutions, when they are too lame to walk. The ambulance may be rough and crowded; but how much better that the ready-to-halt be helped on, until they grow robust. Possibly, there are a few hundred people on the Continent who are sure of their purpose, without expressing it to others; but the masses can not depend upon their own decisions until they have fastened them in words. Most of us need to commit ourselves to what we ought to do, or, ten chances to one, when we come to the pinch, we will draw back. Cortez's soldiers were brave enough after their ships were burned behind them. There was nothing left for them but conquest or death. Many a man has held back from God's service for years, until some skillful worker caught him by guile. Said a plain man, the other day: "I'm in for it, at last; and, I tell you, I'm glad. I've known for years I ought to come out on the Lord's side; but it was such a job to make a start. But, now I've committed myself, I'll not go back, if I die in my tracks!"

We must speak of our spiritual life for the good of others. Travelers over the Alps are sometimes tied together. If one falls, he may drag the whole party over the precipice. If he stands firm, he may help others regain their foothold, whose feet were slipping on the brink. In morals, we are bound together. Whichever

way we go, we drag others after us. One is weighing the chances of success or failure, if he attempts a difficult work. A friend rises at his side to speak of his purpose to try to do the thing that looks so hard. The first says, mentally: "If he can do that, I can. Besides, if he is with me in it, I'll be much more likely to succeed than if I go alone." So he takes courage from the expressed resolution of the other, and ventures the effort.

Your life may be gliding on quietly. It may not help you so very much to speak of your spiritual state. But the one who sits beside you may be at a crisis in his life. If he strengthens his failing purpose by giving it expression, he may be saved. If he lets the chance go by, a tempest of temptation may dash him upon the rocks. You keep silence, and, for lack of the stimulus of your example, he is lost. Have you no share in the blame? If you have firmness enough to hold to your principle, without avowing it, your example is all the more weighty. "I like that strong, straightforward, silent Christian," says one. "He gets on well enough, without talking forever of his experience. I'm going to try his way." He does try it, and fails. For lack of the self-denying utterance, the weak brother perishes, for whom Christ died. It is barely possible you do not need the exercise. He needs the example, however, and may be lost without it. Your seamanship may carry you through the narrows. He follows, with his lumbering craft, and strikes a rock.

Paul understood so well that an idol was nothing in the world, it would not have hurt him to eat meat that had been offered in an idol's temple. Yet he knew that a weak brother, following his example so far, might be led into sin; so he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." This illustrates his apprehension of the truth that underlies all Christian charity: "None of us liveth to himself."

We owe each other instruction. Paul was not an exception in being a debtor, as he says, both to the Greeks and the barbarians—and that meant every body. Nothing takes hold of the thought of every-day people like actual experiences.

"What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell:"

and it has far more power over common hearers, than our most elaborate theories. In an unselfish effort to help others, we always get our own surest, best help. It is sacrificing our very selves, to bring out these experiences that seem

almost too sacred to be whispered in the ear of our heart's friend. Can we throw them down before these careless, unsympathetic souls? Ah! there is a touch of the Roman nail and spear in this! When we can thus give ourselves to the helping of others, for the Savior's sake, we can say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

But let us look to the law and the testimony. What is God's will in this matter? That ought to make an end of controversy. Jesus said, "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." If we would be saved, we must not only "believe in the heart," but "confess with the mouth, the Lord Jesus." If confession is necessary to our spiritual strength; if, in withholding it, we imperil the souls of others, and our own also; if God enjoins it as a condition of salvation,—surely, we can no longer hesitate, no matter how heavy the sacrifice of personal feeling. I am assured that, in confessing Christ, we shall have fellowship with him in this self-giving; and, at the last, we shall hear that voice of ineffable sweetness: "Ye did it for me." The cross now, the crown hereafter.

PLEASANT PATHWAYS ROUND THE WORLD.

BY MRS. J. P. NEWMAN.

MOBE is the first open port our steamer stopped at after leaving Yokohama, going through the inland sea. It has a charming bay, with a pleasant curved sweep of sandy beach. An irregular, wooded range of high hills forms a picturesque background. Osaka, eighteen miles distant, with its canals and rivers, spanned in all directions by one hundred wide and costly bridges, is known as the Venice of the East. It is an ancient city, and has many temples of grand proportions, and silk manufactories where hundreds are employed; here also is the national mint. The tycoon's castle is the oldest and most important citadel in the empire. Here the tycoon fled, and with his forces took possession, but was dislodged by the mikado's army. Before leaving, he despoiled it by conflagration, so that it is now a stupendous ruin, and used as a camp. As we entered the grand gateway, we were met by Japanese soldiers in French uniform, awkward and

unsoldierly in appearance. The extraordinary blocks of granite composing the wall attracted our attention, which we found by actual measurement to be thirty-five feet by twenty-four, and seven feet in thickness. From the upper wall, where stood the citadel, we gained a complete view of the extensive area, the lofty walls and deep moats. Within this inclosure we drank from a well excavated in the solid rock, and in dropping a pebble found it was two and a half seconds in reaching the water. We returned by steamer to Heigo, to enjoy the hospitable home of Mr. Fobes, while Dr. N. and his friend Mr. W. went to Kioto and Narar. The United States Consul, Mrs. Fobes and myself, their gin-rick-a-shas, and eight or ten coolies to man the latter, constituted the party on line of march for the Moon Temple, situated on the highest point on the adjacent mountains. On reaching the famous water-fall, which we had visited before, we found our course led off in another direction. By the way, the wild chaos of scenery around the water-fall is worthy of note, impressing one with the idea that, through volcanic action thousands of years ago, mountains and hills had tumbled wildly together to form such grandeur.

"If ever your feet, like my own,
O reader, have travers'd such mountains alone,
Have you felt your identity shrink and contract,
At the sound of the distant and dim cataract,
In the presence of Nature's immensities?"

The air was fine, and the gentle breezes seemed to lend us wings, as we ascended on foot the almost perpendicular height. At the base of the stone steps leading to the Temple, we entered a quiet little tea-house, the priest's house, and ate our tiffin; then ascended nearly three hundred steps, and from the temple looked out on a broad landscape of rare beauty. The temple differed but little from others we had seen. Here was our first sight of machine praying. An immense rope impended from the roof at the entrance, which, being pulled, struck a gong to call the attention of gods. The priest in attendance within then commences to turn out prayers to any amount the cash given will warrant. It takes a great many cash to make one penny of our money; so for two or three cents several prayers can be offered—cheap praying. It was a far more amusing than devotional scene. Our return was rendered so unpleasant by rain and fatigue as to elicit a vow never to go to the Moon (Temple) again.

Once more on board a noble steamer, at early dawn we entered the great archipelago of the Pacific. This inland sea separates Nippon from Kiusiu and Sikoka, and in which geogra-

phers state there are over five thousand islands, varying in size from a few rods to several miles in extent, and dotting these waters for over two hundred miles. No other sea is so replete with every variety of marine scenery—rivaling even the Mediterranean. Lost but for a moment in reverie, and we seemed to be sailing on the St. Lawrence, amid her thousand islands; then, by a slight curve, we gazed on highlands so like the Hudson. Anon mountains were coming up out of the sea, and rising in grandeur one above another, and we were amid the Alps, sailing on Lake Lucerne. Now we entered a narrow channel, whose rocky sides resembled turrets and towers, with every available foot of land cultivated, in row after row of graceful terraces, so like the vine-clad slopes of the Rhine. Then out on a beautiful lake, with emerald shores, girdled by the dashing sea-foam, involuntarily we exclaim, can this be Loch Lomond, in "bonnie Scotland," or Killarney, in "swate ould Ireland!" Next, on our right, stretched out a vista in the dim distance, where were outlined mountain ranges; and back for a moment in the Bay of Yeddo, a miniature Fusi-yama rose up at our left. The reverie disappears, and new scenery, all its own, greets the vision. Grand hill-sides, looking into deep ravines, clothed with orchards, forest-trees, and vegetation. Here and there little villages, with groups of Japanese, men, women and children, in the foreground. Snug bays, in which cluster hundreds of fishing-boats, their white sails looking like flakes of snow on the clear blue waters. A quick transition, and islands rise on either side, with high, vertical walls, as if shot up in a single night by volcanic action into cone-shaped and pyramidal forms; the ever-restless sea, dashing in all directions against countless islets and dark rocks, either worn into fantastic shapes, or covered with a carpet of moss and sea-weed; the shade and coloring in the landscape contrasting in marvelous beauty with the sapphire blue of the sea. And thus it came to pass that, hour after hour, for two charming days, we sat spell-bound on the deck of the steamer, fanned by the most delicious, soft winds, as this ever-varying panorama unrolled itself before and around us. The thought was simply tantalizing, to feel that our pen and pencil were entirely inadequate to delineate a picture of such vivid and varied beauty. The sun had passed behind the hills in a perfect flood of glory, as we neared the Bay of Nangasaki. The full moon came up over the darkened mountains; and, in an instant, shut in on all sides, an unexpected sight presented itself, as if the mountains and hill-sides were on fire.

"What can it be?" echoed many voices. We were informed it was the annual festival for the dead, called Bon, corresponding with "All Saints' Day," in which the cemeteries scattered over the hill-sides are brilliantly illuminated with myriads of lanterns. The 13th, 14th, and 15th of the 7th month are devoted to this feast in Japan. During this period, it is fully believed, the spirits of the departed return to earth to mingle with the family circle, and great preparations are made to receive them. They purchase lanterns and flowers to decorate the graves, and place food and saki to attract them hither. As soon as the sun goes down, the family all gather in the inclosure at the cemetery, which has been arranged during the day with flowers and lanterns, so as to present a cheerful appearance. Mats are spread, and all sit down, and eat, drink, and laugh, as they invoke the spirits of the departed to join the happy family reunion. It is nearly midnight when they leave the cemetery to launch mimic vessels on the water, made of straw, and freighted with rice, saki, and other provisions, to feed the spirits of those who have been drowned.

We remained on board the steamer to witness this singular display, which was not as brilliant as usual. Having previously been carried to such an excess, the governor threatened to interdict it entirely, if not modified. The next evening we found our way into one of the finest cemeteries, far up on the hill-side. Each family inclosure was little less than a brilliantly lighted drawing-room—men, women, and children, in their best attire, gay and happy in the illusion that the invisible mingle in their unbroken family circle. With the stars looking down upon them, it was a beautiful scene—the grave no terror—no skeleton in the household—but, alas! no intelligent Christian hope of the future. Interment and cremation are both modes of disposing of the dead practiced in Japan—the latter principally by the poorer classes, who can not pay for a plot of ground, and thus are compelled to reduce their dead to ashes, which they sacredly preserve in an urn. The funerals of interment are often as imposing as they are novel. A lady remarked to a friend that she had remained near a cemetery in Japan for over two weeks that she might *enjoy a funeral*. I had waited nearly three months, and at Nangasaki, just as we were leaving, I witnessed one for the first time. The body is cramped together in a sitting posture, and placed in a square box or earthen jar, used as a coffin, and carried under a canopy by coolies, as they do the sedan-chair. The

procession is preceded by priests; then by men and boys, carrying ornamental boxes, candlesticks, vases, and branches of sacred flowers, the lotus and water-lily; the female friends next to the hearse, dressed in white, with white caps or hoods drawn down closely over their heads. Male relatives and a promiscuous crowd make up the funeral *cortege*, as it winds along the hill-side to the grave.

Nangasaki is one of the five imperial cities of great antiquity in Japan, and in many respects ranks first in point of historical interest. It was here the imperial despot Taiko-Sama, fearing for his own temporal power, attempted to crush the Christian religion by the most cruel martyrdom of thousands. The bay forms a perfect amphitheater, with circular walls and terraced hill-sides, and the sapphire sea as a base. By many travelers it is thought to be the most beautiful harbor in the world. It is one mile in width, and three or four in length, and so entirely landlocked as to resemble an inland lake. The hills rising around it are fifteen hundred feet high, divided and subdivided by long ridges and deep glens, covered with trees and terraces, cultivated with almost every variety of vegetation, and presenting a picture which it would be impossible to portray. From its mild climate and picturesque location, it is denominated the sanitarium of the East, having a singular commingling of the temperate and torrid zones in its trees, fruits, and vegetation. The palm, bamboo, wax-tree, and camphor-tree grow side by side with the pine and oak. The transparency of the atmosphere renders all the tints of the verdure and foliage exceedingly brilliant. The native town lies on the inner end of the harbor, and nearly in front is the celebrated island of Desima, fan-like in shape. It was, until about ten years ago, the prescribed area occupied by those allowed an interchange of trade with Japan, consisting of Dutch and Portuguese. The foreigners of all nations are now allowed to occupy what is called the Bund, with a prescribed limit around it. We were indebted to Admiral Jenkins, of the United States Navy steam flag-ship *Hartford*, and his gentlemanly chaplain and officers, for many courtesies during our stay at Nangasaki. Their steam-launch came puffing up to the wharf near our hotel, one lovely morning, and took us through the bay to the celebrated island of Pappenburg. It is about one mile in circumference, and, until within a few years, it was a high, rocky fortification, used as a Japanese fort. Three hundred years ago, a large number of Christians, who refused to trample on the sacred emblem of the cross, fled to this island for refuge; but were

either thrown headlong, or driven by the sword, over these precipitous, craggy cliffs, on the rocks fully one hundred feet below, and if not killed by the fall, they perished in the sea. A sad picture presented itself as we gazed from the dizzy height, and stooped to gather a few delicate ferns as sacred mementos. Porcelain is to Nangasaki what lacquer is to Yokohama. After passing through the famous bazaar, I decided they were not to be compared, as an art, either in finish or design. The lacquer of Japan has no rival in the world. It is so unique that even China can not approach it. To be appreciated, it must be seen and studied. The rendering of birds, fish, and sprays of flowers, and the richness of design, is wonderful. The old is greatly prized as being superior. Thousands of dollars' worth is annually purchased; and yet it is asserted, after all, the best is left for the Japanese themselves, and a few lovers of art among foreigners.

The Japanese, while they are very ingenious, excel in utilizing every thing; they make a kind of paper from the bark of trees so firm in texture that it often takes the place of cloth, and, when oiled, garments in the form of capes and cloaks are made of it. The bamboo is made to subserve more purposes, useful and ornamental, than any thing else. It is a gigantic grass found in nearly all tropical countries. In moist soil, its growth is very rapid. It is related that it has been known to add eight or ten inches to its height in twenty-four hours. There are several varieties; that grown for ornamental shade, with its light green, feathery foliage, nodding gracefully, like plumes, from its slender stalk, is exquisitely beautiful. The large growth often reaches the height of fifty or sixty feet, and several inches in diameter. The use made of this species is almost endless. The first or tender growth is eaten as a great delicacy. The next, which is flexible, is made into baskets and all kinds of fancy articles,—flower-stands, picture-frames, pipe-stems, chopsticks, umbrellas, lanterns, spinning-wheels, fishing-rods, garden-fences, tables, stools. Of the still larger is made flag-staffs and ladders; while boats are built and rigged with it, and often the rafters, siding, and roofs of houses; and a thousand other uses might be enumerated.

On our last Sabbath in Japan, Dr. N. preached in the morning, on the *Hartford*. In the afternoon, in company with the United States Consul, we passed along the Bund, over the island of Desima, and through the native town, and commenced the ascent of the highest point on the surrounding hills to reach the spot where, three hundred years ago, Christians, twenty-six

in number, were crucified. We passed up a narrow, winding foot-path, between the walled terraces where every foot of land is cultivated with the greatest care, little gardens only a few feet in extent. Nothing would better indicate the bee-like industry of this people than this mosaic landscape. Three of the noble pines, out of the twenty-six that once marked the spot, still remain, with the green ivy clinging to them, as the Christians, three hundred years ago, did to the cross. This elevated situation, overlooking the town, was selected, that all might see the poor victims, and take warning by their fate. Returning, we once more passed through the cities of the dead, which are far larger than those of the living. Hundreds and thousands of inclosures, tablets, and fresh flowers on the graves, evince a devotion and refinement seldom seen in other lands, for the departed. Sight-seeing ended in Japan, September 16th. The last *curio* purchased, and curiosity satisfied in lacquer-ware, porcelain, earthquakes, typhoons, etc., we bid adieu to the empire of the "Rising Sun," after a pleasant sojourn of over three months, and hasten to the "Flowery Kingdom," to see the "Celestials," while beautiful memories of kind friends, the fragrance of flowers, and the green hills of Japan will always remain fresh.

A SEWING-CIRCLE IN THE AMERICAN DESERT.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

A FEW years ago, if some one had spoken of a sewing-circle on the Plains, I should have seen, in my mind's eye, a group of coarse-looking women sitting under a tent, making blue overalls, or striped shirts, and protected from the Indians by their husbands, who lounged outside with guns in their hands, talking of the last buffalo-hunt, or their success in shooting the cayote.

Now, when I think of such a meeting, I see a beautiful valley at the angle of two rivers, with a high ridge, miles away, inclosing it. I look up one of the rivers, and see numerous islands, on which are gigantic trees, from which hang tasseled, tangled vines, covered with brilliant flowers, that send forth a perfume most delicate and penetrating. On the ridge we see tiny streams, that have made deep ravines in the hills; and the sides of the ravines are covered with cool mosses and fragrant violets; and above, the wind makes sweet, solemn songs in the sturdy evergreens.

At the foot of the ridge we pass through a grove where the birds are singing, and it seems

as though each was vying with the other to make the sweetest music. The bluebird—dressed in a more brilliant and showy costume than usually worn in his eastern home, with a song most sweet and tender—tells the tradition of its race as he flutters and flourishes by his mate, on the stump of a tree. The swallows tell of their domestic cares and the difficulties in finding an abiding-place; the mocking-birds sing, with voices full, strong, and musical, the elevated imitations of the thrush, or the simple melody of the robin, the sweet notes of the oriole, or the clear whistling of the Virginia red-bird.

We forgot about sewing circles, and all things terrestrial, while we listened to, and watched the movements of, these beautiful and wonderful birds of the "Plains." But at length we leave enchanted ground, and cross a long, high ridge, and, after a pleasant walk, enter a village with many churches, whose spires point heavenward; and, as we continue our walk up the broad streets, we pass some pretty houses, and some elegant ones, and at last stop at a white cottage, surrounded by trees, and covered with roses and clematis. We enter, and find but few there, as this is the Annual Meeting; and, as there is no work to be done, the ladies do not meet as early as usual.

We amuse ourselves by looking at the curiosities gathered from all parts of our continent—at the pictures, books, fishes, and flowers; for Mrs. Endicott has a pretty home on this American desert.

There were but twenty ladies present—about half the usual number—when the president called them to order. Nearly all were sitting with folded hands, although one good lady had opened the society basket, and taken an unfinished stocking, and was knitting with rapid fingers, and one had some fancy work of her own; but the others—even those who came from hard-working New England, with the ideas of unceasing labor bred in their bones—idly reclined on sofas, or lounged in easy-chairs.

"We will hear the Annual Report from the secretary, and then proceed to the election of officers," said the president.

The report was read, and disposed of, and the secretary prepared and distributed the ballots for the election.

"We will elect a president first; and I wish to say that I am not a candidate for re-election, as I leave town in a few days."

"I nominate Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Grey, a beautiful lady, whose father had been Governor of Ohio.

Just then, the lady who had been vice-presi-

dent whispered to a neighbor, "I am not-going to be vice-president another year!"

The lady to whom it was whispered, laughingly said to the others: "Mrs. Payson declares, just before we elect our president, that she will not be vice-president again. You might know that she was in Topeka last Winter during the 'senatorial contest,' she is such a wily politician."

"Now, Mrs. Moises, if you had been there, you would not have made that remark," said Mrs. Payson. "I knew a number that resigned good positions with the expectation of receiving the coveted honor, and failed at last in obtaining any prize; and it seems to me that any sensible person would come to the conclusion that such kind of gambling did not pay. You know that I do not want any office; but I suppose that we could not have a meeting for election of officers without the usual amount of nonsense, and I had rather run the gauntlet of your wit in the first part of the meeting; but I'll say no more about 'office.'"

"O, Mrs. Moises, just look through this stereoscope at the view of Yosemite Falls," said Miss Hayden, who sat looking at pictures.

"Do n't ask me to look at 'Yosemite Falls,' when I have 'Niagara Falls' at home."

At that remark they all laughed; for it was well known that Mrs. Moises subscribed for a poor magazine to get a "beautiful chromo of Niagara Falls, that could not be distinguished from the original picture by Church," and had received a blue-black picture, that looked as though suffering from mortification at having such a name attached.

"Order!" said the president, and the ladies ceased laughing, and proceeded to write their ballots.

"Lucky that sister Smith has a short name, or I could not write it on this little piece of paper," said one.

"Our secretary has grown economical of society funds," said another.

"Society funds!" said the secretary; "none of the society funds ever furnished me with paper, or any thing else that I have ever purchased for 'circle' use."

"You are very generous," said Mrs. Moises. "I propose, sisters, that we have a festival for the benefit of the secretary."

"You'll never catch me to work in another festival," said a good lady who sat in the front parlor, and only caught part of the last remark.

"Why not?" said the president.

"O, every body gets hurt; and it does not pay, in more than one sense of the word. There is Mrs. Nyne never will feel right toward me

because you gave me the corner of the hall that she wanted for her 'fish-pond;' and Miss Fitzwilliam thinks we blame her because so little was made at the fancy-table, and she will not go to class-meeting because some one goes that she thinks found fault with her. And then the idea of making money in this manner for the Church. Eat until you are sick, for the Gospel's sake! I think that Paul would need to preach 'temperance,' if he could attend one of our festivals. And, then, a few of the ladies do most of the work, and generally receive all the blame. I think the system of raising money in that way is wrong."

"I like the social part," said one lady.

"So do I," said Mrs. Payson. "I'd rather work with a lady through one festival to learn her natural disposition and religious character, than to exchange formal calls for a life-time, or hear her talk in class-meeting for a year. Now, some of you younger ladies have received some hard hits in the excitement of arranging for festivals; but you took it all in good part, and every one of you walked right straight into my heart," and the motherly soul beamed on all present. "But," she continued, "we all know that some of those who are such saints in prayer-meeting, showed such 'ungodly' dispositions at our last festival, when they could not have their own will gratified in every particular, that I, for one, never want to hear them speak in meeting again."

"I think this is too much like gossip, sisters," said the president, "and I must call you to order."

"All right, Mrs. President; I ought not to have spoken in that way," said Mrs. Payson.

"If your ballots are ready, the secretary may collect them," said the president.

It was a unanimous vote for Mrs. Smith.

"We will now proceed to vote for vice-president."

The ballots were distributed, and Mrs. Payson said, "I nominate sister Taylor for vice-president."

"I nominate Mrs. Payson," said another lady.

"No, I do n't want office," said Mrs. Payson, "and I resign."

"You've not been elected yet," said Mrs. Moises. "But, Sister Payson, do serve us as vice-president, because you preside with so much dignity when the president is absent."

Mrs. Payson waited until the ladies ceased laughing, then said: "You know that I am ignorant of parliamentary rules, and unable to preside properly over a meeting; and you all make so much fun of me that I do not wish to

take any office where I shall ever be called to the chair."

"Why, mother, no one but I has ever made fun of you," said her pretty daughter. "And you know that I can not help it; for you sit as dignified as Queen Victoria, and as helpless as an image, when you are the presiding officer; and I only wanted to tease you a little."

All had some remark to make in regard to her filling that office; and after the ballot was counted, the president declared Mrs. Payson elected.

"I wish to congratulate you upon the honor received in your re-election," said Mrs. Moises. "If there is any danger of your growing proud or puffed up, I think that we, as a circle, are admirably calculated to keep you humble. Why, I was vice-president myself year before last."

"Yes: and never had a chance to act as president but once in the whole year," said Mrs. Endicott.

"You need not have told of that, Sister Endicott," said Mrs. Moises. "After being as punctual as you were for a whole year, and not giving me an opportunity to preside but once, you need not have added to the injury by mentioning it."

"And that was the day that Billy made so much fun. To so disgrace his mistress, when she was presiding with such dignity, was too bad," said Mrs. Payson.

"What was it Billy did?" said Mrs. Payson.

"Who is Billy?" said another lady.

"Not know Billy!" said Mrs. Payson, ready to pay back Mrs. Moises' jokes. "Why, Billy is the horse that Mrs. Moises drives; and he will go a mile in an hour, if urged sufficiently."

"What was it Billy did that day?" said Miss Payson.

"Why he did not do any thing; and that was the fun of it. The circle met that day with Mrs. Alger, at the Lincoln House. I tied Billy at a post on the side of the hotel next the depot, and had forgotten him, in my pleasure in finding a chance to preside, until I heard the cars, and then remembered that Mr. Moises had said that Billy had sometimes seemed afraid of the cars; and I felt so anxious that I asked a nice-looking gentleman to 'stand by the horse's head until after the train passed, as my husband said Billy was afraid of the cars.' All the ladies rushed to the windows, expecting to see Billy terribly frightened, and break his bridle and run away; and, instead, he never so much as raised his head or opened his eyes; and we all shouted with laughter, and the stranger gave us one look, and walked away, as though he felt insulted. I think that I never felt so insignificant in my life."

"We will now proceed to vote for secretary," said the president, after the ladies became quiet.

"Why, we have not voted for vice-president yet," said one lady. "Here is my ballot."

"O yes, you have voted, because I'm elected," said Mrs. Payson.

"Excuse me," said the president; "but you may collect the ballots. I was so amused at Billy that I forgot where we were."

The secretary said that the ballots had been collected; and, after more anecdotes and laughter, the ladies proceeded to write their votes for secretary. They looked toward each other and nodded, but did not nominate any one; and, when the ballots were counted, the secretary was re-elected.

"Mrs. President, I positively decline serving in any office this year. I wish to retire to private life," said the secretary.

"We will not let you resign," said one.

"You will have to serve; for there is no one else that will," were the flattering remarks of another.

"You know you like the office, and no one else does," said Mrs. Moises.

"You have nothing else to do," said another.

"If you had four children, as I have, you would have some excuse."

The secretary looked to the president, who said, "If she declines serving, you will proceed to elect a secretary."

"I would nominate Mrs. Moises," said the secretary.

"All right," said Mrs. Moises; and she whispered to her next neighbor, and the whisper went around the room. The ballots were collected, and the secretary re-elected.

The blood rushed to her face as she said: "My sisters, I thank you; but, Mrs. President, I do not wish to take any office this year. It is a great deal of work to keep the records. I have not the time to devote to it."

"I think, if you would accept the office, that we should be satisfied with limited reports," said the president. And the secretary yielded her wishes.

"We will now proceed to ballot for treasurer."

"I would nominate Mrs. H. N. Everett," said the secretary.

"I don't believe that sister Everett will attend the meetings this Summer, because it will be so much trouble to take her baby every time she goes out," said Mrs. Moises.

"Take her baby!" said one.

"Who has a baby?" said a young lady who was sitting by a window, watching gold-fish.

"Did you not know that sister Everett had a baby?" said Mrs. Payson.

"Why, no," said several voices, in different keys.

"What is it?" said the young lady, in an indignant tone, and emphasizing the first word of the question.

"O, no, it's not a 'what-is-it,' but a very pretty boy," said Mrs. Moises.

"I am glad that it is a boy. What will they call him?" said Mrs. Grey.

"Mrs. Everett said that her little girl had named him Howard," said Mrs. Payson.

"Howard is not a pretty name," said the young lady. "Why did they not call him Walter, or Leslie, or Fabius, or some pretty name?"

"I believe the baby's grandfather's name is Howard," said one.

"I like Howard for a name; that is my brother's name. And O, my brother and his wife are coming out West this Summer," said Mrs. Grey.

Every lady congratulated Mrs. Grey because her relatives were coming to see her; and all agreed to endeavor to make it a pleasant visit. It is a Western custom, if a lady has friends visiting her, for all her acquaintances to call on them, and invite them, with a number of others to dinner or tea; and, as the Western ladies are very social and warm-hearted, besides being excellent cooks, visitors always enjoy the time spent there.

"Come; let's go on with business," said Mrs. Payson.

"So I say," said Mrs. Moises; and, looking toward the secretary, who was cutting paper, she said, "What are you doing?"

"Preparing ballots," was the reply.

"You need not give me any of those bits of paper. I'll prepare my own;" and she took a sheet of paper to prepare them as large as she wished.

"I wonder, sister Moises, that you did not stop and bring sister Everett's baby to the circle. Will not Billy be glad that he has another baby to draw in your carriage?" said Mrs. Payson.

They all laughed, and the president rapped for order.

"I guess you'd laugh, too, Mrs. President," said Miss Payson, "if you could see Mrs. Moises, with her carriage load of children. I met her the other day, and she had four little girls on the back seat, and two boys on the front seat, with her, and they were shouting and laughing, as if it had been the Fourth of July. Why, I'd as soon be in a hornet's-nest."

"Each to her taste," said Mrs. Moises.

The president called the meeting to order; and, at last, a treasurer was elected.

"We will now proceed to ballot for three directors."

"I think that we ought to have more than three," said one.

"So do I. Put ever so many into office, and then they will come out to the meetings," said another.

"Yes; there is Mrs. Cunard; she is always anxious for office. Put her in, and both of her daughters," said a lady in the front parlor.

"And there is Madeline Farnsworth; make her a director," said the secretary.

"But she is not a married woman; and I thought that the directors were all married," said a young lady.

"Not necessarily," said Mrs. Payson. "Besides, I suppose that she will be married soon."

"Do you really think that it will be a match?" said the young lady by the window.

"Who's a match?" said Mrs. Endicott, coming into the room.

"Madeline Farnsworth and Dr. Greatheart," said Miss Payson. "Of course, it will be a match. He goes there every evening of the week; and I don't think it looks very well, either."

"Is that so?" said a maiden lady, with quizzing-glasses. "Well, between you and me, my opinion is, that it is no great things of a match, any way."

"Look out, ladies; no gossip, you know," said the secretary, turning to the by-laws.

They all laughed, and Mrs. Moises said, "Well, we have not decided yet who to have for directors."

"Nominate ever so many; and then we'll vote for whom we please."

"What is to be our work this year?" inquired Mrs. Grey.

"We make the most money on shirts and comforters," said Mrs. Payson; "and then there is that log-cabin bed-quilt to finish and sell."

"What shall we do with the money?" asked Mrs. Endicott.

"You remind me of a 'Darby and Joan' that I once knew," said Mrs. Moises. "They had been out shopping the day before they were married, and had purchased all that they desired; and, after buying every thing that they could think of, Joan said, 'We have two shillings left; what shall we do with it?' We need new carpets in the church, and the parsonage will have to be papered soon. There are ways enough for our money."

"How nearly done is your log-cabin quilt?" said the secretary.

"You need not call that mine," said Mrs.

Moises. "I only proposed making one, and the others were very eager to commence it."

"I was not there that day," said the secretary; "if I had been, there would have been present one person who was not 'eager' to commence a quilt of eighty squares, with twenty-nine pieces in each square, when one piece would do just as well."

"I was not there, or I should have voted against it," said Mrs. Grey. "But I have made a square, and here it is;" and she drew it from her pocket.

"I made a square, also," said the secretary.

"I should think that yours was any thing but a square," said Mrs. Moises, holding the last one up by one corner.

If ladies at any Eastern gathering made so much amusement at each other's expense, feelings would be so hurt that time never would heal them; but these ladies, far from their old homes and their relatives, have learned to love each other, and speak to each other as sisters do under the parental roof, and no trifle ever vexes them.

"If it was not a square, it ought to be," said the secretary; "for I pulled it in every direction, and pressed it with a hot flat-iron, and, at last, measured a place on the carpet, with a rule, and pinned the thing down on an exact square. It took me all one day to hunt fourteen different shades of woollen pieces, and then make it and get it into shape. I could have earned two dollars at school-teaching in the time I was making that thing, not worth ten cents, and not have felt half so worried over it."

"I propose we sell them for holders," said Mrs. Grey.

"I propose we finish it, and present it to General Grant for a horse-blanket for his favorite nag," said the secretary.

"I gave one square, that was not made right, to those Indians that were here begging last week," said Mrs. Endicott.

"How dare you give away the precious 'log-cabin'?" said Mrs. Moiser, laughing.

"What did the Indian do with it?" said Miss Payson.

"He looked, and looked at it. The red center seemed to take his fancy, and I thought that he would use it for a breastplate; but he turned it over, and saw the white lining, and used it for a pocket-handkerchief."

After the laughter was hushed, Mrs. Moises said, "I think that we had better go on electing directors, instead of making fun of that bed-quilt."

"Mrs. Moises has a fondness for those pieces that is delightful to see," said Mrs. Grey; "but

it seems to me that we have an elephant on our hands."

"I'll give you ten dollars for it, when it is done," said Mrs. Moises. "Now, let's go on electing directors. There is Mrs. Green; I nominate her."

"She was a director last year, and did not come to the meetings," said one lady.

"Well, she is nice; put her in office, any way."

"I nominate Mrs. Payson as chairman of the directors," said Mrs. Moises.

"Mrs. Payson is vice-president," said the secretary.

"Let her resign that office, then," was the reply. "No one ever made half as good a director as she has. She sells more shirts than any one else, and always buys yarn cheaper."

"Yes, let her resign," said Mrs. Grey, laughing. "She does make a good director."

"Come, Sister Payson, you resign," said Mrs. Moises, coaxingly; "and then we can put sister Taylor in vice-president, and she would like that office, I know."

"Where is sister Taylor, to-day?" some one asked.

"She went last week to Brandon, to visit her daughter, and has not yet returned," replied Mrs. Moises; and turning to Mrs. Payson, she said, "Come, now, Sister Payson, you resign, or we'll turn you out!" and her black eyes twinkled with fun.

"No: I am not going to resign. I like this office. I do n't have any care, and get considerable honor. If I was a director, I should have to jew the merchants in behalf of the 'Methodist Circle,' and offer shirts to every man I met; and, if I could not dispose of them to strangers, should have to buy them for my own boys. No, I am not going to be a director."

"But we want sister Taylor for vice-president."

"Yes: we want sister Taylor in office," said another lady.

"I wonder that we did not think of her at first," said Mrs. Grey.

"I did nominate her," said Mrs. Payson.

"Well, you resign," said Mrs. Moises, amid shouts of laughter.

"If I can't be president, I want to be vice-president. I'm not a Senator Sumner."

"Do n't you say any thing against Sumner; I came from Massachusetts," said the secretary.

"Can not speak against any Massachusetts man without having to fight a duel with some one," said Mrs. Grey.

"What State did you come from?" inquired the secretary.

"Ohio."

"The New England settlement in the northern part takes the curse off of Ohio," was the reply.

"Do n't you sneer at Ohio?"

"I came from Ohio; you'd better not say any thing against her."

"Ohio is the prettiest State in the Union."

"Order, ladies!"

"What State did you come from, Mrs. President?" inquired Mrs. Payson.

"I came from Tennessee."

"O, did you?" said a lady in the other parlor. "I came from there." And then followed a series of questions and answers, and the discovery was made that they were educated at the same seminary, and that they had many mutual acquaintances.

"I guess I'll resign," said Mrs. Payson.

"Good for you," said Mrs. Moises.

"Why, Sister Moises, I am astonished to hear slang from you," said the secretary.

"No slang intended. It is good for her, and good for us. Now put in sister Taylor, and not bother with balloting."

"We must go by the Constitution," said the president.

"I guess it would not hurt us to break the rules just once, and it is almost tea-time."

"You came from New England, did you not?" said Mrs. Payson.

"Of course I did," promptly replied Mrs. Moises. "Why?"

"You always say, 'I guess!'"

"Well, my dear, I stand corrected. I know that it is a vulgarism, and one that I never allowed my scholars to use; but I have grown somewhat careless in my use of language."

"I beg of you, Mrs. Moises, not to think that I intended to correct you; but I have noticed that the Eastern people use guess so often for suppose, think, or imagine. I have noticed that the Westerner uses 'reckon' in the same way. Where did you teach school?"

"Ten years in Boston."

"My husband says that he can tell a 'Boston man' the minute he steps from the cars," said Mrs. Endicott.

"How can he tell?" inquired Mrs. Payson.

"Because they think that they know more than any body else. They always want to reconstruct every thing and every body."

"I came from near Boston," said one.

"I was born in Roxbury," said another.

"I lived in Salem fifteen years," said a third.

"Well, did n't you all think that you knew more than the people here, when you first came West?" said Mrs. Endicott.

"Yes," said one, "I turned up my nose at every thing 'out West.'"

"So did I."

"And I did too, and do yet," said the secretary.

"Be careful. I will not hear the West slandered," said Mrs. Grey.

"You need not worry. I would not allow any one to speak against Kansas any sooner than I would against Massachusetts. 'Kansas is the Massachusetts of the West,' so Horace Greeley said," was the reply.

"Horace Greeley was a near neighbor of ours about ten years ago," said a lady who was turning over music at the piano; and she added: "Ar'n't you 'most through business? I am aching to play this piano. It is six months since I've touched one, and I can not practice self-denial much longer."

"We will be pleased to hear you play very soon, Miss Bonar."

"Now, ladies, you must not interrupt the business so often," said the president, who had continually joined in the conversation. "Mrs. Taylor is not yet elected vice-president."

"Why can't you instruct the secretary to cast the ballot, when the vote is unanimous? That's the way we do in the Lodge," said Miss Payson.

"Our ballots are ready," and they were tossed into the secretary's lap.

They were all for Mrs. Taylor, and she was declared elected.

"Now for directors," said Mrs. Moises. "I nominate sister Payson for first director, and sister Endicott, and Mrs. Allyn, and Mrs. Lincoln, and—"

"All first directors?" inquired the secretary.

"Why, no, of course not. Who else shall we have? O, there's Mrs. Grey: I nominate her, and Mrs. Brown; and Mrs. Green—have I mentioned her?"

"Any other colors wanted?" asked Miss Payson.

"Be quiet, child; it is business now. Who else shall we have?" asked Mrs. Moises, as earnestly as though the life of the Society depended on her thinking of the persons to nominate.

"Let's put in every body," said Mrs. Endicott.

"No," said the secretary; "the Constitution allows but nine, and the year that you had the full number, you said that it was five or six too many. I should think four about right."

"So do I," said Mrs. Grey.

"I think three a plenty," said another.

"I think it is ever so much better to have a large number," said Mrs. Payson; "for when

one is in office she feels more interested in the Society. I wish that sister Duvall was here. What a help she always was in circle!"

"Have you heard from her lately?" inquired the secretary.

"I had a letter a few weeks ago," said the president. "She sent her love to you all."

"I wish I could see her," said several voices.

"There, ladies! brother Endicott is coming," said Mrs. Moises. "Let's hurry and get the directors elected before he comes in."

"We do business as well as the men do," said Mrs. Grey; "for their last Board meeting was in our back-parlor, and they talked about every thing besides business."

"Order, ladies! You may elect four directors;" and they were elected just as Mrs. Endicott called them to tea.

There may be ladies who conduct their "circles" in a more business-like manner; but certainly there are none pleasanter than those found on the Great American Desert.

A LEAF OF TRADITION.

BY MRS. FLORA BEST HARRIS.

You have read the story olden,
Far in dreamy distance folden,
Of a city claiming place
In her proud and comely grace,
Where the sea-waves did her honor,
Pouring fairy gifts upon her;
Of a city madly staring
At high heaven, in haughty daring,
Like a fair and wanton child,
Plotting evil as she smiled,
Till her midnight, blind with error,
Vanished in a morn of terror.

Ah! we read on yellow pages
Grimy with the touch of ages,
All of life recorded now—
Song and dance and marriage vow,
Dirge of sorrow, vigil-keeping,
Tears of blood that earth is weeping.
O, Vinetta, fated city,
Trampling Heaven's tender pity,
Crushing out the soul of man
Under dark and deathful ban,
Still, as in thy legend hoary,
Shameless guilt is wed with glory.

Like a bird of prey descending,
Swooped the wrathful doom impending;
But no warden heard for thee,
Rustling wings of destiny.
Calm and sweet the morning's graces,
As are lifted cherub faces,
When from shining thrones anear
Crowned brothers bend to cheer,

Murmurous winds—a fragrant blessing,
Touched the earth in light caressing.

And the sunbeam, still a-dreaming
Of the skies that lit its gleaming,
Fringing in its downward flight,
Every fleecy cloud with light,
Slept awhile upon the mountain,
Cooled its fervors in the fountain;
Softly kissed, with glowing lip,
Speeding sail of merchant-ship;
Nestled on the laughing billow,
With its foam-crest for a pillow.

Noonday clothed itself in splendor;
And the twilight, pale and tender,
Glided from her tent of calms,
Stood awhile with folded palms;
Then amid her purple glamour
Shot a swift and sudden clamor;
Like alarum-bell it pealed,
While the city rocked and reeled;
Wrung her hands with moan and shiver,
And the whitened crags a-quiver,
Battled hard, with frontlet flashing,
'Gainst the surge's angry dashing.

And the terror roared and rumbled,
While the shaken city mumbled
Bitter pleadings, all unheard;
For the pulse of nature stirred
With a wild, impetuous motion;
And uprolled the giant ocean,
Climbing ever higher, higher,
Over palace, dome, and spire;
While the proud one, vainly shrinking,
Mad with anguish, sinking, sinking,
In the widening grave below,
Tossed her treasures to and fro,
Till the dread night gloomed around her,
And the salt sea-billows crowned her.

Then the black waves rolled and thundered,
Till the stars came out and wondered;
And the moon, through veils of mist,
At her shrine of amethyst,
Swung her silver censer slowly,
Like a priestess high and holy;
And her benediction came,
Like a Pentecostal flame,
Unto earth so bruised and riven;
But the city, unforgiven,
Slept where slimy sea-born creatures
Reveled o'er her radiant features.

Still when day's last watch-fires, burning,
Light the seaman landward turning,
Through the silence, he doth hear
Vesper-music ringing clear;
And, as he doth pause to listen,
He can see the white domes glisten,
And within the sea-weed's hold,
View the shining spires of gold.
But, as wanes the sunset glory,
Fades the city, old in story;
Dies away the silver pealing,

From her turrets upward stealing;
Naught is heard but wings that flutter,
Naught but grief the sad winds utter,
Naught but tides that moan and mutter.

PERGOLESE.*

AFTER THE GERMAN: BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

Now the master's work is ended,
In those strains divine are blended

All his holiest gifts of song;
How the stately music marches
Through the old cathedral arches,
How the rapt tide rolls along!

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam ac dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

How thy sorrow, Mother holy,
O'er each listener's heart steals slowly
As the organ-tones sink low!
Bring they not these notes enthralling,
Solace for thy grief appalling,
Stay they not thy tears of woe?

Quis est homo qui non fletet,
Christi matrem si videret,
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

Pious awe and dread are stealing
O'er the master, lowly kneeling,
And he feels that death is near;
Still, in trusting faith, he gazes
Through the altar's flame-lit mazes,
To the Virgin's face so dear.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem
Et plagas recolare.

Hark! from heaven's high choir descending,
Seraph tones with these are blending,—
How they thrill the master's ear!

Borne aloft on wings immortal,
Enters he the shining portal,
While on earth this strain we hear

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur,
Paradisi gloria.

*Tradition says that Pergolese died in the church Notre Dame de Loretto, during the first performance of his divine "Stabat Mater."

A CONVERSATION OUT OF DOORS.

BY MARY S. ROBINSON.

II.

WHEN we were fairly on the road again, tracing the returning way, Emeritus recurred to my observations on the "mystery" of a human life. "Nothing, save the incomprehensible and universal spirit," said he, slowly, as if some meditation had but now come to utterance, "is more profound and inscrutable than the subject you were speaking of. All philosophers have groped for its secret in vain. One might contemplate it after the manner of the ancient Oriental saints—might fix the mind upon it without deviation for fifty years; become absorbed, merged in the thought, and in the end know simply nothing about it. Of its essence in truth we can learn nothing in this existence; of its aspect and purport we may learn something. And I have great respect for those who regard man as the only suitable study for man; for your Browning, who affirms that for him the only object worthy of his consideration and labor is the development of a human spirit; and your Chadbourne, who says that man is the one point toward which all the rays of light in the physical universe seem to converge; that the study of nature is serviceable only as it bears on man; that the highest knowledge for man is a knowledge of his own powers, and of his relations to the whole universe and to God.

"The questions, What is man? what is God? what are the relations of the human being to the Infinite Being?—include all others of moment. The responses to them constitute the bases of all theology, it is affirmed. Rather, they are the bases of all science, all wisdom, all life, in the sense of human existence. To some partial solution of these questions every brain-worker has given his strength, with more or less directness, since the world began; and will continue so to do, as I believe, through all eternity. The authors of the most ancient writings—the earlier Vedas, and the Book of Job—let their sounding-lines far into these measureless depths; and in this day certain scientists announce, as the ultimate of their own researches, that man is nothing more than a modified form of matter; that consciousness and thought are identical with certain thermal and electric forces, considered purely as material; and that the Creator is so far removed from the earth, that it spins through the wastes of space uncared for by his presence; that, in so far as its progress and its processes are concerned, one may assert openly, as the fool

doth in his heart—no God. Assuredly they have not expanded the theme, nor have they inspired hope, or encouragement, or reverential ardor, nor indeed any sentiment but one of coldness, or of repugnance roused to an indignant and active antagonism in following its further investigation."

"To limit one's self, as the dramatists do, simply to the aspects of human life, is the safer mode," I suggested.

"But these, like this fine day that we were admiring, like all things else, are essentially infinite. There is indeed an accepted, though we know not whether it is actually the beginning of these aspects. The lowest condition that we know of, the life of certain savages who have but latterly disappeared from the earth—if, indeed, they are altogether gone—who express themselves by inarticulate noises and gestures, like the animals; who can not estimate numbers to the extent that some animals can; who have no language, no perceivable conception of cause and effect, no conception of God,—these constitute the lowest known grade of human existence: and they are probably less developed than the pre-historic peoples, who lived in caves—some of them perhaps in huts—who, if we may credit Cæsar, ate the flesh of the superior race, yet knew how to fashion rude implements, to slay the bear and lynx. Clearly, the lowest form of human life differs little, if at all, from certain forms of brute life. It is chiefly significant as the first step in a gradation—a step capable of a sequence."

"And what is this sequence?" I asked. "Or, granting your assertion, what is the first distinction between the human and the brute existence?"

"It is a hard question," replied Emeritus—"one that I have often pondered, and that no writer has as yet answered to my satisfaction. The old line of demarkation between instinct and reason was long since abandoned. On that point we know only that the lower animals possess a certain fund of knowledge, not acquired by experience, while man has a small share of such knowledge, and manifests some endowment of instinct in certain of his actions. Thus, among the first motions of a new-born babe are those by which it seeks for and receives nourishment; though these do not occur invariably, nor with that *savoir faire* shown by the fledgeling who stretches upward his gaping mouth for the first morsel. 'Man is the only animal that has a history,' says one. But he was distinguished from the lower orders centuries before he had a history, or other less significant acquisitions. I think it is Adam

Smith who affirms that man is the only animal that can make a bargain. I know not. The bees manifest a just perception of quantity and proportion in their civic economy: each gives so much to the common stock. The mother feeds her young impartially. A Newfoundland dog will take his share of food, and leave to another dog his due. Certain animals utter cries of particular significance to one another. They communicate—whether they enter into negotiations, we can neither affirm nor deny. The sense of obligation or of duty is the distinction, according to others. But many savages have less of this sense than a well-trained domestic animal. The dog will carry or guard a piece of meat, even while he hungers for it. He incurs peril in the effort to help or save his owner. These acts he may perform out of affection—which is simply saying that he may be led to the performance of acts of duty and obligation by love, or by the highest motive that can impel man to the performance of the same kind of deeds. The lower orders do not share with men the capacity for self-knowledge, suggests another. They can not ask themselves, What am I? Why am I what I am? This may be a distinction; but as we can never know what the higher order of animals do think, nor how they think at all, as they certainly do, without the instrument of language, we can not regard it as a conclusive test. From the naturalist's reasoning, there is no distinction admissible but this, I opine, that man is made with more expansive faculties than the lower orders are, and with a capacity for progress. In the outset, comparing the lowest savage with the dog, the horse, the elephant, he has no more faculties than his brute companions have, and some are less developed than theirs. But his race is endowed with a power of development immeasurably greater than that of the most thoroughly trained of these his friends."

"I do not see that the study of nature authorizes us to accept any statement beyond this," said I, turning to Santus, who had latterly joined us, and walked, listening, by my side. "But I acknowledge to have vaguely believed in another difference than one of mere degree. Is there no evidence for such in the investigations of philosophy or religion?"

"The Scriptural statements bearing on the subject," he answered, slowly, as if trying to recollect some of them, even as he spoke, "indicate such a difference; at the same time that they imply a higher rank of these orders in the scale of creation than that usually assigned them by the average Christian estimate. The account in Genesis, of how the world was made,

states that God said: '*Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl. Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb fruit, the living creature cattle and every thing that creepeth upon the earth.*' The generative power of the sea and the earth are here summoned into activity. The creation of man, on the contrary, is said to be by God's hand; not mediate, but direct. *He* formed man, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became—what is not said of the other creations—a living soul. Thus, in the manner and fact of his creation, he is endowed with a distinctive, superior nature. Moreover, dominion is given him, as by a divine charter of rights, over all the creations brought forth by the sea and the earth. By virtue of superiority, he is invested with supremacy. Some few expressions, elsewhere, indicate the lower nature of these subject beings. They will readily recur to you in a moment of reflection. But, if you observe, the covenant made with Noah is made also with every living creature that was with him. They were no longer regarded, it would seem, as the humble but friendly companions of man—beings to charm his solitude and heighten the felicity of his existence in the garden; for it was said to the patriarch and his sons, 'The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea.'

"But the unchangeable God thought it not beneath him to make a solemn compact with these, his creatures, who henceforth were to come, to fear, to flee, from the sinful sovereignty of man. I establish my covenant with you, he said, and with every living creature that is with you—of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you, from all that go out of the ark to every beast of the earth. Moreover, on one occasion, he illuminated the spirit of an ass to see the angel that a prophet could not see; and conferred on her, one of the lowliest of his creatures, what is thought by many to be a Divine gift to man—the gift of articulate speech. Ravens were made the instruments of a miracle, whereby a great prophet was long preserved from death. Lions became obedient to the angelic messenger, and refused to hurt the servant of the Most High. A whale was the preserver of another of his prophets. A fish brought in his mouth the tribute-money sought by the disciple. And the Father of all incites his people to virtue by the example of certain of his lower creatures. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.'

'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know.' Job says to his indiscreet, incompassionating friends, 'Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee.' The forms of animals, creatures clean and unclean, entered into the spiritual visions of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. St. John, in his vision of heaven, saw 'beasts' like to a calf, a lion, a flying eagle, and horses. And, in view of the mercy of the Creator extended over all his works, we must suppose that when he asked his servant, Jonah, 'Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons, and much cattle?' he did not include these last merely as chattels, as so much property; but rather that he regarded the possible destruction of the brute life as a calamity of itself—a great aggregate of misery, to be averted by the instrumentality of his servant. 'Every beast of the field is mine,' he says elsewhere,—'the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains; and the wild beasts of the field are mine.'

"Christ reiterates the teaching of David, in reference to the Divine care of the speechless creation. The raven, the sparrow, worthless in the estimation of man, all birds of the air, are cited as objects of God's watchful regard. And when, in connection with that covenant I have cited as made with the animals, you place the record that they are to share in the era of peace, when violence and sin shall have passed away, and there is no more curse—that then 'the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the falling together; and a little child shall lead them; and the cow and the bear shall feed: their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw, like the ox; and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den:—when you bring to mind that other record of the birth of the Lord in a manger, the cattle being there mute witnesses of the Incarnation and Advent, the opening scenes of the new era, as if to imply that, as by the Divine ordering they were the servants and companions of the first Adam, even so were they to greet the second Adam, the Son of God; that, as they had been subject to the former, even so should they become subject to Him, and share, in some undiscerned manner, in the blessedness of his kingdom:—when, with this, you also bring to mind those inscrutable but deeply significant words, 'The earnest [patient]

expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God [waiteth with uplifted head]. The creature was made subject to vanity [that is, to the transitory and perishable system of the creation], not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected in hope. The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption;' 'For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, until now:—when, further, in the Apocalyptic vision, was heard 'the voice of every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and *all that are in them*, uttering an ascription of blessing and honor, and glory and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever:—when we consider these records together, remembering that they convey but a part of the truth, deducible from the Divine Book on this subject, and that even thus much of its truth is not fully fathomable to our perception, we discern, at the least, that the speechless creatures of God occupy a rank in his present and coming kingdom, that is by no means clearly recognized as yet by his human children."

Santus had warmed with his theme. When at last he paused, it was with the air of a man whose discourse had cost him some effort of thought; as if he had wrought out, in part, the abstract of a sermon. I mused awhile, repeating half aloud:

"Man is the world's high-priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all: while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,"—

and wishing that Santus would really make a sermon on the subject. Perhaps covertly to allure him to the task, I added: "Your Scripture citations prove clearly that these creatures are included in both the Old and New Covenants made with man. They help me to comprehend a passage I have pondered more than once, from one of the greatest of modern poets, wherein a couched lion listens, with calm and massive face, to the curse pronounced upon the first sin. In the silence that follows, he utters a roar full of carnivorous passion, wrath, and fear; and this awakens a muttering, moaning, response, both fierce and sad, that 'trails through all the gorges' and forests. He, standing rampant, totters from the height whence he had looked forth on Eden, and falls, lost in the pines of the lower crags, devoured by the new reality, death.*

* See "A Drama of Exile"—scene: a wild open country, etc.—by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"One is led, also," I continued, "by some of your citations, to infer the immortality of life in its lower forms. And it is of some interest to see whether the supposition, or belief, is justified by the nature or condition of animals themselves. Almost every creature in the universe suffers. How many of them are subject to the ceaseless cruelties of men! The existence of how many is one prolonged endurance of misery! Have you never been struck, perchance, by some casual glance, as you passed along the street, at the evidence of suffering in a horse's face—the mute sadness of his eye, the attenuated lines above the nostrils and about the forehead—the subjection of suffering in the weariness and weakness of his steps, the forlornness of his whole appearance? One may be occupied with some topic of importance, some interest of Church or of State, and yet feel his thought arrested by the isolation of suffering evident in such a creature, and by a wish to alleviate the miseries of his existence. How, then, can we believe in a just Creator, unless he have provided some compensation for this innocent—this, as it seems to us, undeserved suffering? and where is such compensation or complement to a life of pain to be hoped for, save in an existence successive to this present one? Luther believed that his dog, and Wesley that his horse, would have a heaven somewhere in the universe. And one of the most eminent of modern scientists, Mrs. Somerville, whose loss the English-speaking nations are even now deploring, affirmed, in relation to the lower orders, her 'firm belief that the living principle is never extinguished.' Is it not St. Bernard who says: 'The creature will not be utterly annihilated, but renewed, and placed in a more glorious state;' as if, by the vision of faith, he had discerned a second, spiritual, highly exalted state of the *cosmos*, succeeding to this first created state, even as the era of the Son of Man and of God succeeds to the era of Adam?

"Moreover, the metaphysical argument is affirmative on this point. We admit that God made the worlds out of nothing, and that he can recall them to nothing again. But, this apart, we can not conceive of that nothing, nor yet of the actual annihilation of any single object. The extinction of life in the bird, for instance, on yonder bough—try to represent the process to your mind: you fail, you can not do it. You refuse to admit a conception of nothing in the place of something—of the latter changed to the former. That the space now occupied by the bird should be void of it, that is manifestly a possible conception; but that the little sing-

ing, palpitating creature should become nothing—how can you forgive such an uncreating? And though God can doubtless perform this undoing, is it in accordance with any fair conception of him that he would capriciously uncreate the work of his hands? More than this, we are taught that matter is indestructible. The substance of the bird will pass through countless changes, but it will never perish. How much less, then, the subtle, powerful force that vivifies and animates it—that to which we give many names, but which, by searching, we can not find out! I have only a negative proof of the statement; but it is enough for me. I believe that the life of the world is imperishable, immortal."

We were nearing the town, and our discourse had been mostly of a serious kind. My friends did not assent to my position, nor yet deny it. The converse turned to lighter topics, as was befitting the hour. We spoke of the harmless oddities of some of our Faculty; of the professors' wives and daughters, who are pretty or sprightly; of the prex's last reception. And here Santus told an incident of our astronomer.

WHY FRANK MORTON COULD N'T MARRY.

BY EVELYN ETHERIDGE.

CHARLES FAIRFIELD and Frank Morton were senior students of New York University, and expected to graduate in a few weeks. The former was a type of a large and deserving class of American students—a poor boy from the Hills of New Hampshire, the early orphaned child of a country physician. Possessed with an extinguishable thirst for knowledge, during the Summer he taught school, or even worked in the harvest-fields, in order to pay his way at college in the Winter. He lived in cheap lodgings, in an obscure street; yet, though poor, he was always the gentleman in manners and appearance, and commanded the respect of his fellow-students and the esteem of the professors by his remarkable diligence and success in study.

Frank Morton was the son of a rich man, left, by the death of his father, the heir of considerable property, and having a prospective interest in the business of a wealthy uncle in the wholesale importing line. Yet such is the thoroughly democratic atmosphere pervading our American colleges, that this favorite of fortune was the most intimate companion of the penniless New Hampshire student, without the least sense on either side of social inequality.

The friends often talked, student-wise, of their plans of future action and visions of future prosperity. Fairfield, brought up in the unsophisticated atmosphere of a country village, where money was neither so plentiful nor so greedily sought as in the great commercial centers, was an enthusiast for learning for its own sake, believing that, like virtue, it is its own exceeding great reward; and his ambition was to become, as his father had been, a doctor, and to cultivate science and literature in a quiet country town.

Morton, a native of New York, and connected with commercial circles, was imbued with an intense conception of the power of money. With first-rate abilities, he was thoroughly prosaic in his tastes, and valued literary culture chiefly as a passport to success in life.

"But, Frank, you do n't mean to abandon the muses?" said his friend in one of these conversations. "You always get the prize for Latin verse, and have first-class literary skill, if you would only cultivate it."

"O, hang the muses! I tell you, Charlie, literature do n't pay. I would have to starve before I could earn my bread by my pen, if it be not a bull to say so. Mercury and Plutus, and not Euterpe and Polyhymnia, shall receive my devotions."

"Well, I shall court the celestial goddesses, and try to cultivate literature, if it has to be, like Sydney Smith, on a little oatmeal."

"You shall never court an earthly goddess, then; or, if you do, she will never listen to your wooing. Aphrodite nowadays demands rich offerings at her shrine. Our modern maidens must be wooed, like Danaë, with a shower of gold. And if you trust to literature, I am afraid you won't have even the oatmeal to live on. Trade may be vulgar, and all that; but it's the only way you can make a fortune, unless you get into a political ring, and batten like a vampire on your country; and hang me if I'm mean enough for that, for the biggest fortune ever made."

"No: trade is not vulgar, unless you make it so; as you may vulgarize any thing by sordid motives, even literature itself. And the girls are not all so mercenary as you think, either. There are some yet, thank Heaven, who believe in the old-fashioned notion of marrying for affection, and not for money; who are willing to fight the battle of life under the banner of love; who do not think more of kid-gloves than of kisses, nor prefer a diamond necklace to a pair of loving arms around their neck."

"There may be in the wilds of New Hampshire, but not in the circle of my acquaintance; and certainly the beautiful Belle Beaumont is

not one of them. No, Charlie, you can't start housekeeping like the birds in May. I know I have expensive tastes, and I could n't ask a girl to give up her luxuries while I enjoy my club and cigar. I'll not bring my wife to an establishment much inferior to that she leaves, if I can help it, though it take twenty years to win one."

"But meanwhile, the best of life is going by; the flower and the fragrance, the bloom and the beauty of its Spring are fading into the russet and dun of Autumn. The young romance of love gives place to the *mariage de convenance*. You wed a bundle of milliner's perquisites—a lay-figure like those in the stores for the display of dry goods—the form of a woman, but with the heart left out; and she marries a purse, with the incumbrance of a man attached. Save me from those heartless Autumn marriages! I'd rather live in a mud sheiling, and wear hoddens gray, than in the splendid misery of such loveless homes as many in New York. I'd like to see my wife arrayed in velvet and satin, if I could; but I would love her no less in a cotton gown—*simplex munditiis*—in beauty undorned; nor need she be less happy in a rural cottage than in a Fifth-avenue mansion."

Time passed with our student friends, as it passes with us all. They both graduated with honor. Miss Beaumont and Ethel Everton both graced with their presence the convocation on Commencement-day, and rained sweet influence from their eyes on their respective admirers.

Morton entered his uncle's counting-house, was soon admitted to a share in the business, and rapidly reached a commercial standing seldom attained but by older men.

Fairfield entered the office of his father's friend, Dr. Everton, at a small salary; became a member of his family; studied assiduously; won the love of Miss Everton, the object of his boyish passion; married her in the bloom of her youthful beauty; settled in his native New Hampshire village, now grown into a thriving town, achieved eminence in his profession, and a modest competency by his labors, and acquired no small fame by his contributions to the medical and literary journals.

Ten years after the conversation last recorded, the quondam friends met again, by accident, in the streets of New York, whither Dr. Fairchild had come to attend a medical convention. Morton was still unmarried, and as frank and friendly as ever. Having no home, but merely lodgings in one of those huge caravansaries which are so antagonistic to all home feeling, he introduced Dr. Fairchild to the more social atmos-

phere of his club. The latter could not help contrasting its magnificent appointments, its marble mantels, velvet lounges, and costly mirrors—which reflected, for the most part, the anxious, careworn countenances of overtaxed and often haggard business men—with his own small and plainly furnished rooms. Yet he would not exchange their cozy comfort, cheered by the winsome wifely presence of their presiding genius, and by the innocent gambols of his children, for all the gilded splendor by which he was surrounded. After an evening of social enjoyment, Mr. Morton accompanied his friend to his hotel, the now comparatively deserted sidewalks of Broadway furnishing an opportunity for mutual confidences that they had not possessed in the crowded parlors of the club.

"I hoped to have found you married," said the doctor.

"No, Fairfield," was the reply, "nor likely to be, as far as I can see."

"Well, you can't urge the excuse that you did ten years ago, that you can't *afford* to marry, at least."

"Why, that's the very thing. You have no idea what it costs to live in this city. There is my club subscription, and my yacht, and a couple of horses I keep at livery. You know I was always fond of a fine craft, and a good bit of horse-flesh, and an occasional box at the opera. They really run away with an amazing sight of money."

"I dare say they do; and not so much in themselves as in the sporting circles, with which some of them at least bring you into association."

"No, Fairfield, I never bet; and if there is a character I detest, it is your professional sport. Of course, there is an occasional subscription to a cup or a purse; but a fellow can't help that, you know."

"But some of these luxuries might be abated—your club, for instance, and your champagne and cigars. Why, that lunch at Delmonico's to-day would keep my family for a week."

"Well, I only go there occasionally, when I meet a friend; and really the club is the cheapest of all my luxuries. I could n't do without it, and I could n't afford an establishment of my own any thing like that, you know."

"But I do n't at all see the necessity for an establishment like that."

"Well, neither do I, for that matter. But you can't get the women to think so. It would take a Cæsar to keep them going nowadays. Why, if I had a fashionable wife, her bills at Stewart's and Tiffany's alone would swallow up

the profits of my business, to say nothing of the balls and parties, and that sort of thing, a fellow would have to give."

"You used to admire a certain Miss Beaumont, in old college days. What ever became of her?"

"O, she married old Beaudry, her father's partner, and old enough to be her own father. And a pretty life she leads him,—all Summer at Newport or Saratoga, with a lot of empty-headed swells buzzing around her, while he moils in the city, and foots the bills. Hang me if I'd play second-fiddle in the domestic concert, as he does, for the best woman living! Yes: and I have reason to know that her extravagance has seriously crippled the firm. And her own name—well, it's not what Cæsar's wife's should be, and what I'd have my wife's—above suspicion. In fact, it is somewhat blown upon."

"Yet she looked capable of better things than that."

"So she was. Clever woman, sir—fine mind, though ill-cultivated—very handsome too; but she used up all her vitality in leading the fashions. Hard work, sir—kills more than poverty. Upon my word, I hardly knew her the other night at a party, she looked so wan and worn, in spite of all her jewels and rouge and fripperies. 'The rath primrose of the Spring' I used to admire had become a faded flower, with soiled and crumpled petals, from which all the beauty and fragrance had departed. But, bless me, I'm becoming quite sentimental!"

"Yet, had she married some one she loved, and who loved her, ten years ago, even though not rich—yourself, for instance—she might have lived a happier, nobler life."

"Ay, ay! It might have been better for both of us. God knows, life is sometimes dreary and bitter and salt enough as it is."

And the wealthy merchant plunged into an almost melancholy muse, from which his friend vainly sought to rouse him during the rest of their walk.

The next day Morton was on 'change on Wall Street, as alert, keen, and eager as the busiest in that jostling throng. Meeting at noon his friend Fairfield, who had come to gaze upon that strangest sight New York affords, the Gold Board and the Stock Exchange—the very focus of the intense commercial activity of the city—he remarked, cheerfully rubbing his hands:

"Made a cool thousand, this morning."

"I am sometimes satisfied if I clear that much in six months," said his friend, not without a twinge of envy.

"O, I may lose it again, before night," replied Morton jauntily. "Last month I only came out about even; and last year half the Board, more or less, were cleaned out. There's hardly one in it now who was here before the war. It's risky business; but it's business, sir. It makes one look alive."

"That babel of noises in the Exchange and Gold-room nearly deafened and crazed me. I suppose the brokers knew what it meant. I am sure I did n't."

"Ah! that's life, sir. Over three million dollars changed hands this morning. That's the commercial heart of the nation. Every pulsation throbs and thrills to the extremities of the Union—to New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco."

"Well, I would prefer my quiet New Hampshire home to living in this constant hurry and worry."

"Slow, sir—insufferably slow. I should die of *ennui*, if I were buried there."

"But you have no time to read or think; you have hardly time to save your souls, in this whirl of excitement."

"The newspaper is all I care to read; and, to tell the truth, not much more than the stock column of that; and we pay the parsons to look after our souls. We pay them well too," he added, with the conscious pride of a New Yorker in the large salaries paid to *some* of the city pastors, to which, to do him justice, he contributed liberally himself.

"Whereunto is money good?" pondered Dr. Fairfield, as he turned thoughtfully and almost sadly away. "May it not be purchased at too dear a price—with the sacrifice of the nobler part of man, the sympathy with the great heart of Nature, and with all that is grand and glorious in literature and art, and sacred and holy in morals and religion?" And, like a voice of solemn admonition falling on the inward ear, came the words of the Divine Teacher, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth."

Our little parable, it is hoped, will indicate a peril that is menacing the stability of American institutions and the dignity of American character. The undermining of the family life was in part the cause, and in part the consequence, of the corruption and decay of Greek and Roman civilization. It has well-nigh accomplished the ruin of the French monarchy and Empire; and, if it be permitted, will cause that of British and American society. The increase and diffusion of wealth is accompanied by a more than proportionate increase of luxury; and many sacrifice to hollow show and heart-

less frivolity the realities of solid comfort. The demands of fashion are engrossing more and more the time and thoughts and feelings of our women, to the stifling of their nobler emotions and loftier aims. The higher and holier ministrations of wifehood and of motherhood, and the sublimer teachings of the clasp of children's hands, and even the cares and toils of domestic life, are often neglected or rejected in the wearisome and unsatisfying career of fashionable folly.

There is, too, a darker side to the picture we have faintly sketched,—on which, in these pages, we dare not dwell. The soiling of the purity of the soul and the staining of the youth by unhallowed indulgence—the too frequent consequence of loveless marriage, or prolonged celibacy—is a vast and self-propagating evil, and an omen of ill-augury for the national character of the future.

Co-ordinate with this increase of luxury and its inseparable corollary, is an increased greed for gain, a race for riches, and a lust for lucre, that is one of the most narrowing and degrading passions of the human soul—a rust that will eat into it as doth a canker, perverting to moral gangrene and corruption all its vital energies.

We need wider, truer, juster conceptions of the purpose of being and the claims of duty. Too often men and women barter the immortal birthright of their spirits for a vile mess of pottage for their body—for a short-lived gratification of their pride, ambition, or avarice. Wider intellectual culture, sounder philosophical induction, and, above all, the development of a simple home-life, with simpler tastes and habits, may haply prove an antidote to a menaced evil of grave-import to American national and individual character.

SCAPE-GOATS.

BY MRS. OLIVE STEWART.

LET nobody suppose that scape-goats are among the extinct institutions of by-gone ages—quite the contrary. There are at this present time as many of these vicarious sinners as at any time of the world's history. Very odious, to be sure, are the scape-goats thus sin-laden; but, since the types and shadows of the old dispensation have passed away, and given place to Gospel light, we might do well to remember that, after all, these naughty creatures are really the product of the times in which they exist; and though they may be in themselves, in some cases, disagreeable enough, still

the chief odium resting on their heads is a reflex one, and would be impossible but for the follies or wickedness of the very public that flout the scape-goats. The hangman is not in any sense a favorite, and his title will call up a shiver sooner than the word murderer, or any other term denoting the crime or crimes which brought his office into being. The milliner and dressmaker, also the fashionable boarding-school mistress, have long borne on their devoted heads the opprobrium which justly belongs to those whom they serve rather than lead, inasmuch as they render to their patrons that which alone will bring them patrons. But of all scape-goats, the one which lately challenges most attention is the much, and too often deservedly, berated reporter of the press. From the innuendoes, quirks, and slurs that are now pretty generally bandied about in connection with "the ubiquitous reporter," "the irrepressible interviewer," etc., one would naturally suppose that the class in question are alone responsible for all the garbage, the impertinent personalities, and the often fictitious gossip, that are daily served up to a greedy and devouring public. Be it, however, understood, that this is no apology for moral vampires, and detestable newspaper panders, who for gain prey upon communities, and inflame beastly propensities, for the sake of the lucre thus obtained. The plea here put forth is simply for justice, in an equitable distribution of the obloquy and righteous indignation which are being excited, and which ought to rise as a flood against this evil.

Reporters and interviewers are persons who make a livelihood in that line of business; and a certain class of them are not so much scavengers as collectors of offal, because garbage sells better than wholesome meat—commands a higher price. A foul crime is much more marketable than a good deed; and a scandal is a rare titbit, eagerly sought after, sure to sell the paper containing it. Therefore the reporters gather, and the publishers publish, that which they well know will be salable, and bring in a good return of money. What are the papers that command the largest circulation? Every body knows that they are those which contain the most and the latest news. News of what? Of crimes, casualties, and horrors. And men who, with their lips, condemn reporters as a disgusting set of fellows, do with their eyes devour the disgusting dish furnished by the naughty purveyors.

Let neither men nor women cry out any more against reporters and interviewers, unless they are ready to do their own part, by not only

excluding from their homes, but also ceasing to read for their own delectation, such papers as are well known to derive their flavor from the efforts of said offal-gatherers. There are papers that are free—well, not from demoralizing news, for the best of our public must have all the murders and horrors—but free from prurient details; yet these are not found to be so spicy as the others; and (tell it not in Gath!) are not so attractive to many a Church member—many a man, and woman too, who would sharply resent an imputation of impurity, or even coarseness.

It is time, high time, to have it understood that there must be innate tainture or grossness in the mind that seeks after and relishes foulness—inherent groveling tendencies in the soul that finds more pleasure in prying into the personal affairs of others, high or low, neighbor or stranger, than in searching the realms of nature, science, and art, tracing every-where the wondrous workings of an Almighty hand.

The test is sure, the taint certain, even though betrayed by the finest poet or the loftiest philosopher of the age. And it behooves us, one and all, who would honestly say, "Thy kingdom come," to keep down by starvation the beast and devil in our own souls, as well as to set an example of the right kind before the rising generation.

Never was better advice or exhortation than that given by the apostle Paul to the Philippians: "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Having thus plucked the beam from our own eyes, we shall be able to see clearly in removing the motes of gold-dust that infect the eyes of reporters and interviewers.

LEAVES FROM MY SKETCH-BOOK.

BY A BIBLIOGRAPHER.

I WAS always a *bookworm*. I am now not only that, but more; I am a *bibliographer*, accepting the definition of the Abbé Rive: "A describer of books and other literary arrangements."

But who is Abbé Rive? Once I would have merely read the statement, without further inquiry; but now my method of studious reading led me directly to search out "Who is Abbé Rive?" My Cyclopædia would not divulge; so I resorted to my good old teacher, Disraeli, and he informed me, in his very agreeable way,

that "Abbé Rive was librarian to the most magnificent of book-collectors, the Duke de la Vallière." He said more than this, something not very complimentary to the gentleman in question; namely, "Abbé Rive was a strong but ungovernable brute; rabid, surly, but *tres mordant*. His master would often pat him; and, when the bibliognostes and the *bibliomanes* were in the heat of contest, let his 'bull-dog' loose among them. All Europe was to receive from him new ideas concerning books and manuscripts. Yet all his mighty promises fumed away into projects. His style of criticism was perfectly *Ritsonian*."

Unable to comprehend what sort of a style *Ritsonian* is, I proceed now, before advancing further with the abbé, to search out Ritson, and learn what constituted his style. I am rewarded by finding that he was Deputy High Bailiff of Lancaster; that he published many works of antiquarian research; but, "unfortunately, his irritable temper kept him in constant feud with his contemporaries!" Walter Scott says this irritability of temper disposed him to drive controversies into personal quarrels, by neglecting in literary debates the courtesies of ordinary society. It ought to be said, however, by one who knew him well, that this irritability of disposition was a "constitutional and physical infirmity."

Now I understand what *Ritsonian* style means (alas! it is not yet defunct), and I will go back to Abbé Rive. I linger here in order to illustrate in the beginning my modern mode of studying literature. Dr. Dibdin, a very zealous bibliographer and voluminous writer, was an eye-witness of the gigantic industry of this *Ritsonian bibliognoste*. In one trunk he found about six thousand notices of manuscripts of all ages; into another were wedged about twelve thousand descriptions of books in all languages, except those of French and Italian; in a third trunk was a bundle of papers relating to the troubadours; in a fourth was a collection of memoranda and literary sketches connected with the invention of arts and sciences, with pieces exclusively bibliographical; a fifth contained between two and three thousand cards, written on each side, respecting a collection of prints; in a sixth trunk were contained papers respecting earthquakes, volcanoes, and geographical subjects.

So much for Abbé Rive. I think I had rather be a *bibliographe*, and describe books *con amore*, than to be a *bibliognoste a la Ritson*. The abbé claimed to be the inventor of this term, and thus defines it: A *bibliognoste*, from the Greek, is one knowing in title-page and colo-

phones and editions, the place and year when printed, the press whence issued, and all the minutia of a book. "A *bibliomane*," the abbé says, "is an indiscriminate accumulator, who blunders faster than he buys, cock-brained and purse-heavy." La Bruyère has touched on this mania thus: "Of such a collector, as soon as I enter his house, I am ready to faint on the staircase from a strong smell of Morocco leather. In vain he shows me fine editions, gold leaves, Etruscan bindings, and naming them one after another, as if he were showing me a gallery of pictures—a gallery, by the by, which he seldom traverses alone; for he rarely reads, but me he offers to conduct through it! I thank him for his politeness, and as little as himself care to visit the tan-house which he calls his library."

Lucian, the Greek author and wit, compares such collectors to a pilot ignorant of navigation, a rider who can not keep his seat on a spirited horse; to Thersites wearing the armor of Achilles, tottering at every step, leering with his little eyes under his enormous helmet, and his hunchback raising the cuirass above his shoulders. You have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you will have a grand mirror; you are deaf, and you will have fine musical instruments! Your costly bindings are only a source of vexation, and you are continually discharging your librarians for not preserving them from the silent invasion of the worms, and the nibbling triumphs of the rats. Such collectors would contemptuously smile at Melanchthon's unpretentious library, consisting of only four authors (Plato, Pliny, Plutarch, and Ptolemy); but Melanchthon, with his scanty collection, knew far more of literature than the bibliomaniac satirized by Lucian.

"A *bibliophile*," says Abbé Rive, "the lover of books, is the only one in the class who appears to read for his own pleasure." I think the abbé must mean by this more than can be applied to the superficial reader, who rushes through a multitude of books just for the present enjoyment. The story runs through the brain like water through a sieve, leaving not a vestige behind. Does not the abbé refer to such a lover of books as is described by Rantzar, the founder of the great library at Copenhagen, in the following poetic stanza?

"Golden volumes! richest treasures!
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please;
You my hands in rapture seize!
Brilliant wits and musing sages—
Lights who beamed through many ages—
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory."

And now, their hope of fame achieved,
Dear volumes, you have not deceived."

Such delight in books is expressed by Burton, who classed the pleasures of study among those exercises or recreations of the mind which pass within doors. "There is a sweetness," says he, "which, as Circe's cup, bewitcheth a student; he can not leave off, as well may witness the many laborious hours, days, and nights spent in their voluminous treatises. So sweet is the delight of study."

But the pleasures of study, or of literature, ought never to beguile from other duties pertaining to social or public life. It was the boast of Cicero that his philosophical studies had never interfered with the services he owed the Republic, and that he had only dedicated to them the hours which others gave to their walks, their repasts, and their pleasures. In view of his voluminous works, this seems almost incredible.

Pliny the younger speaks, in one of his charming letters, of his uncle's (Pliny the elder) marvelous devotion to study, while he neglected not the many public duties devolving upon him. I will record the number of works he wrote, in their order. First, a volume on "The Use of the Dart by Cavalry," composed when he was in command of one of the cavalry corps of allied troops. Two volumes of the "Life of Pomponius Secundus;" "Wars with Germany," in twenty books; "The Student," in six volumes; "Questions of Grammar and Style," in eight books, written in the last years of Nero's reign, when every sort of literary pursuit requiring freedom and elevation of tone was dangerous; a "History of the State," in thirty-one books; lastly, his "Natural History," in thirty-seven books—a work of great magnitude.

It is very apparent that such works as these required much research and thought; and when we consider the fact that their author was a pleader, that he was much employed in important State business, and that he died at the age of fifty-six, we are surprised at the vast amount of literary labor accomplished. Pliny tells us that his uncle's intellect was quick, his industry perfectly marvelous, and his power of remaining awake remarkable. From the 23d of August he began to study at midnight, and through the Winter, he continued to rise at one, or at the latest, two in the morning. Sleep he could command at will. Before daybreak he would go to the Emperor Vespasian, who also worked at night, and thence to his official duties. He read nothing without making extracts; for he used to say that you could get some good from the worst book. While taking his bath,

and at his meals, he would have a book read to him, and he made notes upon it as it went on. On one occasion, a friend of his stopped the reader, who had pronounced a word incorrectly, making him repeat it. Pliny said to him, "Did you not understand the word?" "Yes," he replied. "Why, then, did you stop him? We have lost more than ten minutes by this interruption." While traveling, he always had a scribe at his side with a book and writing-tablet, whose hands, in Winter, were protected by gloves, so that the cold weather might not rob him of a single moment. He thought all time lost which was not given to study. In this he erred.

Besides the volumes referred to, he had a hundred and sixty consisting of extracts, written on both sides of the leaf, and in the minutest hand. He told his nephew, that when he was governor in Spain, he might have sold these volumes to Largius Larcinus for more than three thousand pounds sterling, and then there were fewer of them.

It is hardly possible, in our day, to comprehend the difficulties of an author and of a reader also; for books then were multiplied by written copies, and there was no distinction in the size of letters, no separation between words, and none of the perpetual help of punctuation. No proof-sheets then to be corrected, no publisher to advertise, no critic to demolish, no editor to puff, as now. There were, indeed, book-sellers—the poet Horace has sent down to us the name of one firm, "Sosii Brothers," and in one passage speaks of them in reference to a book: "Such a book earns money from the Sosii." They might have perhaps the copy-right, and arrange for the multiplication of copies; but it is certainly true that authors did not have such easy access to the public as in this day of rival publishing firms and steam-presses. And how much trash was thus saved from flooding the empire!

From Pliny we learn that authors gave public readings—not for tickets, so much a head—but freely, glad to have an audience to whom to read their compositions in order to get the opinion of the public whether they were suitable for publication; a process too costly and difficult to incur the risk of the work's dying on the hands of its publisher. Both Horace and Ovid speak of these public readings; but the custom became much more frequent in the time of Pliny and his contemporaries. If the author was sufficiently popular, a temple, or some other large public building, was obtained. Sometimes, if an author's house was not sufficiently large for an audience, a friend would

offer one. Pliny mentions with praise one of his friends, Titinius Capito, as always ready to lend his house for that purpose. The next thing was to secure an audience. This would seem to be the least difficulty—no tickets—free for all; but the masses would not care for learned essays, philosophical disquisitions, and metrical poems. It was very essential to have a sufficient number of appreciative listeners present to decide the future of the composition. One thing was in the author's favor; the public were not satiated with the abundance of literary productions, as now; specially editors, whose waste-baskets are often filled to repletion with rejected manuscripts. Pliny does, however, give us an account of an overplus which we presume was not frequent: "This year has brought us a great crop of poets. During the whole month of April, there was scarcely a day on which some one did not give a reading. I am delighted to see that literature flourishes; that the powers of our writers have the opportunity of displaying themselves. Yet audiences come but slowly to listen. Many persons sit in the lounging-places, and waste, in gossip, the time that they should spend in listening. They even have news brought to them whether the reader has entered, whether he has spoken his preface, whether he has got through a considerable part of his manuscript. Then at last they come, but come slowly and reluctantly. Even then they do not stop, but go away before the end—some, indeed, in secret and by stealth; others with perfect openness and freedom!"

Human nature has not changed much since Pliny's day! "I," continues Pliny, "have failed scarcely a single reader. True, most of them were my friends; and, indeed, there are scarcely any who love literature who are not also on friendly terms with me."

Pliny displayed much wisdom in his choice of opportunities to read—"the most seasonable time and place"—when listeners were most at leisure; and then he did not bore them for hours at a sitting.

TRUE GREATNESS.

BY FRED. MYRON COLBY.

IT is recorded by St. Matthew that the disciples once went to Jesus with the question, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" And to-day the world needs to be enlightened in regard to the elements of true greatness. Greatness may be predicated of mental or moral qualities. A man may be great because of natural abilities, or on account of vast acquirements. There is the greatness of

gifts and of energy, of splendid genius and of ardent faithfulness.

If we ask who is greatest as a poet, one answer will be appropriate. It is he who has easiest access to the richest treasures of imagination, whose perception of beauty is keen, and who knows how to entrance the human heart by the magic of his creations and the music of his lines. Do we inquire who is greatest as a preacher? The definition should be, he who can enlighten most clearly the minds of men in regard to duty, thrill them with a conviction of responsibility, and draw them by the sweetest persuasion to the love of God and to purity of life. Would we know who is greatest as a statesman? Evidently, he whose mind is broad enough to comprehend great interests—the structure of society and governments, and the precise bearing of projected measures upon the welfare and glory of a whole nation—while his mental resources, vigor of will, and suppleness of temper, are equal to the necessities, perplexities, and dangers of any crisis in the State. Who is greatest as a farmer? He who has complete mastery over the tractable elements of nature. Who as a mechanic? The man of most cunning brain and responsive hand.

But these are only fragmentary answers to the question we are considering. We do not ask who is chief or pre-eminent among different kinds of men, but who is the greatest *man*? What is central or total greatness of soul? The answer, of course, depends upon the standard which rules our judgment.

There is the world's standard, which has always been partial. Its test has been power, influence, splendid abilities, worldly success. It has judged the claims and capacities of men by the mental qualities they possess, and the force of these qualities has been gauged by the outward and dazzling results which they have wrought, without any reference to the inward mastery of those qualities, and their stern subordination to a noble aim.

Strictly speaking, the world has never had any idea, or complete ideal of a great man. Its only estimate of greatness is the possession of conspicuous qualities. Its great men have been great instruments merely, and their relative rank has been determined by their comparative efficiency for certain visible ends. If a person exhibits some one quality in sufficient brilliancy to throw that quality of others in the shade, the world immediately awards the palm of greatness. In its vocabulary the term great is merely the equivalent of noticeable. Hence, the heroes of the world are the most remarkable

warriors, poets, artists, statesmen, philosophers—those who can most easily win a battle, write a drama, carve a statue, control a kingdom, and save a desperate cause. Now, this is just the method to gauge the force and degree of special qualities; and therefore the list and rank of the chief poets, warriors, scholars, statesmen of the world, needs little revision. But there is a vast difference between a conspicuous quality and a great man. Alexander was an organized military quality, but he was not a great man. Byron was a brilliant poetic faculty, but not a great man. Lord Bacon was a consummate intellectual energy, but not a great man.

We can not construct a complete definition of greatness without including a moral and spiritual element. The chief characteristic of man is, that he has a soul, and possesses privileges and incurs responsibilities by reason of this endowment. And if the soul be the distinguishing trait of manhood, the exercise of the privileges, and recognition of the responsibilities, which this trait imposes and bestows, must be at least one part, if not the chief part, of the constitution of true manliness. To leave these out of the estimate is to slight the noblest gift and function of humanity in its highest form.

The comprehensive definition of greatness should be, the highest development of all our powers and capacities in their true order and harmony. He is the greatest man who is most of a man; and he is the most of a man who faithfully cultivates, in due proportion, all the distinctive qualities and force of his being. A great man, therefore, is not one prodigious element, which acts as a single instrument, but a concordant congress of powers, all working with a composite unity to a noble end. In his character the virtues of humanity must shine with a serene and gentle radiance. He must wear the mantle of a generous manhood, and be what his Maker intended he should be, "a little lower than the angels." His must be a sublime life, adorned with good deeds and illustrious achievements. All his acquisitions are impulses to a nobler good. He bears an unquenchable thirst for a higher life, and his own ideal is away beyond the stars.

The whole man will not be a mere lever to work some peculiar quality. If he feels the ability to be poet, artist, statesman, scholar, he will not let his special ability run away with him, and present itself as the whole business of life, nor exhaust the energies of his nature, but will keep it in strict subjection and easy service to the supreme end. Relatively to each

other, those men seem great who dazzle the sight and attract most notice. Content with seeing the glare, we do not think to inquire how strong and productive is their dominion over their gifts, and how proportionable is the development of their being. We are all only partially developed, and can hardly appreciate wholeness of manhood; and so he who is most brilliantly partial carries the day. But in the view of the Almighty, before whose infinite reason the distinctions of mere human genius are of no account, greatness is measured by a proper standard, and means the dedication of the whole nature to the service of right, and the harmonious labor of all the powers to make that service valuable.

The men whom this test brings out from the background of human life form the class of great men of the world, because there is most of merit and most of man in them. And, wherever exhibited, such is true greatness; it is devotion of vast abilities to proper ends; it is such culture of soul that total manliness, while it is aided by, yet envelops and governs, genius.

ALEXANDRIA.

BY CHARLES T. MURRAY.

FEW visitors to the National Capital fail to render due homage to its historic environs. While rambling among the lovely parks and gardens, contemplating the magnificent public buildings that distinguish the beautiful city from all others, they will remember that just without its limits are localities, many of which were comparatively old in the nation's history before the corner-stone of the Capitol had left its native quarry. There is grand old Arlington, half buried in its green; its unique front the first to greet the morning sun; its acres of Union graves stretching back—a garden of the dead—looking solemnly down from its heights, like an architectural ghost of some forgotten period, upon the river and the Capital. Quaint old Georgetown, separated no longer from the newer city save by law and the imagination, retaining its old-fashioned looks and ways, and struggling for continued independence. There is the Soldier's Asylum, crowning the northern hills some two miles away, surrounded by park and gardens, than which none more beautiful and attractive can anywhere be found, its Norman towers commanding in one glorious sweep miles upon miles of wood, field, city, and river. And farther away, and to the right, lies the quiet little village of Bladensburg—on its humble meadows the dark and bloody

ground where have fallen a long line of self-constituted martyrs of the old *régime*.

Eight miles to the southward, apparently rising from the Potomac, is the ancient city of Alexandria. Its harbor of barren masts are cobwebbed outlines on the horizon, while the broadening river, still crisp with the foam of mountain-gorges whence it came, silently ebbs and flows with the mysterious pressure from the sea. Its glory has departed. From the distance of the capital, only the vaporous smoke from the stack of some departing steamer redeems it from the dead. That which was once a busy, thriving city is now a dull and rusty town—an object of sympathy and curiosity. When the Washingtonian, in the enjoyment of his paradise and his salary, feels so overcome with exuberance of spirits that it is no longer a credit to be jolly, he boards a steamer for Alexandria,—somewhat as one would go to Georgetown, or take a turn in the family cemetery. It is calculated to inspire grave reflections, as the gentleman observed who narrowly escaped being buried alive. There is a painful interest attached to a city whose claim to the respect of the tourist lies in its ruins and its grave-yards. That the visitor is usually willing to go, must arise from that melancholy but highly satisfactory pleasure derived from attending strange funerals at somebody else's expense. But it is true, in a worldly sense, that the chief end of man is undoubtedly the grave. Similarly, the chief end of this sketch is Alexandria. Our gentle readers (why always "gentle?") need not necessarily be sad, or bring along their cleanest hem-stitched handkerchief, or otherwise resolve themselves into a funeral procession, on either account.

If the weather is propitious, a more agreeable thirty minutes' ride can rarely be enjoyed than the trip to this nearest Southern city. Two boats, named after the two cities respectively, ply between them hourly. There is always a miscellaneous crowd on ferry-boats; for the most part dirty, sullen, silent, and suspicious of each other. There is always the same half-dozen coming breathlessly round the corner, panting and shouting and holding up a forefinger, as if the boat were an omnibus, and finally skipping on board after she has slipped her hawsers. There is always the same two dozen men and boys, evidently not born to be drowned, with whom it is a matter of life and death to land before the boat is within fair jumping distance of the wharf—though it would appear that their most immediate business is to then loaf about, and watch the lazier passengers come off over the gang-plank. There are the

hucksters' wagons jammed into dangerous proximity to lighter vehicles in the middle, their owners glaring upon each other whole *Congressional Globes* of unarticulated speech. Loafers fill the ladies' cabin, and eject tobacco saliva from the windows with indifferent accuracy. Every body else is on the upper deck, in the open air. The river breeze blows fresh across the bows, and fans the city cheek; the sunny waters roll against and trip each other up; and every thing in nature combines to seal the general listlessness. Near by the lighter craft, the lazy, creeping fisherman and smarter yacht dance with the swell, and turn their glistening keels to the windward sun. Far down, under the guns of Fort Washington, a canvas fleet sinks away, from the full hull to dim top-gallant-royal, fading beneath the smooth horizon.

On the left is Greenleaf Point, made memorable as the scene of the execution of the conspirators, among whom was a woman, its guarded slopes of grass unpressed by the vulgar civilian foot; its parked cannon and pyramidal shot rusting in ignoble peace, the shot-torn mouths of these dogs of war scarce dry from the blood of battle. Farther up, on the Annacostia shore, are the buildings of the navy-yard. The great ship-houses squat awkwardly over their emptiness, the shops are silent, and the swallow builds its nest in the tall chimneys. As we approach Alexandria, the decline of the city is observable in the crumbling warehouses, the rotting wharves, and comparative absence of those evidences of thrifty business life. The boat swings in between unsightly piles, and we are shoved off on a sleepy-looking pier containing a dozen idlers, and are let out at a gate where as many more are congregated. There is a single street-car in waiting, supported by a single rusty omnibus. On the sides of the car are the significant words, "King Street and the Cemeteries." The very horses have a mixed and sleepy look, as if they had been out the night before, and were awaked too early in the morning. The car-driver casts about for the chance passenger, and when the chance passenger goes on foot, it trundles off discontentedly, as empty of fare as a boarding-house stomach. The driver of the omnibus, the sunny and careless Irishman of the world over, waves his whip interrogatively:

"Busur?"

"No," emphatically.

"Take yez right out, sur."

"Out where?" we venture.

"Right out to the cimetry, yer honor."

"What! do you take us for a corpse?" we exclaim, melodramatically.

"Ah! may yez live a long time before yez are taken for the likes o' that, sur!"

"Thank you. But where does that car go?"

"The car is it? Sure and to the cimetry, sur!"

"To the grave-yards! And does every body here go direct to the cemetery?" we inquire, looking, not incredulously, at the dilapidated buildings, and for the evidences of population.

"It's most people go there, yer honor!" he replied, with a meaning twinkle.

"Yes, yes, Pat—sooner or later. But what else is there to see?"

"There's the Marshall House, sur; and Washington's Church; and—and the cimetry, sur!" he added, laughingly.

"Or the cemetery, Washington's Church, and—and the Marshall House!" we rejoined.

"Yisur—that's all, sur. Ride up, sur?"

No: we would n't ride up for fear of being conspicuous. Extending our droll Irishman the courtesy of an odd cigar, which was acknowledged with the hearty and well-balanced wish that the "gintleman may niver die—till his time comes," we strolled up King's Street. It is not exactly such a street as royalty might wish to see and parade; but it contrasts favorably with the Queen's, Princess Anne's, St. George, Royal, and various other aristocratic thoroughfares. With an occasional exception, the same old English houses of the colonial times are around us. They are black and dingy, the brick worn away in places with storm and time, the corners blunt and rounded, or knocked completely out in spots, the dormer-windows looking quaintly out from moss-covered roofs that seem to have stood a century untouched. Behind us, landing where we landed, lay the British fleet more than a hundred years ago. Vessels laden with troops and supplies for the French and Indian war. Along this street marched Braddock. These same houses looking upon us looked down on the hardy Highlanders and the fierce Hessian, as they went by to privation and ignominious death, long before the Revolution. Perhaps from yonder windows bright eyes gazed timidly out on the brilliant uniforms, and on that rotting casement tender hearts fluttered at the clang of arms and rattling drum. We can almost see them now, in the imagination, waving their white handkerchiefs, and blushing beneath the glance of the gallant officers. But where are they? Gone, with generations since, where we are going—to the cemetery!

There are stores and banks and shops along our route; but the proprietors are snoozing in the shade or dangling their feet from counters,

in conversation with their still more idle customers. Several carts are visible, and the drivers and the driven alike preserve their funeral demeanor. And here is the Marshall House, a two-story and attic frame,* celebrated only as the scene of the assassination of Ellsworth. We pause a moment to note the sloping roof, and the staff where floated the hated emblem of secession, and to think of the brave deed that blotted out two rash lives; then entered. It was a common bar-room. A mild eyed man, in careless undress and slippers, approached.

"You want to see—"

"Of course," we anticipated, "the stairway, the scene of the Ellsworth—"

"Certainly; this way, sir. A great many people have been here, sir; but they're dropping off. Do you know, sir," he ran on as we stopped at the foot of a common stair, "that I've showed nigh on to fifty people a day up and down these stairs? But they're dropping off now—only five to-day besides yourself, sir!"

We observed that, except a few clippings of relic-hunters, they appeared in remarkably good condition, considering the travel.

"Them cuts?" And the mild-eyed man chuckled and laughed down in his boots. We looked again, and still the fun was all his own.

"That's trade," he said, and chuckled again. "I made most of 'em!"

We looked intelligently interrogative, and waited.

"Why, you see, them ain't the stairs, and yet they are; that is, that's the third set. The soldiers carried away the first by bits; then I sold the next to Yankee visitors, after starting it myself. They've paid better than the house. You see, I'd look away, and then I'd catch 'em in the act of chipping, and they'd pay handsomely for damages."

"You mean to say two whole flights have vanished bodily in this way?"

"Every thing—nails and all. You ought to seen 'em when they were nearly gone!"

"But why did you cut these?" we asked, pointing to the defaced bannisters.

"Well, you see, it's more natural like, and reminds 'em to carry away some too."

"You merely wanted to cultivate the public taste."

"That's it. Now, last week a young man and two ladies was here. The young lady with the black eyes says to me, says she: 'Where was it that brave man stood when he was killed?' 'Right here,' says I, 'leaning over this way, and a holding on to the rebel flag as he

* Lately torn down.

came down!" Here the mild-eyed man went up a few steps, and gave a practical illustration. "And where was the other?" says she. "Just here," says I; "and here was Brownell, that killed Jackson, and here he pinned him to the floor with his bayonet," says I. "O, dear!" says she. Then she saw my cuts there, and says to me: "How I would like to take a piece of this away to Massachusetts!" "Nonsense!" says the young man. "They've spoiled my stairs already," says I, "a clippin' 'em off." "But really, sir, I *do* want a little piece, please Henry!" says she. Then the young man gave me a dollar, and asked me very pretty if I would n't cut her a small splinter, to please her with the black eyes. "O, *do*—just here," says she; and I took out a bit at the fresh spot up there, and they went away as happy as if it had been Ellsworth's cavalry boots! But, bless you, sir, I was n't here, and did n't know no more about it than you do now!"

Here the mild-eyed man was so convulsed with chuckles over the exquisite humor of the thing, that he was momentarily in danger of the apoplexy. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to receive our moderate fee, we declined his friendly invitation to "take something," and bade him good-day.

Along a street of dingy and dirty stables, broken curbing, and dead trees, we turn toward Grace Church, or more familiarly, "Washington's" Church. The streets about it are barbarous. The paving is torn up in irregular ruts, suggestive of mules and army-wagons. Odds and ends, a battered canteen, and fragments of cavalry saddles, impress us yet more vividly with the recollections of the camp. The church itself, a plain old brick of the Queen Anne style of architecture, is situated in the corner of a yard synonymous with cemetery, a high, iron picket and wall surrounding the whole. Its sides are covered with ivy, that creeps around the queer old gables and over the mossy roof. Within, every thing is new. The pews have all been removed, and the galleries modernized out of remembrance. On the left is a space railed off and plated as "Washington's pew," although the original may be seen in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. In this the visitor usually sits, and tries to imagine the "Father of his Country" taking his Sunday-service nap. On either side of the pulpit, imbedded in the wall, are marble tablets, respectively dedicated to George Washington and Robert E. Lee, with the dates of their joining the Church.

But it is in the old church-yard where the curious and thoughtful love to linger. There

are no grassy mounds of earth, no glaring newness of marble, no well-defined paths or freshly painted railings—nothing but chipped and broken, time-defaced stone. Some lie loosely about in fragments, some standing against the old wall, others slanting in the earth, as if they too, weary of their prolonged watch, longed to return to dust. There are some little children following their elders about, and imitating them in the attempts to decipher the inscriptions. They are hushed and whispering, as if the dead of a past century could hear.

"Whose is this, Jemmy?" says the little girl.

"Sh!" Whose, indeed! For the letters have long since become obliterated.

Here we may stretch our length on this smooth slab, the inscription faint and untraceable, and dream of the worlds that have returned to clay. Beyond us are two cities teeming with life that is going, flushing up to the cemetery gates, as if crowding for admission. That is life,—full of beauty and loveliness unadmired, of goodness unappreciated, of poverty and suffering unrelieved, of gaunt, hungry souls and villainous bodies. There moral grandeur and godlike intellect put foot on the neck of the people, and walk up and down arm in arm with crime. They may love or hate, or save or kill, each other; but they all fall down before these stones in respectful awe and physical fear. The veriest boy among them will beat and club his dog or horse, and shrink from its dead carcass with undefined respect. The gentlest matron will turn from weeping over a dead fly, and strike and starve her child with the most refined cruelty. Thousands live respectably, by daily stealing under the guise of trade, or deliberately robbing under the pretense of statesmanship. Men stab honor, and drag down virtuous reputation, and pursue it to the grave. That is life. They are not afraid of life, and care not for the living. Even the common assassin, who knocks the traveler down for paltry jewelry, thinks it a greater sin to rob the dead. The murderer follows close his victim, stabs deep, and fears not; but he will run from the dead as if it alone could kill. It is the rigid, senseless, upturned face that haunts his guilty sleep; were it the living, he would spring to his feet, and stab again. How airily the flippant world bears on its tongue the motto: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum!* There is a singular inconsistency in this nature. We know not why—we only know it is. The dead hurt nobody; nobody can harm the dead. There is a little grassy mound. We know the spirit, the life, the soul, is not imprisoned there. The memory of the loved departed is not there.

The deeds of kindness, of bravery, of wrong, of clarity or cruelty, can not be housed there. Not even the form or shape or substance of the dead are there. Nothing is under the sod but what is most unbearable, foul, and loathsome. Yet here is a frightful sign, at every turn, that says these mounds are sacred—that this is holy ground, forbidding laughter and little children. And there is such a sign in every heart. The stone above is crumbling; the husk below, for fifty years, has been indistinguishable from the soil around. But the innocent shrink trembling by at night, and the guilty go another way to their wickedness. The gates are strong, the law is stronger; but the nameless, groundless, universal fear in the living mind is strongest, and most imperative of all!

Verily, this is a curious world.

THE MISCHIEF BABY DID, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MARY V. PARKER

DID you see that little mischief, standing in front of a lively coal-fire in the grate, pause just for a moment to admire a shining pin he had in his hand, and then throw it upon the burning coals, and start off with hands behind him in disappointment because it did not blaze up and produce as much brighter glow as the black coals that Bridget had just heaped on, as the pin was shinier in the first place? And while he was rapt in amazement at the failure of his project, mamma was fumbling in the drawer, while with one hand she held her unpinched collar.

"Did baby take mamma's pin?"

He faced about, his black eyes telling some tale of mischief.

"What did Eddie do with mamma's pin?"

At length, by means of baby language, gestures, and suspicions, she found out the real state of the case. Of course baby's hands were whipped, and "naughty boy" had to sit in the corner half an hour to do penance. But when papa came home to tea, he smoothed matters over by riding baby to Banbury Cross on his foot, and telling mamma she had better go down to Hammond's and pick out another. "Now, 'hold your horse' a minute, boy, while I put my name to this check. There, take that to your mother, and see if you can pay her for the mischief you did this afternoon."

"Nothing but a name and date. Well, really!"

"I take it almost any woman knows how to fill in the center. I gave fifty dollars for the

old one. Suppose you will want to double it now—that's the way with these women!"

"O, you're too good to keep. I'm afraid you'll spoil on my hands," was the rejoinder, as she vanished through the hall.

Papa finished baby's ride; and with, "Won't you make the money fly before you are of age, if this is the way you begin?" turned him over to his nurse for his Saturday evening bath, and took up the evening paper.

It had been a sorry week at Hammond's. To be sure Mr. Brown had bought an elegant watch, but had asked sixty days' time; and one of the merchants' wives had been in to look at one for her daughter's birthday. And the banker across the street had been attracted at sight of those new canes, gold-headed; but went out, only saying, as he frisked through the door, "I believe I must have one of those." And the tailor had remarked, as he regulated his watch, "If I could collect a certain bill I have in mind, I would buy that tea-set for my wife," etc. There had been plenty of pins to mend, watches to repair, and clocks to clean, but so little money he was quite discouraged. And what wonder?

The seamstress's boy, whose father had had his leg crushed the Winter before, while coupling cars, knew this as well as the jeweler did, and had delayed his going for a half-hour, busying himself on little nothings about the store, so dreading to ask if his services would longer be needed. His mother had been anxious about it all the week, and his father had hobbled to the door on the crutches the boy's earnings had bought that very morning, saying: "Strive to please your employer. This is what I tell you always; but this is your last day, unless he rehires you. Be especially careful. Remember your temper, my lad; there is so much depending on your two dollars a week." And as he caught sight of his mother's careworn face, through the door his father held open as he went down the walk, had n't his worn shoes struck hard and strong, indicative of a firm resolve to do his very best? and had n't there been a wish, almost like a prayer, in his heart all day, that somebody would just give them a lift out of the blues by buying some of the many nice things? and had n't he had to whistle snatches of songs, in a quiet way, to keep the little courage he had afloat? But it was hopelessly sunk now, and he might as well face the worst, first as last. And with this thought uppermost in his mind, he had turned on his heel, and, hat in hand, approached where Mr. Hammond sat in the desk, and tried to speak in a careless voice, as he said:

"My time is up, I believe, to-night. Shall I be needed any longer?"

Mr. Hammond did n't have time to reply, as there was a lady at the counter, and he rose to wait upon her. But when he did answer the question, with that check for eighty-seven dollars lying right in front of him, the boy's heart took a sudden bound for very joy; and, though he did not once think of his supper, he almost flew home; but as he turned the corner, where he could see the light in the window, dropped into a walk, and, with both hands thrust into his pockets, struck up "*Yankee Doodle*," in its highest whistled key. Of course he explained all about how it happened to his mother; and his father was so overjoyed that he hobbled across the floor half a dozen times more than he usually did for exercise.

"But one thing does bother me, mother," he said, helping himself to another biscuit she had kept warm for him: "If it is wicked to wear jewelry, how does it happen that, by Mrs. Owen's doing wrong, it makes so many of us glad. Besides, only the other day you said you thought her one of the best Christians in our Church."

"I can not tell, my son, how she reconciles her conscience with the Word of God, where it declares we shall not wear gold or costly apparel; but I do think she is one of the best Christians I know."

"Where in the Bible does it say we shall not wear gold?"

"In 1 Peter iii, 3."

"Does it?"

"Let us read: 'Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' But it says we must not put on apparel, just as strongly as it says we must not put on gold. It surely can not mean that. Then in 1 Timothy ii, 9: 'In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.'"

"Now, I know a woman who does a great many good works; but they would make but a miserable costume in the cold climate where she lives. But then what right have we to be ridiculous over a passage of Scripture? But does not the forced construction given to these passages by our Church lead to ridiculousness? I ask it in all candor."

And now let us see if this is all the good that came of little "Tot's" mischief. In a jeweler's retail and jobbing house in New York, the cashier had just received the morning's mail from the West. Among the letters was one from Hammond, inclosing a check for two hundred dollars balance due on his account, dated the very evening he received the eighty-seven dollars for the pin. One of the proprietors was passing, and the cashier arose and announced the fact.

"Right glad of that; I had begun to think Hammond a little slow. I hate to be deceived in my own judgment. He came to us without recommends; but if one can't trust such a countenance as his, you can't trust any body. Miller did not like to let him have any thing, but I told him I'd risk that face. Right glad! I have not been fooled yet when trusting my own judgment—I'd give more for it than a bushel of recommends."

This put him in his happiest mood, and it was fortunate; for just behind him stood a timid, bashful woman in black with a covered box in her hand, who inquired of the cashier if the proprietor was in. As his self-satisfied face turned toward her, she took courage and opened the box, displaying a variety of hair-work suitable for pins, ear-rings, bracelets and watch-guards, all ready for the gold settings. The bargain was quick and satisfactory, as you could see by the pale cheeks lighting up with satisfaction; and the steps with which she went out of the store had not the least resemblance to those with which she had entered it. And what a language there is in a footstep!

Then turning again to the desk, the proprietor said: "I will indorse that check of Hammond's, and you may send it round to Fourteenth Street, with an order for five dozen of those cameo sets. Tell him to put his best hand at the job, as I want only a superior article; we have plenty of those common ones. And add that we will pay extra for new designs. I had expected to wait till next month before ordering any thing more of him; but this check comes just in time—he won't take an order without part pay in advance."

When the check-boy reached the stone-cutter's, he was told to call in the afternoon for his answer, as he had dismissed his best hand Saturday night for want of work, but would send round to his lodgings and see if he had engaged elsewhere. But he had not, though he had applied at nearly every stone-cutter's mentioned in the directory; and as he came in at noon, having exhausted the list, his look of discouragement was almost heart-rending. As he

rested himself in a worn chair, he observed his wife preparing to start a fire to get dinner.

"Yea must nae do that, lass. Coal will be too scarce ere the Winter is o'er. Weal take the bairns and go round to the soup-house on the next street; that will dea us very weal. I know it hurts your pride, Maggie, and I would nae do it; but what is a mon to do? Nae work, nae work."

"I made sure, Jamie, this very forenoon that you would find work to-day. I seemed to hear it in answer to my prayer."

"Weal, Maggie, we must nae distrust Providence; though I can nae bear to think of your gain' out to wash all these cold days, while I stay hame to mind the bairns. But it is poor trust to trust in weal, and not in woe. We'll nae do that, Maggie—nae, nae."

But as they turned the corner on their return from dinner, their eyes were made glad by sight of the stone-cutter's eldest "bairn" standing in front of their door. Before night the carnelian and agate importer was rejoicing over the sale of several dozen of his best specimens.

O, you darling, rosy-cheeked, dimple-chinned mischief! sitting this very minute at your mother's feet devising some new exploit of fun, if you live a long life and full of usefulness, I doubt if, when it is over, you will be able to count your fingers full of days in which you will have done as much good as in the one you tried your mother's feet devising some new exploit of fun! But mind you, you little black-eyed, curly-headed, diminutive specimen of the *genus homo*, listen to what I say: I do not give you one bit of credit for it. No, not a bit. But if every baby in the land who lives in as handsome a home as you were born in should go and do likewise, the poor would have cause to bless them, and less reason to complain of want of work.

THE MADONNA OF VAN DYKE.

FROM THE FRENCH: BY GERTRUDE MORTIMER.

IN one of the vast saloons of the Palace of St. James, whose lofty walls, hung with damask and tapestry, seemed to the view like a rich landscape, was dispersed a group of young women. Each of them held in her slender white fingers, one of those pieces of needlework which maidens render so pleasing to the eye, resembling bouquets shaded with a thousand colors. Chatting merrily, they waited the appearance of the queen, whose maids of honor they were. One alone, by her age and gravity of manner, cast a shadow on the gay tableaux; it was the noble Duchess of Alby, the first

of the maids of honor, and the dowager of the palace.

Among these brilliant, blooming flowers, the youngest was conspicuous for the simplicity of her toilet and the modesty of her deportment. Her robe of black velvet opened on a full skirt of white satin; her sleeves, reaching only to the elbow, revealed an arm and hand of perfect symmetry. A simple colarette covered her neck, whose grace and whiteness one could only imagine. A large cross, fastened by a chain, fell upon her breast, and her hair, parted on her forehead, was bound back and fastened by a scarf of white lace.

She was the daughter of one of the most illustrious houses of Scotland; her father, Lord Ruthven, Earl of Gorre, possessed large estates, and a genealogy yet longer than his purse. Helen—that was her name—had but lately arrived at the Court of England, to be placed in the suit of the queen, and to complete there the pious education which she had received from her father. Recluse and retired, her soul, instinctively drawn toward serious things, grew elevated and sublime. And for this tender and impressible heart, glorious art kindled its fires. In painting, in which she excelled, her enthusiastic fancy discovered infinite treasures. Here this young, gentle, melancholy girl found tears and joy.

The long galleries of her father's castle were hung with the works of the best masters; she made to herself living worlds of all these silent groups. Paul Veronese, Guido, Rubens,—these were her friends, and she blessed them for the glorious works which were life to her in the midst of solitude.

Her habits and manners accorded ill with those young ladies about her, accustomed to more of independence and liberty. Timid and gentle, she scarcely dared reply to the mirthful, and sometimes malicious, sallies of her gay companions.

Ten o'clock struck on the large pendulum of the saloon, and every eye turned to the door.

"He is very long in coming," exclaimed several voices; at the same time the servant announced the painter, Van Dyke.

At these words, there was a rustling of pearls and satins among the beautiful ladies. Like a flower shaken by the wind, each moved on her velvet tabouret, adjusted her flowing robe, and then, composing her countenance, sought a new grace.

The young pupil of Rubens, accustomed as he was to contemplate beauty, could not restrain a gesture of admiration and surprise on beholding himself in the midst of a circle so brilliant.

The Duchess of Alby, attributing to herself the embarrassment of the young man, sought to remove it; and this is the way in which she proceeded:

"They say you have some talent, my dear sir!"

"They do me too much honor, Madame la Duchesse. Those who say so, judge me according to my design; but I have as yet produced nothing which attests it."

Van Dyke showed as much assurance and pride in his reply as the noble lady impertinence in her demand.

Helen, proud like all Scotch women, had colored with vexation at the insolent tone of the duchess. She blushed with pleasure at the reply of the young painter, and raised her soft eyes to his face. The young man comprehended the glance, and thanked her in his heart.

"Ah, well! we shall see; for the queen will put you to the trial. Her majesty wishes to renew the ornaments of her chapel; you will have much to do. Blaiford House will be given to you for Winter labors—an old monastery, which you can see from here, where you will be free and undisturbed; the Château d'Eltheim in the Summer; and besides this, a State pension. This is very well, I hope, for an artist."

"Art is a loyalty which no one can buy, Madame la Duchesse; and if I possessed the talent to which I aspire, the favors of which you boast would not be great enough to pay my pencil."

"All that is very fine. You are proud and we are noble; however, these favors are on one condition. The queen will openly proclaim you her painter when you shall have gained the prize at the assembly, open for the artists of Rome. The prize-painting is the head of the Virgin."

"Yes, Madame; but if the protection of the queen is on this condition, I greatly fear that I shall not obtain it."

"How?"

"Because I shall not have the prize," replied Van Dyke, with an expression of sorrow which passed into the soul of Helen, and was reflected from her beautiful countenance.

"And why do you refuse this honor? Do you want courage?"

"No, Madame; but how can I portray the mother of the Savior? I have no model."

While saying these last words, he fixed his glance upon Helen. "I have sought everywhere, but in vain, that heavenly face. None possessed that celestial purity of soul which is reflected in the countenance; none that sweetness and wonderful goodness which ought to

reveal in every feature the indulgent sister of women."

All the maidens turned their eyes upon Van Dyke. He stood before them noble and beautiful, his lofty brow radiant with genius.

"But it seems to me, Sir Painter, that you need not lack models."

"Yes: women whom we can pay, and who are beautiful; but can one of them approach that heavenly grace and beauty which have penetrated my soul. Alas! this woman whom I have found, this woman who is so necessary to me, she is a noble demoiselle, who would disdain to sit to a poor artist."

Saying this, he turned upon Helen his brilliant, soul-speaking eyes. The maiden felt it, and was troubled; all her companions had observed that glance; and all, in their vexation, understood that Helen was the woman of whom the painter spoke. The old duchess, who had perceived nothing, replied:

"And this noble lady, who is she?"

"The Madonna herself, madame."

He saluted them all, looked one last adieu at Helen, and said to the duchess:

"If I obtain the prize, you will see me again, Madame; if not, I shall leave England."

Van Dyke took possession of Blaiford House, situated directly opposite the Palace of St. James. It was there that he was to execute his picture for the assembly, laboring meanwhile on the frescoes of the chapel.

He seized his pencil, and, all full of Helen's celestial face, strove to retrace the image. But emotion, so useful to art, when time has calmed it, prevented him from effecting any thing; he was too much moved to express the idea which filled his soul. The day passed in useless wishes, in vain efforts; and night surprised him, weary and disheartened, bending over his easel, and striving in vain to recall the fugitive likeness.

As soon as he had quitted the palace, all raillery was directed to poor Helen; her envious companions made her pay dear for the choice which Van Dyke had made of her. They separated; but Helen bore away a deep feeling in her heart. After her evening-prayer, the name of the artist was her last thought.

It was midnight. The heavens shone with a thousand stars. A mild light illumed the portico of the palace, and threw its rays on the old abbey, which, dark and solemn, seemed to prey alone with its ruins. Suddenly a window of the palace opened; a shadow passed on the balcony, and, gliding along the grand staircase, traversed alone the Place of St. James, and stopped at the gate of the monastery. How this woman got out, and how she penetrated into

those ruins, it would be difficult to tell; but she must have been well acquainted with all their windings, for she quickly traversed the long alleys, and, arriving at one of the galleries of the chapel, found herself in the *atelier* of the painter, passed lightly on without regarding any thing around, and seated herself in front of his easel. O, surprise! O, joy! this woman so beautiful and calm!—it is Helen. The artist, so unfortunate, so sad, who could not retrace that beautiful image, contemplated it living before his eyes; it is herself who comes to serve him as a model. But what power leads her thither? What thought imparts to her strength and courage?

The painter threw himself on his knees before her; but Helen, motioning him to rise, pointed to his easel. Her glance penetrated him with a flame so pure that he forgot the reality of his vision; his astonishment seemed to him a want of faith. Transported by his imagination into a sphere ideal and ethereal, he quitted earth, and seemed to live only in heaven. There, in the midst of the sublime concerts of angels, he saw Mary, surrounded by her divine oracle. He was no longer the weak and feeble man, who, but an hour since, threw away his brushes in despair. The artist had replaced the man. Silent, breathless, impelled by an unknown power, he seized his palette, finding form in color and life in his soul. In a few hours he created the purest and most beautiful of Madonnas.

When the young girl perceived that the painter, self-inspired, could finish his work alone; when she saw that, having sketched the features of her face, he forgot his model to exhaust on it that existence of which his soul was full, she arose, and, without pronouncing a word, resuming her calm and assured step, departed from the monastery by the same way in which she had entered.

Van Dyke, his eyes fixed, his breast heaving, his voice stifled, saw her depart without a single effort to detain her. She was no longer a mortal in his eyes. In seeing her disappear, he thought he beheld the Virgin rising to re-ascend to heaven.

Exhausted by fatigue and fever, he fell into an arm-chair and slept. On waking, his first thought was to run to his canvas. Transported with joy at the sight of his work, which he felt lived, he kneeled, and thanked, angel or woman, the image which had appeared to him. It was in vain he sought to tear away the veil which imagination still threw around it. He tried to collect his scattered thoughts—no effort of reason could lead him to the truth. He had so confounded the Madonna and Helen in his

mind, that, to end his perplexity, he determined to send the noble lady the following note:

“Tell me, if you are really an angel; tell me—if you do not wish to make the poor artist mad to whom you have given life—tell me who this night has appeared to me, the Madonna or a woman?”

The Duchess of Alby was empowered to open first every letter addressed to the noble damsels confided to her care. What was her astonishment when she read these lines! The daughter of a noble house so far forget her duty!—to go by night to a painter!

She sent for the culprit. But her anger redoubled when Helen, calm and gentle as usual, assured her that she did not comprehend her reproaches. The duchess, who expected a deep confusion, a sincere confession, and who might, perhaps, have pardoned her on this condition, would hear nothing. The alarm was given in the palace, and it was decided that Helen, ruined, disgraced, should the very next day be sent home to her father. Tears, entreaties, were of no avail: the ensuing night was the only delay granted for repentance. The duchess, to avoid new scandal, ordered the young girl to sleep in her apartment.

Midnight sounded; and Helen, as on the preceding night, arose. Warned by the motion, which troubled her unquiet sleep, the duchess, happy to convince those who still believed in Helen's innocence, called all the ladies of the palace. Tapers were lighted; the duchess attended by a numerous suit, followed in the footsteps of Helen. She traversed, as on the preceding night, the immense halls, the long winding passage, the vast Place of St. James, and arrived, as before, at the gate of the monastery. No one doubted longer the guilt of the poor child. They penetrated with her into the *atelier*, and saw her seated in front of the easel.

The noise which they made aroused her, and the strong glare of the lights, which fell upon her face, awakened her.

She was asleep! It was thus she had served as a model for the artist, who rendered to her in love what she had given him in glory.

He won the prize at the Assembly, and was loaded, at the Court of England, with honor and wealth. Shortly after this scene, was celebrated at St. James the marriage of the painter Van Dyke, and Helen, only daughter of the noble Lord Ruthven, Earl of Gorre.

SCANDAL, like the Nile, is fed by many streams, but is extremely difficult to trace it to its source.

ALL TOGETHER AGAIN.

BY MRS. ELLEN LARRABEE LATTIMORE.

"TO-NIGHT we shall all be together again!"
 Fair little Marion merrily said:
 She clapped her hands, and her eye grew bright
 At thought of the one coming home to-night.
 She little knew that the simple words
 That burst from her lips in childish glee
 Fell back on our hearts with a pulse of pain—
 On earth we can ne'er be together again.

The shadow of death has ne'er fallen on her;
 Her life is as bright as a midsummer's day;
 She never can know of the tears unshed,
 That tremble above her golden head;
 She misses no form from the household band,
 She misses no voice from the household song;
 She has only heard the whispered name
 Of the one who went before she came—

The beautiful one, whose dancing feet
 Grew strangely still on an April day.
 Though we call our children o'er and o'er,
 There is one who never may enter our door.
 Only in dreams do we hear his voice;
 Only in Marion's laughing face,
 With a feeling of sadness, and yet of joy,
 Do we catch the smile of our angel boy!

O, sweet little Marion! Long may it be
 Ere the shadow shall fall upon her!
 In tenderness stroking her light flowing hair,
 We lift up our hearts in an unspoken prayer,
 That God, the kind Father, will watch o'er our
 home,
 Will keep all our loved ones in purity's path;
 And then, with a joy that has nothing of pain,
 In heaven we shall all be together again.

"WATCH THEREFORE."

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

"WATCH therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the
 hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—Matt. xxv, 13.

WHEN from out the azure heaven
 Fades the light,
 And the twilight shadows deepen
 Into night,
 Watch and listen in the silence
 And the gloom;
 For it may be in the midnight
 I will come.

When the somber midnight shadows
 Flee away,
 And the darkness draweth near
 Unto day;
 Watch and listen in the silence
 Of your room;
 For it may be in the dawning
 I will come.

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When the Summer sun of noon
 Is blazing high
 In the center of a burning
 Sapphire sky;
 Watch and listen in the fields,
 Where'er you roam;
 For it may be at the noontide
 I will come.

When the twilight shadows darken
 O'er the earth,
 And ye draw in closer circles
 Round the hearth,
 Watch and listen at the portal
 Of your home;
 For it may be in the twilight
 I will come.

For ye know not of the moment,
 Or the hour,
 When the Son of man approacheth
 In his power.
 Be ye always therefore ready,
 As ye roam;
 For it may be any moment
 I will come!

TOO SOON.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

QUEENLY, radiant water-lily,
 On the placid ponds of Scilly,
 In thy regnant splendor grandly
 Sitting, where the breezes, blandly
 Flitting, bring thee courtly greeting,
 Saintly is thy life, but fleeting.
 Quaintly placed, thou soon shalt lie—
 Sigh not—thrown forth to die.

Peerless wraith—young crescent moon,
 Transmuting all this eve of June
 Into one fair silvery rune,
 That binds the continents in tune,—
 In these days of tribulation
 I invoke thy incantation,
 As Saul came to the Witch of Endor.
 And thou bringest a ghostly splendor
 From the vague and shadowy past,
 Till, like the king, I stand aghast
 At the specter that I see.
 A month thou livest; and as for me,
 Perhaps it were as well if I
 Could as beautifully die,—
 Dying after a life of June.
 Craven heart, why cry, "Too soon?"
 Hast thou not had enough of sorrow—
 Of fearful looking for the morrow?
 Hast thou not had enough of death
 In life? How one short passing breath
 Would crown thee with the immortal wreath!
 But still the words seem out of tune;
 Still cries the faltering heart, "Too soon!"

INGRABAN.

FROM THE GERMAN: BY H. EDWARD KREHBIHL.

CHAPTER VIII.
UNDER THE BELL.

WHEN the outlaw stepped out of the rocky cavern, the sun had sunk, and pale moonlight lay upon the foliage. Ingram hurriedly forced his way through the underbrush, and the maiden followed him with difficulty. At last they arrived at the border of the wood; the open country lay before them, and the night sky extended over their heads. Walburg noticed that her companion carried his head erect, and that there was a tone of command in his voice, as becomes a warrior.

"Along the wood toward the east runs the road to Ravencourt. There we will go; for at my homestead I will find my enemies and vengeance."

"Confide to me your intentions."

"I desire to blot out the disgrace of the withes, and long for the blood of Ratiz," he replied, gloomily. "My destiny shall be fulfilled in a different manner than you thought, Walburg. In your fidelity, you wished to prepare me a peaceful return to my home; but the invisible powers object. The words of the wounded man in the cave would appear to a stranger as distracted speech, or, at most, an uncertain suspicion; but I know that every word is the truth. I know the Sorb. I saw his camp in flames; and he has surely sworn vengeance against me as I did against him. I know," he cried, with a wild gesticulation, "that the Sorbs are even now carrying brands to ignite the roofs of my manor. When did the white-beard ride from the steward's court toward his home?"

"Yesterday, at noon."

Ingram nodded.

"Then the envoys are safe beyond the Saale, and the Sorb is at liberty to do as he desires."

Again he hurried rapidly onward, and said:

"I plainly perceive the Sorbs before me."

The maiden hurried to his side.

"Not here; they rest far from us upon the race-track. I see Ratiz lying upon the ground, and my Raven tethered near the miscreant. The hero Miros, too, and all his companions of the hall. They are encamped near the sacred forest, beside the hill whose summit supports the sacrificial stone of the Thunderer; for that is a good hiding-place for the provisions which they will need on their return, and they have placed them under the rocks. Their fires burn low, so that no reflection may betray them; and above them stretch the oaks. The Sorb has

brought but a part of his people with him, hardly more than a hundred of his fleetest steeds; for he would not venture to bring the whole troop over the mountains, and he knows that a speedy ride alone can avail him. He intends to approach our village by the sacred path in the early dawn; for he dares not venture to ride through the wilderness with his horsemen in the darkness of night. And he will lack the moon, too, after midnight. I see all this clearly, maiden, and yet can call no one, and none will believe my words."

"But I will speak for you, that we may save others," replied Walburg.

"Are you anxious for the safety of the priests?" asked Ingram, harshly.

"Could you honor me if I were not?" asked Walburg. "My brother sleeps under their roof."

They heard the barking of dogs.

"There lies the manor of Asulf," admonished Walburg, and pointed to the roofs which shone in the moonlight a few bow-shots from the road.

"Truly, all my endeavors are transformed into evil," cried Ingram. "Formerly my thoughts galloped with horses' hoofs, and firm was my will; but now I go lowly upon boar's-feet, for there is a division between love and hate. Many whom I hate, I am compelled to regard as friends; and those who injured me, I must warn of danger. If the new God transforms our hoofs into claws, the warriors will soon become women."

Nevertheless, he strode toward the manor, rapped at the door amid the furious barking of the dogs, and thrice uttered the Thuringian war-cry in the open court. The hoarse voice of the watchman asked from within:

"Who raps so furiously, and shrieks the cry of battle in the peace of night?"

Ingram called out in reply:

"The Sorbs ride in the mountains. Arouse your master, and let him hasten if he wishes to save the bishop."

"First tell me who is it that sings so harsh a night-song?"

The maiden answered:

"It is Walburg, who was in the dwelling of the bishop." And they hurried away before the watchman looked out at the nightly figures.

Thus they cried at all the homesteads which lay upon their way, and when they arrived at their own village, Ingram gave like warning to the sleeping sentinel in his hut at the gateway. It was after midnight when they passed the village; the last rays of the sinking moon fell upon the new buildings in the steward's court; the homestead of Ingram lay in the dark shadow

of the trees. Where the path diverged from the village road, Ingram stopped.

"There lies the manor of my ancestors, and there dwell your brothers and the priests. Mayhap they will again receive you, although you have lost the peace. Choose, Walburg."

"I have already chosen you," answered Walburg; "but remember the lads."

Ingram moved his head in a manner betokening his satisfaction, and turned toward the house of the steward.

"Where is the sleeping-place of the priests?"

Walburg led him before the new hall.

"Be careful," she whispered, "the horsemen of the count are in the court-yard." But Ingram paid no heed to her warning. He rapped at the shutter of the window:

"If the youth whom they call Gottfried is here, let him listen."

Some one stirred within.

"Is it your voice, Ingram, which calls me? I hear, my comrade."

"Wolfsfriend is my name," replied Ingram, "and I do not wish to be your comrade, but your enemy. But you offered your hands for the wiles in order to liberate another, and for this I bring you a warning from one who dwells among the rocks. The intelligence is echoed through the forest that Ratiz is riding over the mountain to capture the bishop, and exterminate you. See whether you may not save yourself and those who are dear to you; for destruction is near you."

The door was opened, and Winfried stepped upon the threshold. The spear in Ingram's hand quivered; but he turned away his face when the bishop said:

"Your warning proclaims that which awakens anxiety; but tells too little to save others. Did you, or another, see the approach of the Sorbs?"

"Only their design was betrayed."

"And when do you expect the attack?"

"Perhaps at dawn to-day; perhaps not till some days hence."

"This is the day of the Lord; in the early dawn the God of heaven gathers his faithful ones at his sanctuary; there he will graciously protect the supplicants. A place is also prepared there for the outlaw. If you seek peace, enter."

"I do not desire your peace," cried Ingram, over his shoulder. "The wolf and his mate will leap away from your fold."

He left the place with hasty strides, and immediately afterward Winfried saw two shadows glide across the road, and disappear in the direction of Ravencourt.

Ingram opened a narrow gate, unrecognizable from without, which led through the fence surrounding his court-yard, and assisted the maiden over the moat and wall into Ravencourt.

"Such an entrance of the bride into the court of her affianced is an inglorious one," he muttered, angrily. "My own hounds will fall upon me;" but in the next instant the dogs surrounded him with joyous barks. "Be quiet, wild ones, your welcome sounds too distinctly in the valley."

He rapped at the stable, in which were Wolfram's rooms.

"I understand the greeting of the dogs and the knock of the master's hand," cried a joyous voice, and Wolfram stepped out of the door.

The three stood under the linden, in hasty consultation.

"That was the reason why the rascally white-beard laughed when I gave him the cloth," cried the astonished Wolfram; "and for that reason he cast such friendly glances over our roofs. If what you say is true, the Sorbs threaten us to-day, or within a short time. They are not yet here, and we have time to think of defending the court."

"The roof of the banished man is exposed to all dangers," replied Ingram; "the spears of my countrymen will not protect it, even though they were able. But no matter what may become of the manor, I purpose to spoil the joy of the horse-thieves. Though they have the Raven, I will not leave them the rest of the noble blood of my stables. The breed of mares, which has been famous since the times of my ancestors, shall be saved, and also the Sorb booty which I preserve beside my hearth. I will saddle those which I shall need; do you drive the rest, with the battle-spoils, down the valley to the deer-forest, and there conceal them in the ravine where we have our hiding-place."

Wolfram pointed to Walburg.

"You speak well; but the maiden well knows how to handle horses, and I can easily point out to her the way to the hollow; for unwillingly would I leave you at this hour."

"Let me remain where I am near you, Ingram," pleaded Walburg.

"Then I must set out upon the night ride," concluded Wolfram, dissatisfied. "Yet I know one who does not hide his head in the valley. While on the road, I will knock at the manor of Albold, and invite him to the Sorb chase."

Right deftly flew the hands, and, after a short time, Wolfram started with the horses toward the valley. Before parting, he said to Walburg:

"For you I will tie our cream-colored at the

gate—you may have need of him. He rightly belongs to you; for he is descended from your father's breed."

Ingram approached the maiden, leading his horse by the bridle, and grasped her hand: "Come out of the court into the starlight. I stand here to keep my last watch before the manor of my ancestors, and I fear that none of the gods, and no man, cares for the outcast. When spears are cast here, I know not whether I will first be struck by the spear of one of my old fighting comrades or by that of a stranger. I am abandoned to the iron, and my home to the flames; friendless and companionless I stand on man's earth on the eve of my last fight; for here I intend to await the Sorbs. But when any one asks concerning me, in the future, do you say that I manfully waited for the last wound. For you alone do I grieve; for my sake you outlawed yourself, and are now despised as I am, and alone; and I am very much concerned that you shall not again fall into the hands of the Sorbs. Therefore regard my request: Remain with me so long as night enshrouds us, that I may retain hold of a human hand; and when the gray light of dawn falls upon the roads, ride down the valley to my old comrade Bruno. He is an honorable man, and if you carry to him my last greeting, he will care for you for my sake. After I am disappeared, the people will again honor you."

He pressed her hand, and the sorrowing maiden felt his trembling, nervous grasp.

"You expect to die, Ingram, like one without hope; but I wish you to live, and expect to realize all my joy in the days of your future. For this reason I came to you in the forest, and do now admonish you, although I am only a woman. I expect something more of you than to keep watch beside an empty house and await the spears of the foe. Although your countrymen treated you harshly, yet many live near here, and farther down in the valley, whose welfare is dear even to your heart. You are high-minded, and dare not wait in inactivity until they are surprised by the robbers. None are so well acquainted with the forest as yourself, and no one is on the lookout for the enemy. I therefore beseech you, hero, that you investigate before the others whether the presentiment has deceived you. If you give information of the approach of the enemies, defenseless ones may save themselves, and the warriors more easily repulse the foe."

"Do you send me from your side in this hour of peril?" asked Ingram, gloomily. "Do you wish to fly to the Christians? They are as defenseless as you!"

"You speak harshly, Ingram, and your words give me pain," cried Walburg. "I am not caring for myself. But for your sake I think of the holy doctrine; if others have done evil toward you, it becomes you to do good unto them."

"The words are yours," replied Ingram. "She who came to me in the wild forest shall not vainly ask that I return to it. Farewell, Walburg; I depart."

But Walburg detained him. "Not yet, loved one. Now that you wish to go, I tremble for fear that I am sending you into danger. You must not ride, if you intend to fight; for you must warn others, that they may save themselves. Here I will tarry and keep watch beside the empty manor until you return to me. Forget not. But if you intend to do battle with the Sorbs, then I will firmly hold you here that you may not be lost to me in the forest."

Walburg threw her arms passionately around him. Ingram bent, and kissed her brow.

"Be quiet, maiden. If I do not choose, the Sorbs will hardly beset me, and I will return and bring the message to you and your friends. Release me, dearest, for the morn is near."

He pressed her again to his breast, leaped upon his horse, and trotted toward the forest.

Walburg stood alone. She was accustomed to know that the men for whom she was concerned were in danger; but now she helplessly wrung her hands in her anxiety for all who were dear to her. Beside her, the manor, gloomy and dismal as a dwelling place of the dead; before her, a dark border of the forest, in which lurked the murderers, and she alone under the night sky waiting for the moment of flight. She grasped the mane of the horse for support, and gazed toward the steward's manor from which she had voluntarily excluded herself. Lights moved to and fro within; the inmates were awake, and hurried about as though preparing for the attack. The gate was opened, and horsemen rode rapidly down the valley; she knew them to be the men sent out into the country with messages by the bishop. Her thoughts continually reverted to the warrior whom she had sent toward the revengeful foe. Thus she stood, her hands clasped over the neck of the horse, and her glances wandered between the forest and the court, and up to the stars whose light was paling in the first gray of the approaching day.

Then, in the quiet of the morning, arose a clear sound, such as had never before been heard in the country. Slowly and solemnly sounded the strokes, as from the brazen shield of a god, warning, threatening, lamenting, far away through the air. The call echoed in the

valleys in which people dwell, and resounded over the shading roof of the wild forest. The fleeing women, who were driving the cattle downward, and the warriors who were preparing for the battle, stood still, and gazed fearfully toward the sky and at the tree-tops, as though the sound must awaken a response. But no answer came from the rolling thunder or howling storm. The cloudless vault of heaven blushed joyfully in the east, to greet the rising sun; the birds in the bushes stopped in the midst of their morning song, and fluttered upon the twigs and branches; the ravens which hovered around the high pines, soared upward, croaked their cry of warning to their comrades, and flew toward the dark woods.

"See how the ravens of the old gods fly away in terror!" cried the village people.

Above, in the mountain forest, along the racing-path, rode an army of savage warriors to carry brands and death into the valley of the Thuringians. These, too, stopped in surprise. Their chief rode back to the summit, his warriors crowded around him, and together they sought a clearing from whence they might view the country below, but they saw nothing; but the mysterious tones vibrated incessantly to their ears from the far distance, like an announcement that an invisible enemy threatened them with destruction. They could not distinguish from whence the ringing sound came. Did it come from the interior of the earth, or float down to them from the cloud? Was it the voice of the Christian God who was warning his faithful ones against the lurking foe? They whispered low to one another, and the most intrepid became heavy-hearted.

But down in the low country, so far as the calling cry floated on the morning air, the men grasped their weapons, threw about them their war-dress, and hurried on all paths in the direction from which the sound smote on their ears. Not alone the Christians—the heathens, too, came from the manors, where the outlaw and the spearmen of the count had cried out their dread message.

On the tower which the Christians had erected on the hall of the bishop, the bell swung, and with clear voice sang to the maiden standing at the heathen court, Come hither. With clasped hands Walburg listened to the new sound of her faith, and prayerfully wondered whether the spy, who now rode in the gloom of the forest, would reverently give heed to the monition. When she looked up, she saw in the morning dawn the approaching crowds of her countrymen; over the fog which lay upon the village green she saw the banners of the chief-

tain, the hurry and bustle of horsemen, and the trains of armed men, who approached the steward's court and stood around the great boarded wall, which surrounded the hallowed place of worship. From out the sanctuary she heard the matin-hymn of the priest and the women and children of the village, mingled with the clanging of the bell. Then it dawned upon her that now her brothers were standing and singing before the altar, and that she, too, was bound to the God of heaven by her vow, and must enter the congregation of the Christians. She cast another look back at the empty manor, took hold of the bridle of her horse, and walked whither she was invited. She fastened the animal to one of the many wooden hooks fixed without the wooden wall, and entered the sacred inclosure, and kneeled down in the rear beside the women. Before the altar stood Winfried in his episcopal robes, and said the high mass: victorious and powerful rose his voice amidst the sound of the bell, which still invited the faithful, and warned the foes.

Meanwhile Ingram toiled cautiously upward through the forest gloom. Only upon the sacred path which led to the sacrificial rocks on the heights could a foreign troop of horsemen venture to descend into the valleys when morning came. The solitary man often stopped and listened attentively, and looked impatiently upon the narrow strip of night-sky which was visible above him. When the first glimmer of day shot over the tree tops, and a gray twilight sunk upon the rough path, he, too, heard the distant sound of the bell, and stopped in astonishment. He had once before heard the greeting of the Christian God among the Franks, and now he felt a wild joy that the strange ruler had awakened his countrymen at the right moment. Round about him he heard only the night-sounds of the forest, but he nevertheless knew that the Sorbs were near at hand; for his hot hatred conjured up before him the figure of the Sorb chief, his treacherous look and mocking laugh. Near the path where the steep descent into the valley became more passable, he heard the rattling of weapons and the beating of hoofs, and recognized the vanguard of the Sorbs—among the foremost Ratiz, seated upon a black steed. When Ingram saw his mortal enemy approaching upon the Raven, the blood rushed to his head, and, forgetting all caution, he gave way to his wild rage, called his horse by name, and pulled the horse he rode around for flight. The war-cry of the Sorbs sounded shrilly through the forest when they found that they were discovered, and saw their enemy before them, and a mad chase began among the trees.

But Ingram, who was better acquainted with the paths, outstripped his pursuers: only the noble horse of Ratiz, admonished by the call of its old master, and the nearness of its companion, bore the chieftain with great bounds after Ingram, far in advance of the Sorb warriors. Thus the chase continued out of the forest, and along the wagon-tracks in the thinned-out wood, till they reached the border of the forest near the village. Here Ingram raised himself in his saddle and shouted the war-cry over the clearing.

The cry interrupted the ceremonies of the priest, the guards echoed the shout, the men hurried out of the inclosure and sought their horses, the women and children crowded around the altar, before which the bishop stood, holding on high the crucifix. When Ingram saw the way clear before him, and heard the Sorb's shout for revenge, he urged his horse forward to a turning place, and hurled his spear at his approaching enemy. But the shield of the Sorb received the weapon, and, while Ingram turned his horse around, the spear of Ratiz flew and lodged in the animal's flanks. He reared, sank, and cast his rider helpless beside the wooden wall of the inclosure.

From within arose the shrill cry of terror of a woman. Gottfried well knew the voice: the same cry had once before pierced his heart like a knife. The youth cast a beaming glance on Walburg, threw himself over the parapet, and hurried toward the outlaw. Ratiz, who had kept off the approach of armed men with his war-club, rushed forward and swung the deadly weapon over the prostrate man. Then Gottfried arose before him with outstretched arms; the club whizzed and struck the head of the monk; speechless he sank to the ground beside Ingram. In this moment of peril Meginhard grasped the rope of the bell, and, above the head of the Sorb, again sounded the war-cry of the Christian God in loud, resounding strokes. The savage stared around him and urged his horse back.

From all sides arose the cry of battle; from the woods rushed forth the Sorb warriors; around the circle assembled the Thuringians, and rode against them; in a confused, tumult friend and foe chased about upon the sloping plain. When Ingram arose, he saw before him the bleeding head of Gottfried, and beyond, a column of smoke ascending from his manor. For a moment he bent over the prostrate form; then he grasped the club of the Sorb, leaped upon a horse that was picketed hard by, and again hurried into the midst of the tumult. Among the battle-garbs of the Sorb warriors and the gray,

iron coats of the Thuringians, he dashed like a madman, seeking the pinion of the white eagle which adorned the cap of the chieftain. He observed, though indistinctly, that Miros was striving to assemble his warriors around the banner of the Sorbs; that Wolfram, with the warriors of Chief Albold, was moving against Miros; and that the Sorbs were gradually being forced back to the forest. At last he caught sight of the chief, who, pressed by pursuers, was seeking to avoid them, and hurrying toward the wood. Ingram rode toward his foe at full speed, driving his countrymen with words and motions between the chief and the body of the Sorbs. Ratiz saw the gleaming eye and flowing hair of his furious opponent before him, saw the club swinging in his hand, heard above him the voice of the Christian God; he muttered a curse, and plunged into the forest. Ingram followed. Soon he chased alone after the chief over roots, rivelets, and great blocks of stone, along the narrow strip of ground which led to the mountain-road. More than once the Sorb essayed to turn in order to attack his opponent with his curved sword, but nowhere did the path offer a firm foothold; and the air still bore the weird, unnatural battle-song to his ears. In the midst of the angry chase, joy shot like a gleam of light through Ingram's soul that the Raven galloped so nobly, and he remarked with astonishment that he, too, was seated upon a horse from his own stable which kept pace with the Raven, though it could not gain on him. He uttered a sharp, hissing cry, and the Raven stopped and reared. Furiously did the Sorb lash the horse and urge him onward, and the noble animal obeyed with a groan, but the pursuer came flying nearer. A second time did Ingram call, and again the horse of the Sorb reared, but again did he succeed in urging the bleeding, foaming steed onward. But when the Raven threw himself back on his haunches a third time to throw his rider, the Sorb glided from his back, and quick as lightning his steel pierced the body of the animal. A loud cry came from the lips of Ingram, a mocking laugh sounded in reply, and the Sorb sprang toward the steep ascent. In an instant the club flew, and Ratiz sank to the earth.

Ingram threw himself from his horse, and felled a second blow upon the prostrate man, who needed not the repetition. The victor loosened the sword from the side of the dead, and tore the eagle plume from the crushed helmet. Then he threw himself upon the ground and clasped the neck of the dying Raven, whose faithful eyes were fixed on his master's face.

When Ingram arose, he cast one more savage

glance upon his foe who, although slain, yet lay like a lord of man's earth, his fists clinched, and his limbs drawn up and knotted as if for a spring; and he looked again at the dead animal that had once so nobly moved its limbs, and now was nothing but a shapeless mass of earth. Then he caught his horse and slowly rode homeward. The fierce fury which until now had wildly driven him about was suddenly vanished, and he thought of his journey to the Sorbs as quietly as though it were some old tradition. Then he became conscious of the tones of a soft voice, and the words seemed to float to him: "I am a warrior; but you do not perceive it." Before him appeared the features of the youth with the same sad expression which they wore when he parted from him with the words: "You poor man!"

Unceasingly did these words ring in the soul of the rider, and the scalding tears ran from his eyes; continually did the bell of the Christian God ring out warnings and lamentations from afar. Now that he was returning from his mission of vengeance, all the mysteries of the new faith were revealed in the gentle strokes of the bell. As a warrior of the Christian God, the youth had sacrificed his life for him who was not his friend; and even so had the great Chieftain of Christianity given himself unto death in order to prepare a blessed life for the outlawed people of earth in the heavenly castle. And in the song of the bell Ingram heard the voice of the dead calling to him, "Come to me." Then he urged on his horse; for he perceived that God now invited him, since he had purchased him by the death of his Warrior. . . . Hard by rung the battle-cry of the pursuing Thuringians; but Ingram looked up to the morning light which gilded the tops of the forest-trees, and rode toward the spot from whence the bidding came, clear and still clearer, into his soul.

Upon the steps of the altar sat Winfried, the covered head of the dead monk in his lap, his lips only moved slightly. Around him knelt the sobbing Christian women, and in the rear, with bowed heads, stood the warriors who had remained to guard the sanctuary.

Suddenly, a horseman trotted up to the inclosure; one of the women arose from the circle of kneeling ones, and approached the entrance. In the next moment a man entered the space, swordless, the excitement of battle upon his face. All turned their glances from him, and moved shyly out of his path; he heeded it not, but strode to the altar and seated himself at the feet of the dead upon the altar-steps, not far from the bishop, so that the body of the youth

lay between the two. The bishop moved as the man who hated him, and for whom the youth had given his life, took a seat near him. But Ingram laid the helmet decorations upon the garments of the dead, and said softly:

"He is avenged; the Sorb Ratiz lies slain!" and he gazed searchingly in the face of the bishop.

The blood of his race surged through the veins of Winfried when he observed that the murderer of the son of his sister was slain. He raised his head, and a gloomy light blazed in his eyes; but in the next instant, the holy teachings mastered the wrathful emotions, he brushed the eagle's pinions from the garment of the monk, lifted the veil that covered the head, and pointing to the crushed forehead, said inaudibly:

"The Lord says: 'Love your enemies; do good to those who injure you.'"

But Ingram cried loudly:

"Now I perceive that you truly obey the commands of a great God, though it should be a bitter burden. I, too, believe in the God of this youth who, of his own accord, died for me although I was his enemy. For such love is the greatest heroism on earth."

He raised the veil from the dead countenance and kissed the lips. Then he seated himself silently beside the corpse, and covered his face with his hands.

"The words of an outlaw must not be heard where his countrymen tarry," began Asulf, who stood behind Ingram. "If one is here, let him hide his head until his people again give him back his peace."

"Yonder burns the home of my ancestors, Asulf. If the Thuringians wish, they can throw the wolf into the flames!" replied Ingram, and again bowed over the dead body.

"The altar of the Lord is the asylum of the outlaw," said Winfried, looking up; "hold the crucifix over him, Meginhard, and escort him to your hut."

"Let me remain here," implored Ingram, "so long as his body remains among us; for I have found my traveling companion, though I found him late."

NEWSPAPER READERS.—Shenstone, the poet, once divided the readers of newspapers into the following general classes: The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts; the tradesman to the price of bread; the stock-jobber to the lie of the day; the old maid to marriages; the prodigal son to deaths; the monopolist to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding-school misses to every thing relating to runaway matches.

MUSIC BEFORE THE DAWN OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

THES, at the dawn of light itself, when the morning stars sang together, when the music of His voice who walked in the Garden at the close of day came with the carol of Eden birds to the ears of the sinless ones, the world was one grand *opus* of music, which our first parents heard and understood as we shall never understand it until this mortal shall assume its immortality. But dim recollections of that harmony were borne into the wilderness, and remembered through lullabies, stilling the wailing of sorrow and pain (the first notes of the mournful minor), until songs of victory were required for the chosen people of God.

For those who have pursued only the technical study of musical art, the history of music seems of little interest. Appreciation for the science of music is utterly wanting; but at the present time teachers in this country have more generally awakened to the truth of those words, attributed to Chopin, but felt by every true musician: "It is quite useless to cultivate the fingers, while the mind lies barren!"

Essays, criticisms, musical lectures, even musical novels, are written; and yet they reach but few who profit by them. Music is too often considered an isolated art. Ritter tells us: "It is not an isolated art. It forms a most necessary link in the great family of arts; its origin is to be looked for at the same source; its ideal functions are also the same."

All arts are evolved from fable. For the origin of music we turn back to Egypt, and from the story of Trismegistus, the thrice illustrious Egyptian Mercury, attempt to account for the first musical instrument:

"The Nile," says Apollodorus, "after having overflowed the whole country of Egypt, when it returned within its natural bounds, left on the shore a great number of dead animals of various kinds, and among the rest a tortoise, the flesh of which being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing was left within the shell but nerves and cartilages, which, braced and contracted by desiccation, were rendered sonorous. Mercury, walking along the banks of the river, chanced to strike his foot against the shell of this tortoise, was pleased with the sound it produced, and, upon reflection, conceived the idea of a lyre, which instrument he afterward constructed in the form of a tortoise, stringing it with the dried sinews of dead animals."

Where geometry was invented, and architecture exhibited in its most grand and mag-

nificent aspect, it is natural to suppose that music first arrived at some degree of refinement; but from whose ingenuity it originally sprung, still remains a problem. All invention of instruments was preceded by the natural voice. The opinion that man received his first musical tuition from birds, derives no little corroboration from the fact that most of the winged tribes are distinguished by their own specific and exclusive specimens of song. The notes of the blackbird are composed of elements of modern scales, even notes of scales themselves,—sol, si, re, si, sol in alt; and the cuckoo,—re, si.



How long melody remained vague, evanescent, and unsettled, can not be determined. With the exception of the Hebrews, none of the ancient nations, until the times of the Greeks and Romans, had musical characters; and these were mere signs, letters of their alphabet, which served them for arithmetical numbers and chronological dates. The art of notation, nevertheless, was understood by the Greeks, while yet the holes of the flute, and strings of the lyre were few, and, consequently, before they thought of the simplicity of expressing the octave of any sound by the same sign.

It is a study of deepest interest to note the formation of the first intervals, the conjunct tetrachords added to the diatesseron, or fourth; the addition extending to a heptachord, or scale of seven sounds. Then Terpander's lyre of seven strings added two more tetrachords; until, at last, Pythagoras gave order to the octave by making the conjunct or mese (mediant) tetrachord, disjunct.

As time went on, these seven keys, or scales within the octave, took different names, thus forming different methods. Apuleius tells us that these tones were, first: *D*. The Dorian—grave and *minore*; *E*. Phrygian—furious—used in ceremonies; *F*. Lydian—soft—expressing sorrow; *G*. Myxolydian; *A*. Æolian; *B*. Hypophrygian; *C*. Ionian; *D*. Dorian.

We have seen that the fable supposes the first musical instruments to have been lyres, formed from tortoise-shells. It is worthy of remark, therefore, that the ancient statues of Apollo, Orpheus, and others, on bas-reliefs, antique marbles, and gems, do not at all favor the supposition.

The shell lyre, formed by Mercury, had quite a history. It was given by him to Orpheus,

who was killed by Thracian women. The lyre was thrown into the sea; but was cast up at Antissa, a city of Lesbos, and given to Terpander, who gave it to Linus, once a pupil of Orpheus, who, in turn, gave it to Hercules, from whom the mystery of its use passed to Amphion, the Theban; and he, from the music of its seven strings, built the seven gates of Thebes.

Behind the ruins of Egyptian Thebes stands a lonely mound; it contains the sepulcher of the first kings of Thebes. On one side of the grotto, leading to the tomb, is the sculptured Scarabæus Thebaicus, emblem of immortality; on the opposite side is the figure of a man playing on the harp. His left-hand seems employed in the upper part of the instrument, as if in an arpeggio, while stooping forward he seems with his right-hand to begin at the lowest string, promising to ascend by the most rapid execution. This shows that music was understood and evidently diligently followed.

The assertion of Diodorus Siculus, that the Egyptians prohibited the cultivation of music, is contradicted by Plato, who studied and taught in that country thirty years. Herodotus also tells us that, in the worship of Diana, tabors and pipes were played, while the people sang and clapped their hands.

We have referred to the thrice illustrious Egyptian Mercury. But some historians assert that there were three gods of that name,—the first, the inventor of the lyre; the second, the inventor of the trichord-lute; and the third, the messenger who carried the instruments of Egyptian invention to the Greeks. Now, the Greeks never astonished their æsthetic nerves with drums; these, Osiris kept for his own country. So trumpets and kettle-drums, tambourines, sistrums, and lyres are found on kingly tombs, and mummy-cases are covered with these sculptured instruments of noise. The flute, or monaulos, was considered the invention of Apollo; but Athenæus attributes its origin to Osiris. In the mysteries of Isis it is called the *crooked flute*, and shaped like a bull's horn. It is more frequently represented as the reed, pipe, or *syrinx*, used by shepherds, whom the merry god Pan is supposed to love. We know that the title of "Auletes," or flute-player, was given to the last of the Ptolemies, the father of Cleopatra; and Athenæus tells us, "There never was a people better skilled in music than those of Alexandria."

Thus we see that music is a special element in the study of human progress and development. Again we quote from Ritter: "No art is more closely connected with the inner life of

man than music, whose magic power steps in at precisely the point where the positive expression of language fails. The very essence of man's existence, it participates in its struggles, triumphs, reverses, and necessarily in its forms and expressions resembled those different phases." May not the world of symbolism opened, suggested through music, in some measure account for the mystery and mythological embodiments surrounding the tone-art?

Egyptian music was soulless in sound. The shrill Ethiopic kwetz, or flute; the meleket, or trumpet; the Abyssinian nagaret, or drum; and even the priestly sistrum,—could not suggest comfort, tenderness, or love. The nerve-exciting, sensuous softness of the Greek lyre, the Theban harp, and the Lacedæmonian flute, tempered and mystified the wild, uncultured nations who first listened to such mystic strains, and thus all purer and better desires awoke; and even in Palestine echoed tones that attuned the hearts of lowly shepherds upon Judean plains to receive the angel song, the "*In Excelsis Gloria*," the mysterious first music of the Christian world.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BY ABBIE MILLS.

THE compressed years of human life are all included in this "little while." Years seemed long, when we looked admiringly at the pictures in our books, but were obliged to spell out all the hard words. Wiser ones than we had said, "Life is short;" but it seemed to us that the wheels of time moved slowly as we thought of the future, where pleasurable things seemed thickly strewn. But as the spent years, one by one, have been shrouded in the past, we have come to realize that in a very little while time would recede from our grasp, and eternity would be before us.

Yet weary ones count the hours as they go by, and think the months are long; those who have faith in "to-morrow" think "to-day" drags heavily; nights of pain make the afflicted sigh over the weary hours, while expectant joy would lend swifter wings to each passing moment. "A little while" is a familiar expression with the tardy—a door of hope through which they send forth a troop of excuses for their selfishness and indolence. Forgetting to care for the interests of others, they would have us wait "a little while," until selfish plans are executed. The child amusing itself with toys wants "mother" to "wait a minute," before it is ready to fulfill the wishes of another. The bubbling activity of the boy can scarcely tame itself

enough to wait for the little sister that can not keep pace with him; yet, not seldom, he wishes others to wait a little while for him. The husband does not like to wait, with the horses at the door, for the wife to finish her toilet; but if he happens to be chatting with a neighbor, the dinner-bell does not always hasten his steps toward the dining-room, although the one who presides over its arrangements has toiled until her feet are weary, her face aglow, and her fingers blistered, to have every dish come on just right—neither burned nor cold, but just the right temperature for an epicurean's palate. What an irksome little while is that in which she waits, until lukewarmness comes alike to her desires to please and to the prepared viands! And then she knows it is only a little while that she will have to sew, after the dishes are washed, before the children will be home from school, and the supper must be got.

The loiterer, besides being a spendthrift, is also a thief, robbing others of precious moments. The gossip, dropping in for a few words with her neighbor, squanders many a golden "little while." And just such bits of time as these, well spent, would give many a one a wealth of mental treasure, who fancies she has no time for intellectual improvement.

But not all moments spent in waiting are lost. Those who patiently wait, having no power to act, shall not lose their reward. Many waiting ones lie near every Bethesda. Some have found a resting-place hard by the "beautiful" gate where the child of prayer enters; but multitudes have scarce escaped the jostling throng in the hard highways of the world. Those who can just as cheerfully hear the Master say "wait" as "go," are thrice happy now, and a "little while" of endurance will bring them face to face with the loving Father, who chose in this way to fit them for a place near the throne, in glory. But there are those who wait, and wait on in darkness. If their cry for help comes to the strong and active, it finds them preoccupied with selfish interests, and they shut their ears, with the promise that, after a little, leisure will come, and then they will act the part of the good Samaritan. But, alas! if even after a little while they search for the waiting one, they find that infidelity has instilled its poison; or crucifixes and images have rendered the hapless one blind to Him whose death is the only way to life; or death has sought its prey, and the "little while" of probation has been exchanged for a dark eternity. Thus, multitudes who wait to know the Gospel's joyful sound, pass beyond our reach, while the time, in which the opportunity was given us of helping them, has been

idly spent; or, worse still, in doing that which brings no joyous reward when the perishable things of time have passed away. In all our toil we have only prepared ourselves for shame when Jesus shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, ye did it not to me."

When women came early to the spot where they had laid away their hopes with the crucified Jesus, they found that death's triumph had indeed been short. A living Savior bade them go quickly to the disappointed, sorrowing disciples; and those first messengers of the resurrection ran on their joyful errand. There was reason enough; they bore glad tidings, and as wonderful as joyous, and they went in obedience to the command of the Lord himself. Had not the pace at which salvation's news was first proclaimed been slackened, long ago the earth would have been full of the glory of the Lord. But, alas! many who have envied Mary that first sight of the risen Christ, have gone with tardy steps amid the multitude sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, although the name of Jesus has thrilled their souls with gladness even greater than Mary knew; and so the little while that embraces earth's opportunities, has well-nigh gone, and they have but few and light sheaves for heavenly garnerers.

Many more of those whom Jesus loves are toiling in lonely places, where it seems sometimes as though the Master himself had forgotten them; but if they listen instead of murmur, they may hear his voice, saying, "In a little while ye shall see me." Closet doors may shut the prayers of these from the ears of the world; but, ascending heavenward, they may hasten the victorious march of our Immanuel more than the deeds of many whose fame is world-wide.

Some may have more minted wealth than moments at their command. Their feet may never tread lands warmed by tropical suns and filled with pleasing prospects, but defiled by millions of sin-enslaved immortals. Yet to them it may be given to make each moment, as it passes in the hour-glass of time, glow with more than diamond brilliancy, while they scatter over the wastes of human need that which has been given them.

From the beginning to the end of human life is indeed but a little while; but it is not too brief to become heavily freighted with treasure that shall go before us to mansions that never decay. Now faith brings those joy-crowned, unending years, and, placing them side by side with the light afflictions, causes songs in the night, because we know the morning cometh in "a little while."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Our Foreign Department

HAVING originated the Kindergarten, the Germans are now preparing to go still a step beyond it, and institute the school-garden as a species of popular elementary training-school. And in this respect there is to be a more literal rendering of the idea than in the Kindergarten, which is, in reality, no garden at all, but rather a school in which the little ones are to be coaxed along and cherished like the plants of the garden. But this school-garden is to be a genuine and practical culture of the soil, and raising of plants and vegetables, in which all horticultural processes are to be taught; how the soil is to be made fertile, then plowed or dug, planted and harvested. And the thought is not one of yesterday; for the teachers of that land of pedagogues have talked and written about the matter for some time; but it is only recently that the subject has been very seriously treated, and an endeavor made to reduce it to actual practice.

This may lead to a great reform in rural schools, where the practical utility of the plan will be more apparent, and where, of course, the means of introducing other modern ideas would not be so easily gained. For with all the credit claimed for German elementary schools, they deserve really very little in the country and villages, and there is ample room for improvement in these. The apostle in this new work of reform is a school-director of Vienna, who has published a very comprehensive little work entitled the "People's School-garden," and which is clearly attracting the attention of all thinking people engaged in instruction in the rural districts. Director Schwab lays down the thought and plan of the future rural school in a very thorough treatment of all the minutiae, and gives practical directions for the easy removal of all difficulties and impediments. Alluding to the special advantages of city schools, with their numerous graded classes and well-organized corps of efficient teachers, he feels that the children of the sparse districts can find no equivalent for them except the introduction of some plan based on instruction in the mysteries of nature; here he finds the shortest and most sensible and practical road to the rational development of country children, and partly because it introduces them into a field of study where they will be most likely to make acquisitions of lasting usefulness in their future careers. It is not easy to follow the German teacher

in all his plans and theories, for we need hardly mention the fact that he sets up an ideal: he would cultivate all the trees and plants of the region, with a view to observe and study all their peculiarities and needs for successful growth, and, above all, would pay great attention to the vegetable garden; he would cultivate flowers and raise bees, and even have a fountain in his school-yard, and an appropriate space for games and gymnastic sports. In short, he would make the rural school a place where refinement might be taught by the surroundings—an aim to be devoutly wished for every-where in the education of the young; but nowhere more so than in the schools of the country. These are proverbially coarse and uninviting in nearly all lands, and even in the famous land of schoolmasters there are but few exceptions to the rule. He will certainly be a benefactor to his race who can produce a reform in this regard, and especially if he can, in harmony with this natural system, introduce a moral influence by producing beautiful natural objects. And not only would Dr. Schwab do this, but he would also, by these means, cultivate a religious feeling that would induce the children to aim for higher things than the mere material pleasures of the age. Many, of course, will shake their heads at these pretty theories; but those who know the need of reform in all these regards in the schools of rural districts, will bid God-speed to any who make an honest effort at amelioration, though they may fall far short of their ideal aim. It is only those who aim high who are successful in bringing up to a better standard those whose lives have been passed in groveling in the dust.

AT all the great railroad-depots in Berlin, one sees a large sign in the most conspicuous place, containing the following words: "Homeless women and girls will find shelter and care for the night in the Asylum in Fusilier Street, No. 3; and homeless men, in Bushing Street, No. 4." And this is not the only invitation to the homeless and friendless; for a guide is stationed in the depot to look after the unfortunate, and, in friendly words, to encourage and comfort them, and take them and their scanty pack to a place of refuge. To those who know not what it is to be without friends these words are almost without significance; but to the poor and friendless they are at times a Gospel messenger of love and comfort.

What a fearful thought it is to be homeless ; to have in the world no place which one can call home ; not to know where, in the storm and darkness, to lay a weary, grief-burdened head ! One can scarcely imagine that there are such unfortunates in the world. But go with us to these houses of refuge, and the contrary will soon be apparent. The internal arrangement of these homes is about the same ; they serve as a refuge for the night, opening their doors to the shelterless at night in order to dismiss them again in the morning. On entering, each guest gives the name, and the number of times that protection has been demanded, in order that no imposition may be practiced in this regard ; the older ones are accommodated below stairs and the younger above, and in case it may seem the desire of the parties not to make themselves known for reasons of mortification, they are tenderly cared for and their scruples regarded. In one room are means for washing, in another for bathing, and even one where wet garments may be speedily dried. The baths are very acceptable to the poor people, and are much used ; the men took no less than seven hundred in one month, and the women one hundred and fifty. In the sleeping apartments there are accommodations for about two hundred and fifty men and one hundred and twenty women ; these are light and lofty rooms, well ventilated and warmed, with wire mattresses and abundant covering, not even omitting comfortable slippers for the feet. Each guest of the house receives a generous supper if desired, and the evening may be spent in reading books from the library, or the newspapers of the day. Many take advantage of the opportunity to mend and patch their clothes, for which purpose they can obtain needles, thread, and cloth. An evening with the "homeless" is thus made at times to seem quite home-like, and the impression is one of the purest philanthropy. They retire at ten o'clock, and before leaving, the next morning, receive a bowl of coffee with bread ; so that they go away strengthened and comforted, to seek friends or employment. In this way, without doubt, many a man and woman are saved from ruin.

A FRENCH author of some repute, by the name of Bossier, has just published a very interesting work on the women of Rome in ancient times, in which he gives a far more favorable account of Roman matrons during the flourishing period of the Great Empire than we have been accustomed to entertain. The demands of the old Romans on their matrons were stern and earnest ; it was their duty to look after the household, and share the rule with their husbands. To bear these tasks required a more decided character than these women generally receive the credit of having possessed. Plautus affirms all these qualities of women of noble birth, and attributes passion and grace only to slaves. In consequence of these views, the education of girls was directed so as to develop these desired qualities. The daughters of wealthy homes had the same learned slaves to teach them as their brothers, received the same instruction, read the same books,

studied the same Roman and Greek poets, and acquired, while young, a love for Terence and the sterner dramatists, which followed them all their lives. The plebeian girls were sent to the same public-schools in the Forum which were attended by the boys ; so that our much discussed system of mixed schools is no new one, and the French author quotes the fact with this allusion. The Romans were very strict for boys as for girls in the matter of education in art, which does not seem quite consistent with their sternness of manners in other things ; but dancing and singing for the girls were not at all popular. Scipio the younger condemned both, and while in power, had the schools for these branches closed. Such an education was of course calculated to make the men of the age stern, energetic, and temperate, and the common and mixed education of both sexes brought with it like knowledge and characteristics to both.

Therefore, while to-day weakness and indecision are regarded as womanly qualities, the Romans prized in the fair sex strength and determination of character. If man educates woman for himself alone, it is quite natural that he give her, above all things, gentleness and grace, as those qualities which make her most agreeable to him in one with whom he is to live for life. But if the question is to educate woman for her own needs and interests, and to prepare her to struggle for her existence, then it is necessary to impart to her that knowledge which will enable her to be most successful in this field. Our social relations seem to be rapidly assuming that form which will demand of us a return to the ideal set up by the Romans for their noblest matrons. But there came unfortunately to Rome a period when this ideal was no longer maintained. When manners became more elegant and refined, and social life was more developed, other claims were made of Roman women. The new life brought new needs with it, and the danger grew great of taking refuge in the system of the Greeks. They lived but little in their homes, and considered them simply as the place where they took their meals, slept, and performed their toilet ; every thing else they sought elsewhere. The time which they passed in their homes they considered tedious and dull, and they hastened to flee to resorts where they could see and be seen. Socrates once asked one of his friends if there was any one with whom he spoke less than with his own wife. If one desired entertainment or food for head or heart, he sought it always elsewhere than in his domestic circle, and therefore the fearful declaration of Demosthenes : "We seek friends for our pleasures ; our wives are merely to bear us children, and take charge of our household." And thus the period soon came to Romans, as it has, alas ! come to the French, when they could truly exclaim, "The Greeks are at our doors !"

"*Lucretia Borgia*" is the title of a famous opera which has been enacted on European boards for many years, and which is full of horrors perpetrated by one of the most bloody and wicked women of all

ages. The principal character has always been acknowledged as an historical personage; but the great majority of the art-loving public is not very well posted up in history, and so the great opera of Donizetti has never been subjected to very prying criticism. But just now the famous German historian of Rome, Ferdinand Gregorovius, has again appeared in public, with a book of two volumes, entitled "Lucretia Borgia." The lovers of art hastened to procure the history of the heroine of the great musical masterpiece, when, to their utter astonishment, they find that Lucretia Borgia was the daughter of a Pope, and that her history is closely allied with that of one of the most cruel and wicked reigns that ever disgraced Papal annals. The materials have been collected in the divers archives of Italy, and are perfectly classified and arranged, so as to make a con-

nected and continuous story of matter that has hitherto been known only in its striking characteristics. The author seems to have been very careful to remain simply the historian, and not to assume the part of a censor; but the simple and unvarnished history is enough to horrify the public, which is now quite ready to act as its own censor. But the publication has an object which it can not fail to fulfill; namely, to teach the people that the history of the Popes, and those connected with them, has many black and terrifying pages, and that it is high time that the glamour surrounding the Papal dignity be dispelled. The title of the book is well calculated to attract the public, and thus attain its aim; namely, to teach the people a few truths well to be remembered, even while listening to the musical attractions of Donizetti's "Lucretia Borgia."

Art Notes.

— SOME of our countrymen are repeatedly assuring us that, to found a Gallery of Paintings in this country that will be truly illustrative of the history of this art, is impossible. Great works are few, say they, and these are garnered most carefully by the governments and noble families of Europe. Likewise, treasures of art history are few, and even more jealously guarded. We have long dissented from this discouraging view. Besides the untold art treasures that doubtless lie buried in the old homes of civilization, awaiting exhumation by skillfully directed commissions, some of the richest collections of noble families of the Continent are from time to time brought into market through financial reverses. During the last three years, most splendid opportunities for purchase of some of the gems of art have been afforded. The Franco-Prussian war brought untold distress into the homes of some of the French nobility, and many of the connected families in Italy and Spain shared these reverses. Magnificent art collections were first mortgaged, and then brought to the hammer. Again, single works of inestimable value for the history of art are from time to time brought upon the market; and only watchfulness and love of art are necessary to build up here in our midst galleries that may rival in richness and completeness any of the Old World. These thoughts have been suggested by the offer for sale, in England, of Hogarth's "Calais Gate." This is one of Hogarth's very best works. There is more of real humor, less of biting sarcasm and bitter irony, that characterize too many of his works. It is a pity of pities that this picture can not come to some of our collections.

— One of the most hopeful promises for the advancement of art in America, is the attention that Educational Conventions are beginning to pay to this subject. Within two or three years a new subject has been introduced into the discussions of these

bodies of educators. In the "Convocation" of the State of New York (that includes the workers in higher education, both academic and collegiate), in the last State Convention of Educators in Public Instruction, at Binghamton, N. Y., and in the National Educational Convention, at Detroit, prominent place was given to the discussion of the place that æsthetics and art history should hold in a complete system of education. The interest awakened by these discussions was most encouraging. A few bold, enthusiastic, and intelligent men have taken this subject in hand, and seem determined to push it until the claims of art are recognized in our systems of public and collegiate instruction. The number of appreciative men and women is rapidly multiplying. The facilities of travel, and the means of cheap and rapid reproduction of the masterpieces of art, are kindling a fire in the bones of the rising generation that will not easily become extinguished.

— Mr. William Page has become famous among our American artists, among other reasons, for his portrait of Shakespeare, that so essentially departed from all other pictures of the great poet. Perhaps few portraits that have been lately produced in America have given rise to more discussion than this one of Page's, which was exhibited at the National Academy of Design, in New York, last Spring. The artist sailed for Europe in August last, in order expressly to study up the famous Kesselstadt cast, and other authorities, from photographs of which his own work was modeled. Departing, as we have said, in many essential particulars from all traditional portraits of Shakespeare, it is not wonderful that the work should be criticised most sharply. Mr. Page is determined to do his best to master this subject, and be prepared to defend his finally perfected work against all attacks. Certainly the subject is worthy the study, and the student is one of our most accomplished artists.

—Supervising Architect Mullett affirms that the Boston Post-office is the most perfectly constructed building in this country.

—John B. Gough is said to have one of the finest collections of Cruikshank's pictures in this country, numbering over two thousand.

—The Boston Journals have notices of the bold attempt of T. R. Gould, the sculptor, to embody in bas-relief the ghost of Hamlet. "The first feeling will be a mixture of awe and wonder. Here is a shadow in marble, yet a distinct personality, of keen and varied expression. It is a spirit striving to become an apparition, and showing the strain of the endeavor. The eyes not only transfix the attention—terrible, far-away eyes, which have looked upon the unutterable secrets of the prison-house of souls; eyes full of nameless anguish of expiation, yet terrible in their demand for vengeance upon the living. As one looks longer, the piteousness of the whole expression appears especially again in the wonderful eyes; the countenance, grim and 'perturbed' as it is seen to be, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and even the dread frown seems tempered by the love and longing which led the father to seek his only son. In every line and aspect, the head is most majestic and king-like; and by some subtle skill the effect of paleness, as required by the text of Shakespeare, seems to be imparted to the wasted cheeks. Viewed from different points, these various expressions become, by turns, conspicuous. With his right-hand in shadow, the face is more grievous and wasted, betraying the scath of purgatorial fire. With his left side in shadow, the brows bend in menace, the eyes are troubled, the diaphanous and palpitating nostrils 'scent the morning air,' the beard shuts down over a portentous secret, while undulations and points of shadow in the cheeks that take the light, betraying the action of the concealed mouth, manifest a father's yearning. Now let him face the light, and instantly the 'apparition comes' right through the oval toward you, the eyes are keen and clear, the beard and plumes vanish into the oval, and the face becomes that of a living spirit, pure and cold as 'snow thrice sifted by the frozen wind.' It can be granted to but very few artists to produce in a life-time one work like this, at once so unique, so marvelously expressive, so purely ideal, so stimulative of 'thoughts beyond the reach of our souls.'"

—According to Parliamentary returns, the South Kensington Museum has cost the English more than \$5,000,000. Of this sum there have been expended for articles bought expressly for the Museum, over \$1,400,000; the remainder was spent for sculpture, wood and metal work, jewelry and goldsmith's work, earthenware, stoneware, etc.

—The artists of Holland surprised their king on the occasion of the celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne. They presented him with one hundred pictures, besides proof engravings, medals, a portfolio of water-color drawings, and others containing architectural designs, photographs, and an album, in which the names of the contributors were written. Every artist of note of

the Dutch school sent in his contribution to this testimonial. It was a charming surprise to his majesty, and he said so.

—The German Government, last Spring, sent Drs. Prutz and Sepp to conduct excavations at Tyre. These gentlemen have returned to Germany, having fully achieved their object. They discovered, and partially unearthed, an ancient cathedral, dating from the time of the Crusades, and containing numerous interesting inscriptions, many of which they have successfully deciphered.

—A German journal describes a performance of "Tristan und Isolde," at Weimar—the first representation of Wagner's great work in that city—as follows: "The house was filled to its last seat. The friends of 'the music of the future' had flocked in from Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, Hamburg, and Petersburg, on the Rhine; nor were its opponents absent. The performance was admirable. Herr and Madame Vogl, from Munich, who sang the two principal parts after which the work is named, were unusually good, both artistically and dramatically. . . . The highly effective first act, so dramatic in its treatment, made a deep impression, and the audience called on the performers and the conductor, with tumultuous enthusiasm. But the lengths in the second act and the third appeared to exert an unfavorable influence, and to weaken the enthusiasm for the opera, though not that for the splendid efforts of the performers."

—From a capital article in the *New York Times*, on "Art in Industry," we condense the following, which is so much in accordance with what we have before said on this subject, that it seems like "seconding the motion." In the most flourishing period of art in Italy, it was not thought derogatory to the greatest artists to produce designs for articles of domestic use, and a few of these yet remain to attest the skill of the designer, and to show with how much beauty a drinking-bowl, a salver, a vase, or a lamp, may be invested by a really tasteful and skillful workman. Then followed the utilitarian period, when the heavier, more angular, and unmeaning in design an article could be made, the more it seemed to be appreciated by the public. But art is again assuming its rights, and asserting its ability to add to the value of every article in which ornamentation of any kind whatever takes part; and, in view of the increased artistic taste which is every-where apparent, it is important that those who are engaged in the manufacture of such goods should interest themselves in the artistic education of the artisan class. The peculiar training required to enable even the talented artist successfully to apply ornament to useful objects, is rare even in the art world of Europe, and commands abundant remuneration; and our designers and higher artisans would do well to avail themselves of every facility offered for aiding their technical knowledge and familiarity with accepted classic models. In this country the advancement in art culture, as in most other directions, is greatly indebted to private mercantile enterprise. Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York, for example, being our

largest manufacturers of artistic goods, have long maintained a department of design, equal to that of any similar establishment in Europe, and have been forced to rely largely on the Old World for accessions to their force. But, besides employing an extensive staff of trained draughtsmen, skilled designers, and artists capable of expressing individual ideas in appropriate forms, they have established in their designing-rooms a system of art-instruction, where a number of talented young men are continually under training. These students receive remuneration, and the natural desire of youth to excel is fostered by a judicious award of competition prizes. The advantages of this system of most practical instruction, as applied to manufactures, must be apparent. Working under skillful and experienced leaders, and, from the very nature of the duties imposed, feeling the direct influence of the most refined and cultivated public taste, with the accessories of a valuable art-library and a collection of models, prints, and *fac-similes* of antique and mediæval works of art, gathered during many years, the youthful student has ample oppor-

tunities to prepare himself for the broader fields of usefulness which the demands of the house will open to him. The number and variety of the designs produced in the course of a year would seem incredible. Many of these are elaborate, and represent an actual outlay of hundreds of dollars, and all have as certain a money value as any article of merchandise that is sold.

There would seem, then, to be here an ample field for the employment of that numerous class of young women who complain that the professions and the trades are almost entirely closed against them. Learning the art of ornamentation should be a study peculiarly congenial to the female mind, and one in which it might naturally be expected to excel. We have heard one of our best painters say that he could not get an artistically designed picture-frame in New York. Surely it would be better to become a good designer, even of picture-frames, than to go on painting poor and unmeaning landscapes, or manufacturing bad busts, from year to year, without a prospect of ultimate success.

Current History.

SPANISH HISTORY.—Spain made but little history during the month of July. The war still drags along, and, down to the present, no decided advantage has been gained by either Republicans or Monarchists.—July 15th, the Carlists considered their blockade of Bilbao complete. On the 13th, the Republicans defending Fauborg Carreta repelled three assaults made by Don Alphonso, with eight thousand men. But the Carlists ultimately captured Fauborg, the Republicans retiring to the principal square of the town, and refusing to surrender. Four more attacks were made upon them, in each of which the Carlists met with a repulse. During the morning of the 15th, after the firing had lasted fifty-six hours, the Carlists gained the square. The Republicans began to retreat to the Citadel, when they suddenly encountered a fresh force of four thousand Carlists, who by some unexplained means had gained possession of the citadel. General Yglesias, the Republican commander, and all his officers and men, then surrendered as prisoners of war. The Carlists sacked and burned many houses, murdered a number of the inhabitants, made heavy requisitions for provisions, demanded a contribution, amounting in the aggregate to two years' taxes paid by the city, and destroyed the fortifications. The enemy report their losses at fifty killed and seven hundred wounded.—21st, Don Carlos issued a manifesto, guaranteeing religious toleration, engaging not to disturb the sales of churches, and promising to restore the liberties and finances of the country.—26th, A terrible land-slide occurred at Alarra, in the

Province of Navarre. The overhanging rocks fell upon, and utterly destroyed, the village. The disaster was so sudden that few of the inhabitants escaped. Two hundred corpses have already been recovered. A correspondent of the *London Times* says: "On a moderate computation the number of the Carlist troops in all Spain—in the Basque provinces, Navarre, Catalonia and Valentia—can not be less than fifty or sixty thousand. Spaniards hostile to the Pretender, and in a position to judge, have recently estimated his numbers at sixty thousand. Among these there may be a percentage of pressed men, who care nothing for the cause, still less for fighting; but the great majority are volunteers in the true sense of the word, who have their heart in their work, and accordingly do it well."

— Dispatches from Calcutta, July 9th, state that 800,000 natives are now employed on the relief works, a million less than three weeks ago. Half a million are still subsisting on the charity of the Government and the public.

— The Japanese military operations against Formosa have virtually ended. China pays the expenses of the expedition, and guarantees the safety of foreigners. Japan accepts the arrangement, and retires.

— While Prince Bismarck was driving in the country, toward the Saline Springs, near Kissengen, July 13th, he was fired at by a young man. The ball grazed his wrist, inflicting a slight wound. The would-be assassin, who was immediately arrested,

confessed that he was hired to kill the prince, on account of the religious laws.

— A second flood occurred in Hampshire County, Mass., July 15th, caused by the giving way of the reservoir of a factory at the village of Middlefield. The damages amounted to \$350,000. Fortunately, there was no loss of life.

— On July 14th, at about 4 30 P. M., a fire broke out in some small frame houses near Fourth Avenue and Polk Street, Chicago, which assumed the proportions of a second conflagration before its march of destruction could be checked. It was at first blown southward by a stiff breeze; but the wind soon shifted, and by sunset the breeze blew a gale from the south, sending the fire toward the central part of the city. After consuming about twenty blocks, it was brought under control in the exact locality where the great fire of 1871 was checked and confined. The following are the limits of the burned district: On the south, Clark Street, No. 535, about Twelfth; on the north, Clark Street, about Polk, on Dearborn. The south limit is near Twelfth Street; the north limit, Polk, on Wabash Avenue; the southern limit is Harmon Court; the northern limit, between Jackson and Van Buren, on State Street; northern limit, nearly to Jackson. Third and Fourth Avenues are burned nearly their whole length. Losses are estimated at about \$6,000,000.

— In the French Assembly, July 20th, General De Cissey, the Minister of War, and Vice-President of the Council, announced that Baron De Chaband La Tour had been appointed Minister of the Interior, and M. Mathien Boudet, Minister of Finance. This leaves the Bonapartists without representation in the Cabinet.

— A terrible and disastrous storm burst upon Pittsburgh and Alleghany City, Penn., at about nine P. M. of the 26th of July, and continued without abatement for an hour and a half. The rain-fall was enormous. Small streams in the neighborhood were swollen into torrents, which swept away property and life in their fearful course. Large brick and stone buildings were demolished; dwellings were lifted from their foundations, with their occupants in them, and borne on the flood, until crushed and destroyed in some immense gorge. The estimated loss of life is one hundred and fifty. An incident worthy of note is the fact that a child was floated thirty-two miles unhurt in its cradle, down the Ohio River, and was safely recovered after its perilous journey.

— The population of the German Empire is now estimated at 41,090,846 inhabitants.

— The Arkansas Constitutional Convention has adopted a franchise article fixing twenty years as the age to acquire citizenship, and a residence of twelve months in the State, and one month in the county.

— July 30th, it is stated that Italy has made a demand upon France for the recall of the war-ship *Orenogue*, which has been permanently stationed at Civita Vecchia as a refuge for the Pope in case of necessity.

— Lord Gordon shot himself, August 1st, at his residence at Headingly, in Manitoba. Two English detectives arrested him, and he promised to go quietly with them, if they would not go through the United States. While in his room, preparing for the journey, he blew out his brains.

— Prince Bismarck has sent to prison Professor Heinrich Ewald, a Protestant and a Hanoverian, called the greatest living German theologian, the author of a "History of Israel," for a magazine article, in which he likened Bismarck to Napoleon III, in that "he picked out the best possible time for robbery and plunder."

— It is stated that the British Government demands \$8,000,000 from Spain for the massacre of the sixteen English subjects captured on board the *Virginia*, and executed in Santiago de Cuba.

— King Koffee, of Ashantee fame, is about to send one of his sons to England, to be educated under the care of the Government.

— The Madrid *Gazette* publishes a decree re-establishing the organic law of 1854 concerning the Bourse of Madrid, and which limits the number of stock-brokers, in order to prevent illicit speculations.

— Two scientific expeditions are to set out from Archangel next Summer—one into Russian Lapland, for the purpose of exploring the traces of ancient glaciers; the other, to the shores of the White Sea, has for its object zoological investigations. Dr. Yarjinsky, *La Revue Scientifique* states, who explored the district two years ago, discovered, in the White Sea and the glacial ocean, fishes and crustaceans till then quite unknown.

— Russia produces most of the platinum which finds its way into the market. The production is small, however; that of Russia in 1871 being only 4,100 pounds. The metal sells in England for about \$75 per pound. It is an almost indestructible metal, and is therefore very useful in the construction of various standards of measurement, and in instruments for scientific purposes requiring great exactness in the parts.

— The *Nord* gives the following as the quantity of food and liquor consumed by Paris in the year 1873: It drank 4,253,017 hectolitres (twenty-two gallons each) of wine, alcohols, liquors, vinegar, beer, etc.; and devoured 392,037,564 kilogrammes of meat, poultry, and game, worth 27,785,769*f*; of butter, 31,836,265*f*; eggs, 17,006,000*f*; salted provisions, 15,268,926*f*; oysters, 1,869,166*f*; fresh-water fish, 2,139,956*f*; truffles, 150,022*f*.

— A fresh cargo of antiquities from Ephesus has arrived at the British Museum, and they are now unpacked. Among them are a lion's head, from the cornice of the last temple; two lion's heads, more ancient, from former temples; a boar's head; more fragments of the archaic frieze; a large fragment of one of the large acroteria, from one of the pediments; one or two more fragments of sculptured drums and columns, etc.

— A fresco attributed to Titian has been discovered in the Castle of Malpago, near Bergamo. It represents a visit made by Christian I, King of Denmark, in 1454, to Bartolomeo Colleoni, in his castle, where that renowned leader of free bands had retired after having successively aided Venice against the visconti, and the visconti against Venice; Milan against the Duke of Savoy; and finally Florence against the Duke D'Urbino.

— Fifty merchants of Havana, Cuba, have entered into an agreement to charge one per cent above the regular rates on all shipments and consignments or disbursements on behalf of vessels, and on all freights obtained, or moneys collected therefor; and one-quarter of one per cent on all bills of exchange negotiated on commission, from and after this date; the proceeds of such extra charges to be paid to the Government as a contribution toward its maintenance.

— Out of thirty-nine national borrowers of British money, eleven countries or States have proved to be unable to pay interest; in other words, have defaulted. Of these, nine have become so during the past ten years. So, nearly a third of the whole proving unfortunate, it is now understood that foreign stocks are to be classed among speculative investments, rather than among first-class securities yielding a steady income. About £8,000,000 of stock are redeemed annually. At this rate it would require very close to one hundred years to redeem the £790,000,000 now quoted at the stock board.

— The engineer, Zannoni, who has pursued the excavations undertaken at Bologna, writes to the *Monitore di Bologna* that he has made another archaeological discovery closely connected with his former ones. In the cutting made for the new aqueduct at the barracks of the Annunziata, he came upon five sepulchers, in one of which he found a large vase filled with burned bones, and among them some fibulæ and two bronze armillæ; also an enormous quantity of amber; two large rings for the ears, exquisitely worked, having each a ring of pure gold and two of silver, with headings of gold-leaf.

— I learn from a high authority, writes a London correspondent, that the estimated value of all the diamonds which have been discovered at the diamond-fields in South Africa, during the last three years, does not fall far short of ten millions sterling. Many of the gems are of inferior quality; that is to say, of a yellowish color. The largest pure white stone weighed between seventy and eighty carats, and the largest "off-colored" two hundred and eighty-eight and a half carats. It is right to add that large gems are by no means exceptional, the discovery of stones of a weight varying from forty to eighty carats being common enough. As is well known, the value of diamonds in the European market has been greatly depreciated by the enormous quantity exported to this part of the world from the Cape; but the prices of colored stones have been more affected than those of the purer qualities.

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— The exportation of books to America from Leipsic during the first three months of the present year amounted to 119,212 thalers; an increase over the same months of last year of about 2,000 thalers.

— The Duke of Norfolk, who is a Roman Catholic, is building a church at Canterbury, to be dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and to contain a shrine to him.

— The great Catholic Missionary Society, whose head-quarters are at Lyons, France, reports twenty-three missionary bishops, four hundred and forty missionaries, three hundred and twenty native priests, and seven hundred thousand baptized adherents.

— The Armenian patriarchate at Constantinople, which has been vacant a year, has just been filled by the election, by a vote of sixty to three, of Marses, the Archbishop of Nicomedia, to the position. The selection will give great satisfaction, both to the Armenians and the Eastern Church, with which the new patriarch has maintained the most friendly relations.

— Russia has instituted successful and valuable teachers' meetings, and a large number of normal-schools. In 1872, the Government appropriated 230,000 rubles for these schools. The gymnasias teach Greek, Latin, German, French, and scientific branches. The professional schools offer to students mathematics, drawing and design, chemistry, and other industrial studies. The State pays special attention to the instruction of woman. There is in Moscow a school which has adopted the complete course of studies appointed for boys in the gymnasias, and a professor of the university at that city has founded a university course for women. In 1874, the State appropriated 150,000 rubles for the feminine gymnasias. At the end of 1871, Russia had one hundred and eighty-six establishments of medium and higher instruction for girls, attended by 23,404 pupils. Russia has also eight universities like those of Germany, taught by five hundred and twelve professors, and frequented by 6,779 students.

— An extract from a private letter, written in Rome to a gentleman in Boston, and published in the *Boston Transcript*, gives these interesting particulars concerning the excavations at the Coliseum: "At a depth of thirty feet below where we used to consider the level of the arena, they have reached the original pavement, which is of bricks set up edgewise. Underneath that is an immense cloaca, or sewer. A large number of marble and granite columns have been found, with finely carved capitals, all broken, some into three or four pieces. Many mutilated statues, and much else that is fragmentary and of interest, is being continually unearthed. Every thing is to be removed down to the original pavement. This will take at least another year, when another row of arches will then be visible inside. It is evident that there was a previous building on this site, and that some of these ruins under this monstrous masonry belong to an almost prehistoric period."

Note, Query, Anecdote, and Anecdote.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—It is said that women voted until 1814 in the State of New Jersey—of all States in the Union always the most conservative. This statement has been contradicted by Mrs. C. H. Dall, in a communication to the Boston *Commonwealth*, in which she says that she lately had a conversation with a man over ninety years old, who helped to pass a measure in 1808, instead of 1814, by which the word "male" was inserted in the Constitution. This was done, she says, because some illicit voting by men in women's clothes had carried a sharply contested election. The explanation given is so curious that a verified and more detailed account of the occurrence would be interesting.

A CURIOUS PROCLAMATION.—In taking up the flooring of the old Government House, in Hobart Town, Australia, a very curious document was discovered, of which we have the following description: It seems that Governor Davis, in the year 1816, found that merely printed proclamations about law and order were not very effectual among the natives, for the reason which one of them conveyed to the governor in the following pithy, though not very courtly, speech: "I say, Guboner, that proflamation of yours is all gammon; black fellow no able to read him." The Governor, struck with the objection, caused to be printed in water-colors, and on a moderate-sized sheet of paper, a series of groups of figures, vigorously illustrative of the impartiality of British law, whether applied to white or black men. One group presents a black boy and a white boy hand in hand, like two brothers; another group shows a black mother nursing a white baby, and a white mother nursing a black baby. A third group exhibits a white man strung up to the bough of a tree by the neck, for killing a black man, whose murdered body is lying on one side of the picture, while a guard of red-coated soldiers, headed by the governor in cocked-hat and feathers, is presiding over the execution on the other side. As a counterpart to this is a similar group, with the difference that the murdered man is white, while the black fellow dangles from the improvised gallows. The whole work is not very artistic drawing, but, supplemented by the boldness of its coloring, is an amusing illustration of the early history of Van Diemen's Land.

SING-SONG PREACHING.—Dr. Jeter gives the following reminiscence: Fifty years ago, the practice of intoning was common among preachers, especially Baptist preachers, in the region where we resided. Reading and speaking in the pulpit was generally in a slow, drawling, lugubrious voice. In some cases the art of intoning was carried to very high perfection. We remember an old minister, very pious, highly respectable, but quite illiterate, who sung his

hymns, prayers and sermons in the same unvarying, mournful tune, from year to year. Until the voice of the preacher was modulated into the holy tones, he could make but little impression on his rustic audiences; but when his tune was set to the proper pitch, and his song flowed freely, and became loud and fervid, he seldom failed to move his hearers to tears. With the increase of general intelligence, and the progress of Scriptural knowledge, that style of preaching passed away, or was confined to negro or very ignorant white preachers. It was deemed unnatural, unsuited to public religious instruction, and incompatible with the simplicity and dignity of the Gospel. It finds not the slightest countenance in the example or instruction of Christ or his apostles. Who, without irreverence, can imagine the Son of God, the incomparable teacher, delivering his discourses in a strained, artificial drawl? The power of his ministry was truth, presented in a plain, familiar, and earnest style. When he taught, the people "were astonished at his doctrine"—not at the tones of his voice.

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC IN EXISTENCE.—The oldest Republic in existence is that of San Marino, in Italy, between the Apennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only forty miles in circumference, and its present population about 7,000. The Republic was founded more than 1,400 years ago, on moral principles, industry, and equity, and has preserved its liberty and independence amid all the wars and discord which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express the sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a captain regent, who is chosen every six months by the representatives of the people (sixty-six in number), who are chosen every six months by the people. The taxes are light, the farm-houses are neat, the fields well cultivated; and on all sides are seen comfort and plenty—the happy effect of morality, simplicity, and frugality.

A PUZZLED FRENCHMAN.—"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Arcourt, to me; "but your verbs trouble me still; you mix them up so with your prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them so troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw our friend, Mrs. James, just now," he continued. "She says that she intends to break down housekeeping. Am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"O yes, I remember. Break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is so broken into."

"Broken down, you should say."

"Broken down—O yes. And, indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in our city—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No. She is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; that is what I mean to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No. The engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off."

"Yes; broken off."

"Ah! I had not heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am so anxious to get the English well."

"He merely broke the news. No preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. The young man, her son, is a fine fellow. A breaker, I think."

"A breaker, and a very fine fellow. Good day."

So much for the verb "to break."

THE FIRST SCHOOL IN NEW YORK.—The first school established in New York was in the house of one Gouert Coerten, a side chamber in the old city hall, and the name of the master was Harmanus Van Hoboken. The first academy and classical school was opened in 1659, under the direction of Carolus Curtius, a master sent out by the Dutch West India Company, at a salary of two hundred guilders.

WORDS THAT HAVE NO RHYME.—In his article on Mrs. Browning, in a late number of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. R. H. Horne mentions as having no perfect rhyme in the English language the words silver, shadow, planet, filbert, squirrel, beetle, statue, trellis, month, April, August, temple, virtue, forest, angel, poet, window, budget, open, almond, bayonet, blossom, something, and nothing. He quotes as the most extraordinary rhyme on record, that of grasshopper and caterpillar, in one of Sternhold and Hopkins's Psalms:

"And how did he commit their fruits
Unto the caterpillar,
And eke the labor of their hands
He gave to the grasshopper."

THE STANDARD OF BEAUTY.—What is the size of the waist in model statues? Venus de Medici: Height, five feet two and a half inches; round the waist, twenty-seven inches; round the abdomen and hips, thirty-six and a half inches; calf of the leg, fourteen inches; the ankle, eight and a half inches. Powers's Greek Slave: Waist, twenty-seven and three-quarter inches. Thorwaldsen's Venus: Waist, twenty-seven and three-quarter inches. The Apollo Syroctinus: Waist, twenty-seven and a half inches. The last is an antique statue of a young man, of the best age of sculpture; so that men, and not women, have, when they sit for the statues of the gods, the smaller waists! As the Venus is in a stooping position, her height, taken as the standard of beauty in women, may be put at five feet four and a half inches.

A WOMAN'S "THIRTY POINTS."—An old Spanish writer says that a woman is quite perfect and absolute in beauty, if she has thirty good points. Here they are:

Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands.

Three black—the eyes, the eyebrows, and eyelashes.

Three red—the lips, the cheeks, the nails.

Three long—the body, the hair, the hands.

Three short—the teeth, the ears, the feet.

Three broad—the chest, the brow, the space between the eyebrows.

Three narrow—the mouth, the waist, the instep.

Three large—the arm, the hip, the calf.

Three fine—the fingers, the hair, the lips.

Three small—the breast, the nose, the head.

BEARDS.—Most of the Fathers of the Church wore and approved of the beard. Clement of Alexandria says: "Nature adorned man, like a lion, with a beard, as the mark of strength and power." Lactantius, Theodoret, St. Augustine, and St. Cyprian are all eloquent in praise of this characteristic feature; about which many discussions were raised in the early ages of the Church, when matters of discipline engaged much of the attention of its leaders. To settle these disputes, at the Fourth Council of Carthage—A. D. 252, Can. 44—it was enacted "that a cleric shall not cherish his hair nor shave his beard." (*Clericus nec comam nutriat nec barbam radat.*) Bingham quotes an early letter, in which it is said of one who from a layman had become a clergyman: "His habit, gait, and modest countenance and discourse, were all religious; and agreeably to these his hair was short and his beard long." A source of dispute between the Roman and Greek Churches has been the subject of wearing, or not wearing, the beard. The Greek Church has adhered to the decisions of the early Church, and refused to admit any shaven saint into its calendar, and thereby condemning the Romish Church for the opposite conduct. And on the other hand, the Popes, to make a distinction between the Eastern and Western decisions, made statutes *De radendis Barbis*, or shaving the beard. Some, however, believe that faith and nature might be reconciled. The leading English and German Reformers wore their beards, with an exception or two. Most of the Protestant martyrs were burned in their beards.

WEBSTERIANA.—What but a suppressed sense of humor, in both speaker and auditors, could possibly have carried off such a speech as this, which is attributed to Webster? "Men of Rochester, I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which, I am told, are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome, in her proudest days, had never a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high! Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece, in her palmiest days, never had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, go on. No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high!"

Scientific.

RAIDING ANTS.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* gives the following description of a descent upon their neighbors by a colony of ants, which he witnessed in North-western Arkansas. These ants are of a dark-brown color, about half an inch long. He says: "They are the most notorious marauders in all the insect world. They send out spies, and, on a favorable report being received by the authorities, an expedition is set on foot for the capture of a neighboring colony, and carrying off their store and their young as booty. On one occasion I discovered a large force of these diminutive marauders on the march. There seemed to be many hundreds all marching rapidly in the same direction, every one keeping in his place with the greatest exactness, and all very close together; indeed so close that the ground could scarcely be seen in the middle of the column, which was about twenty feet in length and ten inches in width. In front of the main body moved three or four who seemed to be leaders of the troop, never falling back to the main column except to give orders, as it were. On either side of the column moved twelve or fifteen others, who kept continually about one foot away from, and a little in advance of, the main column. I supposed that they were moving from one locality to another, for the purpose of taking up their abode in a new or more advantageous position. I followed them for about two hundred yards, when they all came to a halt at the command of one of the leaders. The halt was only for a moment. Those who had moved on either side of the column did not halt as did the others; but moved rapidly around a stone, about six inches in diameter, while they turned their heads toward the place whence they had come, and stopped. This seemed to be a signal; for the main column instantly rushed forward toward the stone, on one side of which was plainly to be seen the opening of an ant colony. These marauders surrounded the stone on all sides, and rushed into the hole as fast as they could gain admittance, till all were in except about fifty, who seemed inclined to stand aloof from taking any part in the wholesale murder and robbery; but it was not long before they proved themselves full brothers, for soon a poor, frightened fugitive came rushing from his home, and ran a short distance, and took refuge under a friendly leaf. He had been seen by two of these fellows outside, who watched him to his hiding-place, and then, with all the fierceness of savages, they rushed upon him and literally dragged him from under the leaf, and killed him instantly. Several others came moving from the hole, having escaped death inside to meet it outside. Very few who came from the hole escaped being killed. Soon the raiders began to emerge from the hole, each one carrying something in his mouth, generally the larvæ belong-

ing to the company they had murdered and robbed. They immediately set out on their march for their own home, distant about three hundred yards. They carried back their own dead and wounded (four or five), but none of the dead and wounded of their enemies."

THE SYRIAN SPONGE-DIVERS.—The English Vice-Consul at Beyroot, in a report to his Government, gives some interesting particulars regarding the sponge-fisheries. The industry, as prosecuted on the Syrian coast, yields sponges to the value of one hundred thousand dollars annually, and employs about three hundred boats and fifteen hundred men. Although they vary much in quality and size, sponges may be generally classed as follows: First the fine, white bell-sponge, known as the toilet-sponge; second, the large reddish variety, known as *sponge de Venise*, or bath-sponge; third, the coarse, red sponge, used for household purposes and cleaning. Two-thirds of the product of the Syrian coast are purchased by the native merchants, who send it to Europe for sale, while the remainder is purchased on the spot by French agents, who annually visit Syria for the purpose. France takes the bulk of the finest qualities, while the reddish and common sponges are sent to Germany and England.

Diving is practiced from a very early age up to forty years, beyond which few are able to continue the pursuit. It does not appear, however, that the practice has any tendency to shorten life, although as the diver approaches forty he is less able to compete with his younger and more vigorous brother. The time during which a Syrian diver can remain under water depends, of course, on his age and training. Sixty seconds is reckoned good work, but there are rare instances of men who can stay below eighty seconds. The diver wears an open net around his waist for the reception of his sponges, seizes with both hands a rope, and plunges overboard. On arriving at the bottom, the stone is deposited at his feet, and, keeping hold of the rope with one hand, the diver grasps and tears off the sponges within reach, which he deposits in his net. He then, by a series of jerks to the rope, gives the signal to those above, and is drawn up.

NEW FRENCH LIFE-SAVING RAFT.—An extraordinary safety-raft has been invented in France. It is described as large enough to support from four hundred to six hundred people, as neither encumbering nor requiring any alteration in the arrangement of vessels, and as needing only a minute or two to launch it. It is an air-tight mattress with a surface of nearly nine hundred square feet, inflated in one minute, it is said, from a reservoir fixed in the engine-room, and always charged with air under a pressure of fifteen atmospheres. When not in use, it is rolled

up, and takes up no more room than a boat. When inflated, it falls over the side of the vessel, against which it is retained by ropes till all the persons on board are transferred to the raft. Three strong spars, passing through the whole length of the raft, keep it flat and solid.

PROTOZOA.—To this class belong the lowest forms of animal life, furnishing some of the most curious and beautiful objects for the microscope. The *Amœba princeps* is remarkable for its activity and wonderful changes of form. At first globular, the next moment pseudo-feet appear all over the surface. A few of these stream forth and widen in their course, while the rest disappear. The animal will then extend itself, and appear like a branching coral. At one moment it will enter and traverse the interstices of a mass of mud or sand and then emerge without an adherent particle. At times it assumes two most grotesque shapes—that of a human head, with a rapidly growing nose, and the outlines of an elk, with antlers extending or a leg protruding at the expense of the body.

ÆSTHETICAL FOWLS.—A writer in *Land and Water* gives some curious instances of the sensibility of ducks to colors and musical sounds. He once had in his garden a border of China asters of the most brilliant colors. The ducks would congregate round these, and lie there for hours. They never pecked at them, as if they found snails or slugs among them. They appeared simply gazing at them, as if attracted by the gay colors. Another time he had a large clump of very brilliant violet flowers, which, by their brightness, shone out from the rest of the border. This clump was like a magnet to the ducks; some of them were always around it. One evening the writer had a party of friends. It was Summer-time, and the doors of the sitting-room were open to the lawn. One of the company commenced playing on the piano. No sooner was there a pause in the music than two ducks, which by some means had got into the room, rose from under a chair and waddled all about the apartment, quacking loudly. On the music commencing again, the ducks crouched down again, perfectly silent while it continued. The experiment was made several times with the same result. That it was not surprise or fear which induced this behavior was afterward proved; for on subsequent occasions these same ducks would, upon hearing the piano, leave the field and come into the room to listen.

CROSSING THE RED SEA.—A paper recently read by Herr Brugsch at Cairo contains the following interesting statements: First, the hieroglyphic tablet, which has cast so much light on ancient Egyptian geography, shows that the city of Tanis was also called Ramsès. Second, Herr Brugsch has satisfied himself that the Pharaoh under whom Moses lived was Ramsès II; and his son and successor, or Mênephthah, was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Near Mount Casius, in the north-east of Egypt, existed formerly, the Serbonian Lake, which was subject

to great inundations from the sea, under certain conditions of the wind. It was there that the Persian army of Artaxerxes perished in the same manner as the army of the Egyptian king; and there it is, according to Herr Brugsch, that the latter perished in their pursuit of the Hebrews. He argues that the mention of the Red Sea only occurs in the "Canticle of Moses," a work composed a long time after the occurrence; and that in the time of the historical narrative of "Exodus," there is only mention made in a general way of "the sea," which was the Mediterranean. On this hypothesis all difficulties vanish. Tanis, Succoth, Migdol, Pithom, the Land of Goshen, hitherto the despair of all theorists, can now be quite readily identified. It was not at Memphis, nor at Heliopolis, that the Israelites gathered together to cross the Red Sea, or to traverse the salt lakes between Suez and the refilled bitter lakes, on their way to the desert and the land of Canaan, but at Tanis, where Ramsès ruled, and where Mênephthah drove them to desperation.

A SAFE REFUGE.—Colonel Caleb G. Forshey, of the New Orleans Academy of Science, *apropos* of the question of whether snakes swallow their young, states that this habit is certainly found among alligators. "That alligators swallow their young," says Professor Forshey, "I have had ocular demonstration in a single case; and have the universal tradition of negroes and whites in this region of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas, that such is their habit. In the Winter of 1843-44, I was engaged in making a survey on the banks of the Homochitto Lake. The day was warm and sunny, and as I halted near the margin of a pond, partly dried up, to pick up some shells, I started a litter of young alligators, that scampered off yelling like puppies, and, retreating some twenty yards to the bank of Lake Homochitto, I saw them reach their refuge in the mouth of a five-foot alligator. She evidently held open her mouth to receive them, as, in single file, they passed in beyond my observation. The dam then turned slowly round, and slid down beneath the water, passing into a large opening in the bank beneath the roots of an ash-tree. Doubtless this refuge is temporary, and the young are released at their own or the mother's pleasure."

THE OLD WORLD.—The recent expeditions for the geological exploration of the Western States have furnished results which tend to show that America has a better claim to the title of Old World than Europe or Asia. Among the discoveries that have been made is the former existence of a series of great lakes between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. Surrounding these, there were a flora and a fauna of a tropical character; and in the lower strata, which at intervals come to the surface, many gigantic fossils are found, not only of great, extinct pachyderms, or thick-skinned animals, but also fossil turtles, mastodons, tigers, hyenas, wolves, and camels. The question has been often discussed, and geologists are now disposed to regard the American Continent as the earliest dry land that appeared.

Sideboard for the Young.

A CEDAR-TREE.

"HEW me cedar-trees from Lebanon; and my servants shall be with thy servants: and unto thee will I give hire for thy servants according to all that thou shalt appoint: for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians."

Such a message, when he was about to build the great temple at Jerusalem, Solomon sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, and Hiram returned answer: "I will do all thy desire concerning timber of cedar and concerning timber of fir. My servants shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea: and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive them: and thou shalt accomplish my desire, in giving food for my household. So Hiram gave Solomon cedar-trees and fir-trees according to all his desire."

The magnificent temple of Solomon is no more. There is no longer any kingdom of Tyre. The Jewish nationality has disappeared; so has the empire of the Romans, which put an end to that of the Jews.

Where is the mighty forest growth of Lebanon? We look around after the giant cedars. Perhaps seven or eight of these venerable witnesses of a long-gone time are still to be found. They look down upon a little group of children and children's children; so that in the whole there is a family of a few hundred trunks. While most of them flourish in the full vigor of youth, even though they count their age by centuries, the few patriarchs are feeble and decayed from age. The trunk has long ago grown hollow, but the far-stretching, horizontally extended limbs still flourish in undecaying greenness, and shadow wide spaces. Although their height is scarcely more than eighty feet, yet some of the trunks are forty-six feet in circumference, and do not make, by any means, the impression of a weary old age, which any wind might overthrow.

Many a stately example of the cedars of Lebanon is found in Europe. One of the oldest and most beautiful is probably that in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris. Here, where a rich zoölogical garden is surrounded by the most magnificent treasures of the plant-world, there is no lovelier resting-place, after the wearisome walking and sight-seeing, than the rustic-seat beneath the far-reaching branches of the shadowy cedar of Lebanon.

When Bernhard von Jussieu traveled, more than one hundred and thirty years ago, in the Holy Land, he visited Lebanon also, and as a celebrated botanist, he naturally interested himself in the old cedars. For lack of a flower-pot, he planted a little sprout from one of them in his hat, and succeeded in bringing it safe on board the ship on his homeward voyage.

But contrary winds delayed the vessel, and the voyage was so prolonged that water began to fail. The rations were diminished, and the working-crew were obliged to content themselves with one glass daily, while each passenger received but half a glass. Who but an enthusiastic naturalist could divide so scantily measured an allowance of water with the little sapling? But Jussieu was severe toward himself and gentle toward the plant which he had taken away from its native soil; and, although the home arrival was long delayed, yet he generously shared, each day, his half-glass of water with the young cedar. It remained fresh and healthy, while Jussieu lost daily more of his strength, and the long-continued deprivation visibly affected his health. But he remained steadfast in spite of it, and was rewarded for his endurance and fatherly care; for he brought his young charge safe to Marseilles. But the custom-house officers, who could not understand that only a cedar-tree could be treated with so much care, supposed that beneath the surface of the earth in the hat must be concealed diamonds, or other costly treasures, which he wished to smuggle in. They were about to make short work of the cedar by uprooting it without ceremony, and only the most earnest pleadings of the self-sacrificing naturalist, and the intercessions of influential persons who had become interested in his little foster-child, succeeded in saving the precious plant from destruction. So it came into the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, and became from year to year more and more a favorite of the people. It has now grown to be a stately tree, with a circumference of more than ten feet.

This is the story of the beautiful tree which, on a warm Summer-day, offers its friendly shadow to hundreds of men, women, and children. It has forgotten its old home, and has become content in the new, a friend to the natives, and the wonder of strangers, who look up this tree as a curiosity among many others of the interesting and wonderful city.

THE FOOLISH SILK-WORM.

THERE once lived a little silk-worm upon a mulberry-tree. It had crept out of the egg a little sooner than its brothers and sisters, and had gotten a little higher up on the tree than they. She thought no less of herself on this account, and wanted to have every thing a little better than the rest. Their parents had been silk-worm moths; their mother had laid two hundred little yellow eggs on the bark of the tree, and then died.

When the mulberry-tree put forth fresh leaves in the Spring, the young caterpillars also crept out of the eggs, and looked around for something to eat. A silk-worm caterpillar has nothing whatever to do, its life long, but to eat, and the one who does this

best gets the most out of life. So the caterpillar and her one hundred and ninety-nine brothers and sisters crept from the trunk of the tree to its branches. Each one of them looked up a juicy leaf, and betook himself to the eating of it. All the caterpillars, except the one who crept first out of the egg, went directly to the point of the leaf, and began there, and ate toward the stem. This had, from olden time, been the custom of their ancestors—so they did the same thing, and found it quite satisfactory. But the one caterpillar who thought she knew better than the rest, did it differently. She began to eat close to the stem of the leaf; she thought this would be more convenient, and that in this way she could eat more leaves. She did just as that peasant did who seated himself upon the branch which he was about to saw off. The caterpillar bit off one rib of the leaf after another, so that it swung, and rocked, and tottered, and soon fell, together with the caterpillar, from the tree down to the ground.

Now, a caterpillar breaks neither an arm nor a leg when it falls from the tree; but if such a thing happens often, it loses a good deal of time by it. Her comrades above on the tree ate day and night, undisturbed, one leaf after another. By that means they became thick and long, and, after four weeks had passed, they made a web and changed into a chrysalis form.

But the stubborn caterpillar who went on eating off the leaves at the stem, spent much time in climbing from the ground up into the tree again. She exhausted, in this way, her strength, remained weak and small, and, when her time came to turn into a chrysalis, she could not spin her web, and died in consequence. Even a caterpillar comes to harm if she begins her work at the wrong end, though that work be only eating.

COTTON.

A LITTLE black seed of the cotton-bush is a wonderful thing, is n't it? It may sleep a long, long time, and yet not be dead. But as soon as it is buried in the moist, warm earth, it wakes up, and begins its work. It stretches downward little roots, and drinks water with them, and whatever the water holds which it needs for its growth. With this it becomes larger and stronger. It sends upward a stem with branches and leaves. These drink sunshine and air, and extend themselves on all sides. The leaves are prettily jagged, almost like those of the ivy. The planter breaks off the top of the stem so that the bush may not grow too high and slender; it will be the stronger for it, and more convenient for him by and by in gathering the fruit.

Presently the plant puts forth many large, yellowish-white blossoms, shaped like the flower of the mallows. From these blossoms grow the fruit-capsules. When these are ripe and dry, pop-open they spring, and, as large as a small apple, gushes forth a little tuft of snow-white wool. In the wool lie the new seeds as in a little soft bed. The wind blows; the pretty wool is scattered on all sides, and carries the little seeds away with it.

As soon as the capsules are ripe, the planter must be on hand quickly to gather the cotton. He frees it from the seeds and presses it firmly together in bales. It is then carried to the great factories, where it is spun and woven into cloth, and in time the pretty print comes to you, out of which your dainty new frock is made.

Many other plants make ready also white wool as a wrapping for their seeds. Thistles do it, and some kinds of grass, a species of milkweed, and others besides; but no one of them makes its fibers so firm and tough, and at the same time so long and soft, as the cotton. How it manufactures such fiber out of water, air, and earth, is to us a riddle. Even the greatest human artist can not imitate it in its production. Each fiber of cotton, however fine and small it may be, is a great wonder to us. So indeed is every thing that grows; we know what, but we can never understand why or how, it is.

THE BEAN AND THE ACORN.

A BEAN and an acorn were both buried in the earth but a few feet apart. They both sprang up, and soon thought themselves very beautiful. When the bean was grown to the height of three feet, and was firmly twined around a long pole, it looked down upon the acorn's tender sprout, and seeing that its growth was so small, it soon became very proud, and began to think the acorn its inferior, and looked upon it with disdain.

"Just see," said the bean, "how much faster I grow than you. At this rate, what will you amount to at the end of the season, while I expect to climb to the very top of this high pole?"

"You boast very foolishly," said the acorn-sprout. "You have, it is true, grown much faster than I, but your life is very short. It will take me many years to grow, but then I shall be the monarch of the forest."

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner!

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder!

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember the old proverb says,
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendor.

'T is not the house, and not the dress
That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner! —Alice Cary.

Contemporary Literature.

IN 1866, the United States Government sent General James F. Rusling, of Trenton, New Jersey, on a tour of inspection of the Quarter-master's Department of the Western military posts from Fort Leavenworth to California. The general's official report was published in the "Public Documents of 1867-8." His private diary and journal he now gives us in a volume of five hundred pages, titled, *Across America; or, the Great West and the Pacific Coast*. (Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, 1874.) Of a route so often traveled and so frequently described in letters and books, it would seem impossible to say any thing new; and yet General Rusling, by his style, his superior opportunities for observation, his finer powers of observing, and his royal faculty for describing what he has seen, has given us a book combining in a rare degree freshness, novelty, entertainment, and information. There is not a dull page in the work, and many of its pages sparkle with humor, and every-where overflow with large and generous views of men and things, and poetic descriptions of places and scenery. His views of the Mormons, of the Chinese, and Indians—all vexed and unsettled questions—are sound common-sense, and statesmanlike. The former should not be allowed to have their own wicked way; but should become in good faith an integral part of the General Government, subject to its laws and conforming to its customs. The Chinaman should be treated like a human being, utilized, and won to Christianity and civilization by kindness and fair dealing. The good Indians should be favored by the Government with all the needful appliances of right living, and the bad turned over to the military to be taught manners. It is impossible for the reflecting philanthropist not to take the Indians' side. Take, for instance, the Apaches, whose destiny is extermination by fire and sword, who are hunted and branded as thieves, robbers, and assassins—a terror to all wayfarers. Let one put himself on the Apache's side,—his native country wrested from him by a powerful race, himself cheated, and wronged, and robbed, and taught the vices of the pale faces. Those greedy pale faces, with millions of square acres unoccupied on the Atlantic side of the continent, and a concatenated empire of States, still greedy for others; coveting at last rocky Arizona, and envying the red man the possession of his mountain fastnesses; exploring for the best bits of his land, and taking possession of his woods and hills and fountains, and silver and gold, and leaving him no place to set his foot free from the intrusion of the all-devouring whites; perching military posts upon every available stronghold; and, when driven by famine, and stimulated by savage patriotism, the Indian steals a few horses or mules, or plunders a grain-train, or kills a few of his white oppressors, he is pursued to his

home among the hills, his villages burned, his braves shot like wolves, and his whole race classed with tarantulas, centipedes, sage-brush, and greasewood—useless and noisome, fit only for fire and destruction. We would be glad to give extracts from General Rusling's book, but would scarcely know what portions of it to lay before our readers. He who takes it up will not lay it down till he has read it through, as he would a romance, from end to end. It is finely illustrated with wood-cuts, and a complete map showing the tourist's entire route from New York across the continent, and home again by the isthmus and the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. The only error of note we observed in the volume was the writing of Los Angeles in place of the Spanish Los Angeles. It should be corrected in future editions.

PASSION for exploration, strong desire to know the mountains and skies and lands and seas and peoples of the earth we dwell on, take enterprising travelers to the cold poles and the burning tropics. Voyagers swarmed to the American coast till every bay and island, river and inlet, was mapped; travelers have penetrated the great, burning African Continent till its rivers and mountains, and plains and lakes, and deserts and tribes, are largely known; and voyagers have dared the polar seas till the northern boundaries of the Eastern and Western Continents have been charted on our maps and globes; and still expedition after expedition of hardy and adventurous men tries its fortunes in the frozen seas, and among the frowning and dangerous icebergs, impelled by the desire to know, haunted by the dream of an open polar sea, and possibly a "Symmes's Hole," which shall lead to the inside of the globe, on whose outer shell we infinitesimal humans live. The latest contribution to the ever-expanding literature of polar explorations is a noble octavo of nearly five hundred pages,—*Arctic Experiences*, containing Captain George E. Tyson's wonderful drift on the ice-floe, a history of the *Polaris* expedition, the cruise of the *Tigress*, and rescue of the *Polaris* survivors; edited by E. Van Blake. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke, Cincinnati.) The introductory chapter, embracing seventy-five pages, is devoted to a history of Arctic explorations, and, together with notes of discovery, gives the portraits of Sebastian Cabot, Henry Hudson, Captain Parry, Sir John Ross, Sir John Franklin, Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes, Captain Tyson, Captain Hall, and others. The volume closes with an elaborate and full chronological record of explorations from A. D. 872 to A. D. 1873—a thousand years in which the hardy sons of Neptune have battled with waves and storms and cold, for the purpose of finding out the secrets of the empire of Boreas, the home of the magnetic and geographical

poles, auroras, and circumpolar Winter and night. The adventures of the survivors of the *Polaris* form one of the most romantic of a hundred romantic chapters in this strange and exciting department of human heroism.

MUSIC.—*Fillmore's Songs of Glory*, by James H. Fillmore; published by Fillmore Brothers, Cincinnati, 1874. *The Leader*, a new tune-book, 330 pages, by H. R. Palmer and L. O. Emerson (Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; C. H. Ditson & Co., New York; Lyon & Healy, Chicago). *Hallowed Songs*, by Philip Phillips (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

WE are indebted to Messrs. Nelson & Phillips for a package of specimens of their most recent tract publications. They are gotten up beautifully.

POETRY.—*A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles*, by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1874.) Fifty pieces, of verse on various subjects, of considerable poetic merit, but whose chief fault is that they abound in the transcendental and obscure.

NOVELS.—*Antonina*, or the Fall of Rome, by Wilkie Collins. *The Best of Husbands* by James Payn. *My Mother and I*, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati). *Good Luck*, translated from the German of Ernest Werner, by Frances A. Shaw; published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

PAMPHLETS.—*Hedding College Catalogue*, Abingdon; Rev. J. G. Evans, A. M., President; pupils 218. *Illinois Industrial University*, Urbana, Illinois; Regent, Hon. John M. Gregory; pupils, 406. *Wesleyan Female College*, Wilmington, Delaware; Rev. John Wilson, President. *Chamberlain Institute*, Randolph, New York; J. J. Edwards, Principal. *University of the State of Missouri*, Daniel Read, LL. D., President; students, 553. *DePauw College*, New Albany, Indiana; Erastus Rowley, D. D., President. *East Tennessee Wesleyan University*, Athens, Tennessee; James A. Dean, D. D., President. *Mechanicsville Academy*, Rev. B. D. Ames, Principal.

Our Letter-Bag.

CORRECTION.—Professor T. J. Burrill, Teacher of Botany, Entomology, etc., in the Illinois Industrial University, thus corrects an old error:

The August number of the *REPOSITORY*, under "Sideboard for the Young," describes the manner of a fly walking upon the ceiling of a room, and, as it seems to me, falls into an often-repeated error. It is true that the fly has a sucker-like flap between the hooks of its feet, but it is not true that this is held to a smooth surface by atmospheric pressure; hence should not be compared to the thimble nor to the two half-balls of copper. If, as has been taught, the fly's foot really did adhere to a smooth surface by the external pressure of the atmosphere, would it not be hard for the insect to remove the foot, unless provided by a valve under control of the will? But I have positive evidence that such is not the case. The structure itself, when carefully observed under a good magnifier, shows it is not fitted for such action, the under surface being covered with hair-like projections, forming a velvet-like coat. These papillæ would interfere seriously with the air-pressure action, but really give the foot its curious power by exuding a sticky fluid or gum from their tips. So long as the fly pulls equally upon the whole surface of the pad, so long it refuses to leave the surface, though this be of the smoothest glass; but by *rolling* from one edge, the pad readily quits its hold, and enables the insect to move on. The fly's track over clean glass can be easily traced with a good lens. I have had flies creeping over the sides of a smooth glass-receiver of an air-pump, when the air was so nearly exhausted that their bodies were swollen unto bursting; and even after death, in complete vacuum,

they often adhere to the glass sufficiently to hold them up. The fly's foot is indeed a marvelous thing, yet not so much so as his proboscis; and scarcely more so than the handing down from generation to generation of such an untruthful statement concerning it. The article alluded to is by no means alone in the misrepresentation. Even some modern scientific text-books have repeated the old story; showing, I suppose, that the authors had simply copied, without investigation. Truly, yours, T. J. B.

SORROW MUST COME.—How often do we hear that

"Into each life some rain must fall!"

A thought, prettily expressed it is, and used again and again to round up poetically a period of more practical prose for speaker or writer.

How convenient we find a line of poetry or a beautiful sentiment of another's, at times when our own thoughts leave us in destitution! and one is apt to appropriate sayings, trite and true, not so much for their depth of meaning as for the embellishment they give, thinking of them as we think of the flowers that grow in our gardens. There they are in all their beauty and loveliness; and we admire and exclaim over them without stopping to remember the hours they have toiled and struggled on, in light and shade, through sunshine and storm, needing all these processes of nature to perfect and mature; and the flowers that we so much admire are the results, not of moments, but hours and months of silent growing.

Jeweled truths are admired for their beauty of expression, and rhythmic jingling oftentimes pleases the

ear, while the idea embodied receives little or no consideration.

To scrutinize more carefully, and to apply more practically, some of these truths that we love to hear, might benefit and improve more than receiving and passing them by, merely as lovely figures of speech, and flowers of rhetoric.

Some days we look from our windows to behold the clear sunlight bathing every tree and flower in a flood of brightness and beauty, and we almost fancy that perpetual sunshine is to surround our world; but only a few hours, for with the morrow cometh somber shade and gloomy colors: and by and by the rain-drops patter on the roof and fall to the ground, and around the very corners and through the self-same cracks where only yesterday the sunbeams danced, the wind now sweeps wearily,—so soon is sunshine turned to shade! Yet know we not that without these friendly showers, our earth would be a parched wilderness, or desert dry? Perpetual light would but wither and scorch the verdure that is to supply the necessities of life; so we welcome the storm as well as the calm. And just as the moisture becomes an essential element in nature, so "into our lives some rain must fall," if from them at the harvest-time we would have yielded sheaves of good and golden grain. Sorrows and cares, disappointment and grief, must enter into some of the experiences of our every-day lives, if those lives are ever to become rounded and symmetrical.

But how few of us learn the lesson that nature teaches,—to bow before the storm only to rise higher and grow stronger! How many allow the tempest so to sweep over them, that it ceases only, to exhibit torn and bleeding frames, which are not bent, but broken! Many a tree that stands proudly erect, braving the storm-clouds, is hopelessly broken and destroyed, while the bowing willow or bending sapling yields to every blast, only to rise higher when the storm has abated. Like the self-sustained trees, we too often, in our own strength—strength that is all weakness—defy the threatening clouds, determine to fight it out for ourselves, and so defeat the aim intended by the chastening.

Doth a loving father chastise his child without just cause? Is it any pleasure for him to cause pain unnecessarily? And will God who is more loving than any earthly parent, and whose "mercy is from everlasting to everlasting," will he send bereavement and affliction unless we merit and need it? We may, it is true, so follow the dictates of our own wicked hearts, as thereby to bring upon ourselves untold miseries, and agonies of torture, which we would never have suffered had we but allowed our Heavenly Father to lead us into right paths; but even then the deepest of all woes can and will be overruled for our good, if we, in contrition and by repentance, acknowledge our guilt and sin, and, casting all our burdens on the Lord, believe fully in his promises to save us—even us. Why, then, can we not receive drops or floods, whichever it may be, and instead of vain murmurings and repinings, hasten quickly to our Savior, knowing that "he loveth whom he chas-

teneth," and "doth not willingly afflict," and that as soon as we have learned the lesson set before us, the storm will be stayed, and even more brightly will beam upon us the sunshine of our Father's love? O, if "into each life some rain must fall," so let it sink that when the storm be overpast, those lives will be found purified, cleansed, and better prepared for dwelling where no rain will fall, no sorrow come; but where all may forever and forever dwell in the eternal light of heaven! HæCLA.

INTENSITY OF PURPOSE.—"I will give my life to the work!" The words rang with intense earnestness, and left no doubt of the speaker's intentions. I listened to the retreating steps of the speaker and his companion with a strange medley of queries arising. Has any one a moral right to give up his entire life to one object? Is he sure that this sacrifice will secure the desired end? If this man, with the will-power betrayed in voice and manner, would concentrate his earnestness into one immediate purpose, would not that bring about the desired result?

We do not realize the power in intensity of purpose. Now! Why, it is all the time we have; the past all behind, the future all to come; and here we lie, moored in the great sea of action, with purpose, vague and indefinite, to be true to God and ourselves; ay, if we give our lives to the work while God asks no such sacrifice at our hands. He invests us with the power of accepting or rejecting the possibilities for usefulness in life. We need only to seize the oars with one intense purpose to launch our boats in direct headway for the desired port, and if we "faint not," "the e'en will bring us there."

Says Goethe, "Travel, travel back into life, and take with you this holy earnestness; for earnestness alone makes life eternity."

Were it possible to do so, if we could begin at the beginning of life with the earnestness, the intense purpose incident to mature years, what grand achievements might be accomplished? If God's people would join their hearts and voices in one intense, earnest prayer for the salvation of the world, the millennium would dawn. The spirit of Jacob's "I will not let thee go," alone obtains hearing in Divine presence. The Lord Jesus sets the seal of his disapproval upon the irresolute man in the oft-repeated text: "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." The weak, vacillating man presents to the world a series of failures. He reaches the final sum of threescore and ten years, with the terrible consciousness of having lived in vain.

"Some time," is a sweet comforter after Prentice's beautiful thought; but it is a sad cheat when men and women depend upon it for the fulfillment of vital purposes.

Some one has said, "Live each day as though it were the last day of your life." Surely, many of our indefinite plans would be resolved into definite action if this rule governed our lives. After all, "each day is a life, and life is but a day repeated;" so it behooves us to look to it that the record of our lives has no "lost day" to be accounted for. E. J. R.

SOMETIME.—There is a mingled thought of hope and sadness connected with that little word "sometime;" hope, on account of the brightness that is to irradiate the future, and sadness for the not now of the present. When there are hopes that we cling to, or some great good for which we seek, there comes a feeling of pensive sweetness that lures our hearts onward, as we murmur to ourselves, "sometime."

We all have our dreams of possessions on the

shores of the future, to which we look forward in the hour of sorrow or disappointment; and the thought springs up, It will not always be thus. In short, this is Hope's messenger that whispers to us, "Do not despond." Ever thus it cheers us amid all life's vicissitudes; and it even adds a sweeter note to the voice of religion as it points us to that beautiful world in the bright beyond, where we hope to be happy—"sometime."

K. P.

Editor's Table.

THE MODERN INQUISITION.—The tortures of the Papal Inquisition were not more varied, refined, and exquisite than those inflicted on the pupils of common-schools by petty tyrants, yclept "masters," fifty years ago. Well do we remember the cruelties practiced upon juveniles by one of these official torturers, a youngster possessed of a fiery, ill-governed temper, whose sobriquet, "Beau Lester," bestowed because of his *penchant* for the society of young ladies, is still remembered with crawling sensations of the flesh and bristling belligerence of soul by all who live to recall the barbarities practiced by this fiery young spark on sensitive childhood and youth, in the name of government and wholesome discipline. In old times the perfect model of a master was he who by threats and force could keep the eyes of sixty boys and girls nailed to their books for six hours a day, who made whispering a capital offense, and who imposed absolute silence by resort to the most barbarous cruelties and the most tyrannical expedients. Lester was a first-class school tyrant in days when school tyranny was the fashion.

If children, six to ten years of age, violated his stringent rules against whispering, he compelled them to run out their little tongues on the flat side of his ruler, and pretended that he was about to cut them out, flourishing his naked penknife-blade in dangerous proximity to the offending organ, or he would heat the poker to redness in the stove, and frighten the little urchins almost into fits by threatening to burn out the "unruly member." Offenders were compelled to stand on the floor till they were ready to drop down with fatigue; to balance their bodies with the toes just caught on the edge of a bench; to stretch out their arms, right and left, and maintain that position till the limbs seemed ready to drop from the body; to hold big dictionaries, and billets of wood at arm's length; to stand on one leg, with the other drawn up and fastened to the wall or a post by a cord; to toe one crack in the floor and bend over and reach another with the forefinger, a most painful position, and one difficult to maintain. Hand-feruling and back-whaling were common, and the least-dreaded styles of correction. Tyranny begets resistance, and the relation of scholar to teacher in those days was one of chronic warfare, and the

heroes of our ten-year old knowledge, boast, and pride, were not the conquerors at Waterloo and Trafalgar, but the big boys who tussled in hand-to-hand fights with the Gessler of the old brick school-house,—Hank Leffingwell, who shied a brick at the master's head when he was walloping the floor with the boy in his unavailing efforts to wallop the boy; Bill Lee, who successfully defended his curly-headed little brother Bob when the brute of a teacher ordered him to lick spittle from the floor; Sam Hyde, a young man grown, who had the best of a fight with the "beau" till he called in his assistant to help quell this big rebel.

Some years later, our own incipient efforts at school government were inaugurated in accordance with the practice of the times, on the "knock-down-and-drag-out" principle; but we soon abandoned this style for the moral suasion modes that have largely, if not universally, supplanted the old modes of corporal infliction, threats, and putting in bodily fear. Though old modes are abandoned, we are of opinion that school-teachers still practice cruelties on the sensitive nature of childhood as severe as those of the cherry, oak, birch, and rawhide dispensation. Sarcasm and ridicule can be made as terrible weapons, and can inflict as savage wounds, as the ruler or rat-tan. The competitive system, studying for rank and marks and promotion, has its martyrs as well as the rod. In these days school curriculums are overloaded, scholars are overtasked, made to carry on more studies and to study more hours than is good for the bodily health or for the due growth of the mind in strength and knowledge. Beside the six hours a day confinement in the school-room, teachers assign tasks for the pupils to con out of school under the eyes of their parents, thus abridging their hours of play and exercise, or robbing parents of the assistance of the children in the various services required in household management. Six hours a day ought to be the limit of attention to books with every child during the period of growth, and those six ought to be broken into periods of play and relaxation at due intervals. Assigning exercises for out-of-school hours should in no case be allowed, and keeping after school should be a punishment reserved for cases that require severe measures and stringent discipline. The body is

the first thing to educate, and no school-training should be allowed to interfere with the most perfect development of the muscles and limbs; children should not be sent to school before they are eight or ten years of age, and half a day's discipline in school after that, for several years, would often be better than the irksome confinement that so often gives youth a horror of school-houses and a distaste for books and masters and education. As far as possible, the parental style should be the school style. No mother in the land would undertake to compel six little children to sit down in a row on a hard board, and keep their little hands and feet and tongues perfectly still for hours together. Her task would be impossible, and yet it is popularly expected that a teacher will do with sixty children what she can not do with six. Order and discipline are necessary, but they should be neither cruelly exercised nor unnatural, and should not be purchased, as they sometimes are, at the sacrifice of body, mind, and morals.

Apropos to our subject, we light upon an extract from some foreign journal which indicates the bad practices prevalent in European schools during the age of darkness, now happily passing away:

"What precise quantity of misery is thrust into that space of human life which extends from six to sixteen years of age, it is not possible to determine; but it may be safely asserted that it far exceeds that of any other evil that infests the earth; the rod and the cane are in constant requisition, and the cries of infant misery extend from one end of Europe to the other.

"An old German schoolmaster—who taught fifty-one years—by recorded observations of one of his ushers, calculated that he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodies, 136,000 tips with ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, 22,700 tasks by heart; made 700 boys stand on peas, 6,000 kneel on sharp pieces of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's-cap, 1,700 hold the rod.

"How vast the quantity of human misery inflicted by one perverse educator," and how vast the misery inflicted by ancient educators, in scoldings, in ridicule, in sarcasms, in impossible tasks and extra lessons, the day of judgment alone will reveal!

CHURCH MUSIC.—Music and poetry are twins. Each has an independent existence; yet, like other twins, they possess many characteristics in common. Poetry is no poetry that is not musical, and music is no music that is not poetical. From the earliest ages, and in all climes, man has been elevated and God praised through the combined agency of this

"Blest pair of twins! Voice and Verse."

In the suburbs of Eden, mothers instilled lessons in morality and religion in lullaby verses and soothing airs, and fathers handed down traditions in verse and song. The earliest lover cooed to his mistress in notes pensive as the turtle-dove's; the earliest warrior cheered his bands to battle with martial strains; the first priests chanted in song and rhythm the oracles of God.

Long before the era of writing, Homer's "Iliad," the bible of the Greeks, flowed in rippling hexameters

from the glowing tongues of bards, accompanied by the lyre, to ennoble men and celebrate the gods. The ancient Hindoos intoned, in the Vedas, hymns of praise in honor of the deities; and the far-famed Chinese Book of Odes, one of the most ancient of the classics, has its national airs, eulogies, and songs of praises chanted at the imperial sacrifices.

The value of poetry and song, attested by their use in all climes and ages, was fully appreciated by the Hebrews. Five-sevenths of their national literature is verse. The Book of Job, the oldest of any in the Bible, if not in the world, is dramatic poetry. Some assert that the Book of Genesis, particularly the account of the creation, is a magnificent prose poem, emanating, like the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," from the brains and tongues of bards under the inspiration of the lyre.

The Jewish prophets, whose words occupy one-third of the Old Testament, were all poets. Solomon delivered his proverbs in poetic couplets; the Canticles are a Hebrew pastoral; the Lamentations of Jeremiah, a Hebrew elegy; the Psalms are lyrics, embodying history, ethics, prayers, thanksgivings, sung by the nation in tabernacle, temple, and synagogue, for man's edification and God's glory.

From the time when they emerged, a nation, from the bed of the Red Sea, and sang, timbrel in hand, the Jews have had a liturgy of song, celebrating national and individual deliverances and Jehovah's praise. Portions of that liturgy have come down through the centuries, and are in synagogue use at the present hour.

Synagogue uses became those of the Christian Church, and, from the first, song was a prominent element of worship in the Christian Church. Christ sanctioned it by singing with his disciples. Paul and Silas sang in the midnight prison. Paul says to the Corinthian assemblies: "I will sing with the spirit: I will sing with the understanding also;" and directs the Churches of Ephesus and Colosse to edify self, instruct others, and praise God in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." His direction, for the most part, has been faithfully complied with, and throughout Christendom sacred songs are essential elements of Christian worship.

THE PICTURES of the current number of the REPOSITORY are, as usual, splendid subjects, done in the highest style of art. Thousands of our readers will be delighted to look upon the face of Bishop Haven. While a man is "making history," it is no time to write either his biography or obituary. We append a few facts, though they were mainly printed two years ago in the REPOSITORY, at the time of his election to the bishopric.

Gilbert Haven was born in Malden, Massachusetts, September 19, 1821. His father, until his lamented death, some twelve years since, had been a pillar in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the town, and his venerable mother still lives to witness and enjoy the usefulness of her son, and the appreciation which he receives from his brethren. The influence of a devout home, under the blessing of God, became

irresistible in deciding the future course of the active and ambitious boy. From a business life, upon which he at first entered with marked promise of worldly success, with a strong impression that God had other work for him to do, young Haven commenced his preparation for college, and entered Wesleyan University, Middletown, in 1842. Immediately on his graduation, in 1846, he became a teacher, and afterward was the principal in the Conference Seminary at Amenia. In 1851, he married Miss Mary Ingraham, a most estimable Christian lady, who, for ten years, was the light and grace of a very affectionate family circle. Since her death the two children of the bishop, a son and a daughter, have resided with their grandmother in Malden, and her home, until his late removal to Atlanta, Georgia, has been considered his home, by the bishop.

In 1851, he joined the New England Conference, and was successively stationed in Northampton, Wilbraham, Westfield, Roxbury, Cambridgeport, and North Russell-street, Boston. In all these places he was a faithful and successful pastor, winning the respect and affection of the Churches, and making himself felt in the community by his constant and courageous advocacy of the great moral movements of the hour, and by his remarkable occasional discourses upon the political questions involved in these great reforms. During these years he became convinced that God called him to the special cultivation of his talent for speaking through the press; and he became the welcome correspondent and editorial writer for the *Independent* and for the *Christian Advocate* and other periodicals. While remarkably conservative in his religious opinions, and extremely loyal to the doctrinal views of his Church, standing up for the strongest interpretation of them in the Unitarian and "Liberal" circles of the vicinity of Boston, he was on all the reformatory questions of the day, exceedingly pronounced in his radicalism, and, from the first, conspicuously a standard-bearer in the front ranks. He eagerly urged every movement of this description within the pale of the Church, and was equally well known in wider circles outside of it as the foe to every form of caste, the friend and advocate of the colored man in his demand for every human right, and the early and unwavering advocate for woman's equal participation in all social, educational, civil, and ecclesiastical privileges with man. The positiveness, keenness, wit, and good-humor with which he urged these, at first very unpopular, views, on the platform and through the press, made his name one of the most familiar among public men throughout the country.

Upon the breaking out of the war, Mr. Haven immediately offered his services to his country, through Governor Andrews, and received the first commission (as chaplain of the 8th Massachusetts Regiment) issued by the executive. In 1862, having partially recovered from a very sudden and severe disease of the brain, he traveled in Europe and the Holy Land. Perhaps one of the most characteristic and able literary performances of Mr. Haven occurred during his visit in England. It was in the midst of

the war, and the attitude of the English Government was unfriendly to the North, and many of the leading minds among the Wesleyans were in full sympathy with this hostility. Mr. Haven obtained the opportunity of contributing two letters to the columns of the *Watchman* (Wesleyan). Only one was published. This was remarkable for its ability, its comprehensiveness, and the clearness with which it showed the duty of English Abolitionists to sympathize with our Union in its bloody conflict for human freedom. "The Pilgrim's Wallet," a vivacious and instructive volume, embodied his observations during this fruitful time.

In 1867, Mr. Haven entered upon the editorship of *Zion's Herald*, which he held until 1872. Of his remarkable success and national reputation in this capacity, it is not necessary for us to speak. His paper was always full of life, and, by his constant, incisive, and effective thrusts at all opinions not in harmony with his own, he aroused his exchanges into a vigorous warfare with himself, and kept his sheaf always before the public.

During his editorship, he published his volume of occasional discourses (which are the best exponents, on the whole, of his literary ability, his intellectual force, and his marked characteristics), entitled "National Sermons," and his "Life of Father Taylor," one of the finest possible subjects, but, for lack of adequate material, not one of the happiest literary performances of the author.

Bishop Haven's life and labors, incessant since his election to the episcopal office in 1872, are familiar to all our readers. He has fully justified the choice of his brethren, and promises to be one of the most vigorous, earnest, and useful of our body of superintendents. Long may he live to be a leader in our Israel!

A beautiful landscape and figure scene is the half-sad picture, "Far from Home," painted by E. Bosch, engraved by W. Wellstood. An itinerant Italian has lain down to sleep by the road-side, with the cage of his pet for a pillow. A group of the children of the neighborhood gaze upon the sleeping wanderer with curiosity and compassion, while their dog seems disposed to make acquaintance with the animal encaged.

THE SOUTHERN BISHOPS.—The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* of June 4th gives pen-portraits of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which are worthy of permanent setting:

"The senior bishop, Robert Paine, is seventy-five years old, and yet effective. He is a North Carolinian, born in 1799; entered the ministry in his nineteenth year; spent seventeen years at the head of La Grange College, in Alabama, and eleven years in pastoral work. In 1846 he was elected bishop. The bishop presides with much dignity, and is prompt and firm in his decisions. He is always present and attentive to the work in hand at each session. George Foster Peirce, son of Dr. Lovick Peirce, is next in the order of seniority. Years before he was elevated to the Episcopate, we heard him preach with

wonderful power in old Liberty-street Church, Pittsburg. The memory of that occasion still lingers. The bishop is scholarly, refined, and dignified. For twenty years he has adorned his high office. He has entered his sixty-fourth year, and has been in the ministry since his twentieth year. At the time he was elected bishop he was president of Emory College. Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh is a Kentuckian by birth, and is now over seventy-two years of age. He entered the ministry in his twenty-first year, and has always been a great worker and successful minister. He was elected bishop in 1854. The bishop resides in Louisville, and is greatly beloved. He betrays little evidence of his age, either in his movements or his appearance. William May Wightman is a native of Charleston, S. C., and resides there now. He has turned sixty-six, and yet wears a youthful look, judging from his coal-black hair, slightly fringed with silver threads. He was elected bishop in 1866. The bishop entered the ministry in his twentieth year, and spent a considerable portion of his life in educational and editorial work. He is a fine scholar, very dignified in his carriage, and presides with much grace. Enoch M. Marvin is a Missourian, nearly fifty-one years old. In his nineteenth year he became a traveling preacher. He is tall, slender, dark-skinned—do n't use a razor—with black bright eyes. While his appearance does not indicate rugged health, he is a great worker. There is a magnetic power about the bishop, as a speaker, which is felt by all coming within the range of his voice. He makes Southern Methodism feel the weight of his influence in St. Louis, and the region round about. We believe he was always in the pastoral work until he was elected to the Episcopate, eight years ago. David Seth Doggett was born in Virginia, and is sixty-four years old. He, too, entered the ministry in his nineteenth year. Part of his ministerial life was spent as a Professor in Randolph Macon College. He spent one term as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, from 1850 to 1854. In 1866 he was elected bishop. In the chair he is less striking as a presiding officer than his associates; takes things comfortably; and one is led to wonder at his election to the office except it be on the score of what he had done before his election, rather than on what was expected hereafter from him in that high position. He resides in Richmond, Va. Holland Nimmons M'Tyeire is a fine specimen of a South Carolinian. He is just now what he always was, born to lead, and he a leader worthy of followers. He is nearly half a century old, and has been bishop eight years. He entered the ministry in 1845, and very soon took rank as a teacher, and, though quite a young man, was placed in charge of the paper at New Orleans. The bishop is a man of decided opinion, stern, and seemingly harsh at times; but his generous, frank nature soon disarms the stranger of that feeling. He is courtly looking in all his ways, bright eyes, dark-skinned, tall, and well-built, without being stout. As a presiding officer he is every whit a bishop, after the Joshua Soule pattern. His manner of exercising authority is czar-like, and yet in such a natural and

easy manner that he commands great respect. His connection with the great Vanderbilt University project, and the rare diplomatic talents he has displayed in its inception and management, will entitle him to a bright page in history. He deserves the honor and perquisites that have been assigned him by the 'Commodore,' as President of the Board of Trustees, giving him a home and a salary. John Christian Keener, the youngest in the order of election, being four years in the Episcopate, is a Baltimorean by birth, and was a student of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., at the time the sainted Wilbur Fisk was president. He is a son of Christian Keener, of precious memory, of Baltimore. He commenced to travel in the Alabama Conference in 1843, and after some years he was assigned to New Orleans, where he labored efficiently as pastor, presiding elder, and editor of the *New Orleans Advocate*, when he was elected to the Episcopate, in 1870. He possesses fine preaching talents, and something of the magnetic power of our own Simpson. His vivid pictures and glowing style always wonderfully roused the colored people. The bishop is in his fifty-eighth year, and resides at New Orleans."

WOMANLY DIGNITY.—The London *Saturday Review* says:

"Nature, which has given weapons of assault or means of defense to almost all living creatures, has made men audacious, and has endowed woman with dignity. And dignity has the best of it. . . . The means of defense which nature has given are unsailable, and a dignified woman is mistress of the situation by the very power of negation, if by none other. But there are various kinds of dignity, and if some are more exasperating than others, some are very lovely and among the greatest charms of womanhood. There is, in particular, that soft dignity which belongs to women who are affectionate by nature and timid by temperament, but who have a reserve of self-respect that defends them against themselves as well as against others. But useful as womanly dignity is, as a womanly possession, it can be carried to excess, and from a virtue become a vice. So long as it is an honest defense against the rough assaults of superior strength, it is both good and fair; but when it assumes to be more than this, it becomes an exaggeration, and as such, ridiculous. There is no law by which women can be exempt from a share in the troubles and sorrows of human life; and even their dignity can not always protect them from things that override all but nature. Still it is a valuable possession, and women had better have too much of it than too little; for, although too much renders them absurd, too little makes them contemptible, and between the two there is no doubt as to which is worse."

AFRICA.—The Messrs. Harpers have sent us a whole library of their voluminous publications on this interesting Continent, which we hope to notice more fully in a future number. Meanwhile, if any one is curious about Africa, or any other quarter of the globe, he can do no better than to send for the Catalogue of these princely publishers.



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